

WHY OUR LOVE FAILED" - Dan Dailey 15c

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modern screen

September

A DELL MAGAZINE
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PER



BETTY GRABLE



There's new skin beauty in your First Cake of Camay!



MRS. JOHN LESLIE GRIFFIN, JR.
lovely Camay Bride from Orange, N. J.
bridal portrait by *William*

Music set the theme for the Griffins' courtship. They often go to concerts in Boston where Griff's finishing college. Hazel won that softer, lovelier skin with her very *first cake* of Camay!

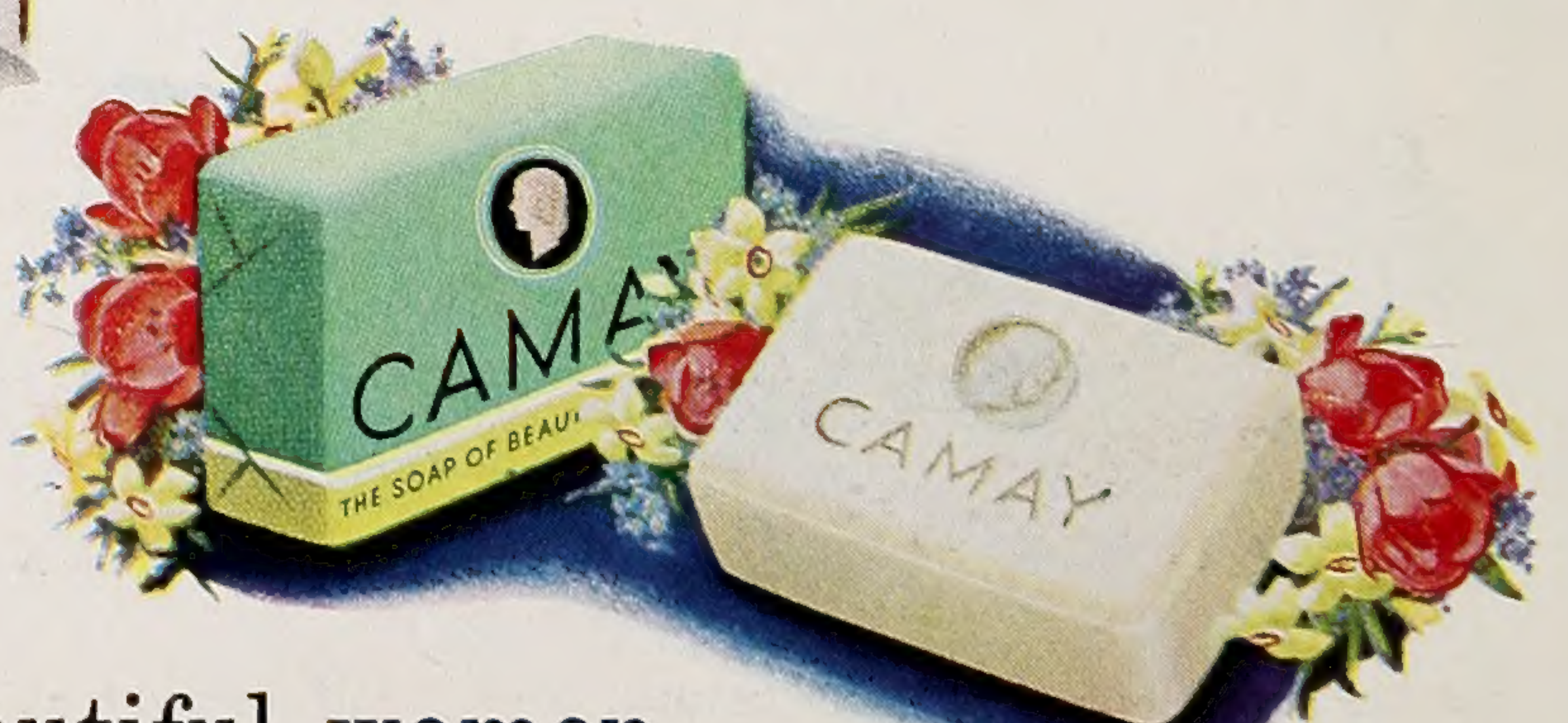


Their first dinner guests were two of Griff's classmates. Everything went smoothly. Hazel even baked a cherry pie! She's a good cook. And her recipe for beauty is on the Camay wrapper.



Romance is near when your skin is soft and clear! Yes, and your *first cake* of Camay can help make your skin softer...lovelier. So give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's beauty promise on the skins of scores of women.

Almost all these women won smoother, softer complexions, each using *one cake* of Camay. Follow directions on the Camay wrapper—and you'll be lovelier, too!



Camay the soap of beautiful women

"Try the IPANA way—dentists say it works!"

... says junior model Jane Werner — who shows how it can work for your smile



Ahoy there! It's 17-year-old Jane Werner, New York cover girl... whose date thinks her sunny smile is the brightest thing on deck! That *Ipana* smile helped launch Jane on her mighty promising career, too!

Top-flight junior models like Jane know the importance of firm, healthy gums to a sparkling smile. "I follow the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth," Jane explains, "*because dentists say it works!*" Try this professionally approved *Ipana* dental care. See how it can work for you, too...



The Ipana way, as Jane demonstrates here, is pleasant... and easy as 1, 2:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist*, brush all tooth surfaces with *Ipana* Tooth Paste at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (*Ipana's* unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums. You can *feel* the invigorating tingle!)

Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth—an *Ipana* smile. *Ipana* refreshes mouth and breath, too. Ask *your* dentist about *Ipana* and massage. Remember, a good dentifrice, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury.

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS SAY:

Ipana dental care promotes

*Healthier gums, brighter teeth**



Products of Bristol-Myers

*In thousands of recent reports from dentists all over the country.

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

NOW! PROOF that brushing
teeth right after eating is the
safe, effective way to

HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY with Colgate Dental Cream

NOW dental science offers *proof* that always using Colgate Dental Cream right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts!

Continuous research—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most important news in dental history!



**X-RAYS SHOW HOW PROPER USE OF
COLGATE'S HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY**

Eminent dental authorities supervised 2 groups of college men and women for over a year. One group always brushed their teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating. The other followed usual dental care. X-rays were taken at regular intervals.

The average of the group using Colgate's as directed was a startling reduction in number of cavities—*far less tooth decay!* The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate.

The Colgate Dental Cream now at your dealer's is the same formula used in the tests. No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, *proved* way to help prevent new cavities, help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream.

**Always Use Colgate's* to
Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth
—and HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!**

**Right after eating*



**NO CHANGE
IN FLAVOR, FOAM,
OR CLEANSING ACTION!**

SEPTEMBER, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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WADE H. NICHOLS, editor

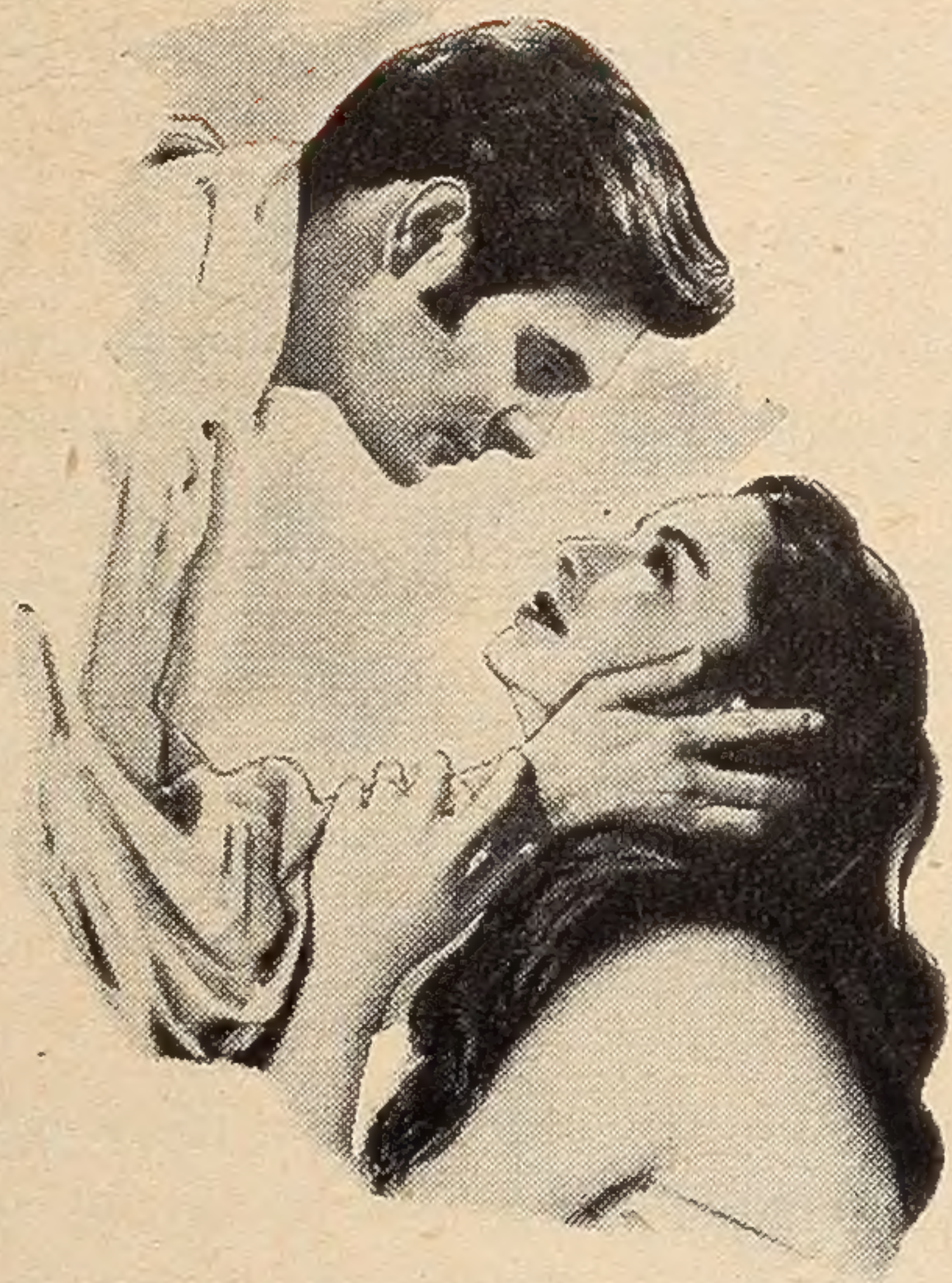
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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under
Label Form 3579 to 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York

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Whatever it is
that French women
have ...
Madame
Bovary
had more
of it!



M-G-M presents

JENNIFER JONES
VAN HEFLIN
LOUIS JOURDAN

Madame Bovary

with **CHRISTOPHER KENT** • **GENE LOCKHART** • **FRANK ALLENBY** • **GLADYS COOPER**
and **JAMES MASON** Portraying **GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, THE AUTHOR**

The Madame Bovary Waltz
and Themes From "Madame Bovary"
available on M-G-M Records

Screen Play by ROBERT ARDREY • Based on the Novel by GUSTAVE FLAUBERT
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is *in every way* the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be half-safe. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.



WHEN WE HEARD Judy Garland had checked into a Boston Hospital, our ulcers began to have ulcers. We were that worried. We sent for that sterling reporter, George Scullin. "George," we said, "we know Judy's seeing no one. But try and find out how she's getting along." George handed us an aspirin. "I will talk to Judy herself," he said. Then he disappeared. Some 48 hours later, he returned. Into our lap he dumped an exclusive story. You'll find *Judy's All Right!* on page 36. Now we're feeling better, too!

SOMETIMES WE WISH we were more like Glenn Ford. When we're tired of looking at the same old color in our living room, for example, we complain to our good wife—and get nowhere. Our boy Ford, on the other hand, empties a bottle of ink on the ceiling. Then his wife Ellie consoles him as follows: "Accidents will happen," she says, and goes to call the painters. Well, in short, we were just amazed at the things this fellow does—and without telling his little woman. We were sworn, of course, to secrecy. So when you read *Don't Tell My Girl*, on page 51—keep it quiet, willya bud?

"DON'T BE SO formal," we said to Reba and Bonnie Churchill. (They were standing at the mantel taking turns at the typewriter.) For our pains we got a very cold stare. For *their* pains, however, they got a story. When we read that story we understood. You will, too, because *Westward, Whoa!* (page 42) is about their day with Dale and Roy Rogers... about the ranch, the picnic, *and* the horseback ride. The Churchills loved every minute of the day, they tell us, even if they didn't think they'd live through it!

THERE'S NOTHING COMPLICATED about us. We're sure of that because so many people call us simple. But take a fellow like Richard Widmark. *He* is the only guy we know who's ever had his personality split by a typewriter. In print he was tagged a menace. But he'd no sooner learned to leer nicely for the reporters than the rumor got round that actually he was exceedingly meek. Under such circumstances, it seemed reasonable to ask the man, "What are you, chum, a louse or a mouse?" He gave us a harried look. "Ask that guy Schroeder," he said in a tired voice, "he'll tell you." So Schroeder told us. *How Phony Can You Get!* is on page 34.

EDITOR WADE NICHOLS is in packing his briefcase. He's moving on to another job. Looking around the office we see everyone sobbing into hand-towels. We try to be sympathetic. "Don't take it so hard," we cry. But people just look at us happily. "These," they say, "are tears of joy. Bill Hartley's the new boss." This exuberance stems from the fact that Bill Hartley is a genius. Exclusive stories just follow him around. He's hep! So next month, as Editor-in-chief he's giving you stories on Jane Powell, Rita Hayworth, John Agar, Jennifer Jones, Farley Granger and many others. Read 'em and you'll see what we mean.

Paramount presents

BETTY

HUTTON

and
VICTOR

MATURE

In

**"RED,
HOT
AND
BLUE"**

A
JOHN FARROW

production with

WILLIAM DEMAREST

JUNE HAVOC

Produced by

ROBERT FELLOWS • John Farrow

Directed by

Screenplay by Hagar Wilde and John Farrow

Story by Charles Lederer

Wait'll you hear
those **FOUR** won-
derful tunes written
especially for Betty
...by Hollywood's
No. 1 Songwriter
Frank Loesser!

IT'S HAPPIER
THAN NEW YEAR!

...
IT'S ZINGIER
THAN THE
4TH OF JULY!

...
IT'S THE BIG
MUSICAL FUN-SHOW
OF '49!

LOVELLA PARSONS'

Good news

■ Everyone asks me, "Why didn't you go down to Stromboli and get the truth about Ingrid Bergman while you were covering the Rita Hayworth-Aly Khan wedding in Europe?"

Well, not to give you a short answer—Bergman would not see me. It wasn't anything personal. She sent a personal message saying she was just not seeing any reporters.

I think I know why. I think Ingrid, herself, does not know which turn her heart affairs will take. From someone very close to the situation, I hear she has days of thinking she has been a fool and that Roberto Rossellini has used her to exploit himself.

Then, because she is really completely infatuated with the fiery Italian, she does an about-face and becomes as deliriously in love as a bobby-soxer.

Want to know what I think will eventually happen? When the picture is finished (if ever!) Ingrid will admit that she is planning to marry Rossellini.

Friends of her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, say he is practically reconciled to the idea of a divorce—even to the point of pulling up stakes in this country and returning to Europe to practice. He was in London when I was there, but he was definitely hiding out.

* * *

When Jane Wyman walked into Bebe Daniels' and Ben Lyon's cocktail party for me in London, with a handsome man by her side, I thought, "Good heavens, Lew Ayres has flown over to be with her!" But no such luck for Janie. Her escort was not that unpredictable gent, but Clark Hardwicke, the spit and image of Lew.

Young Hardwicke, millionaire golf champion, obviously has it bad for Jane—but I think she still has it bad for Lew, and that ain't good.

I've known Janie since she first came to Hollywood and when she is in love there's



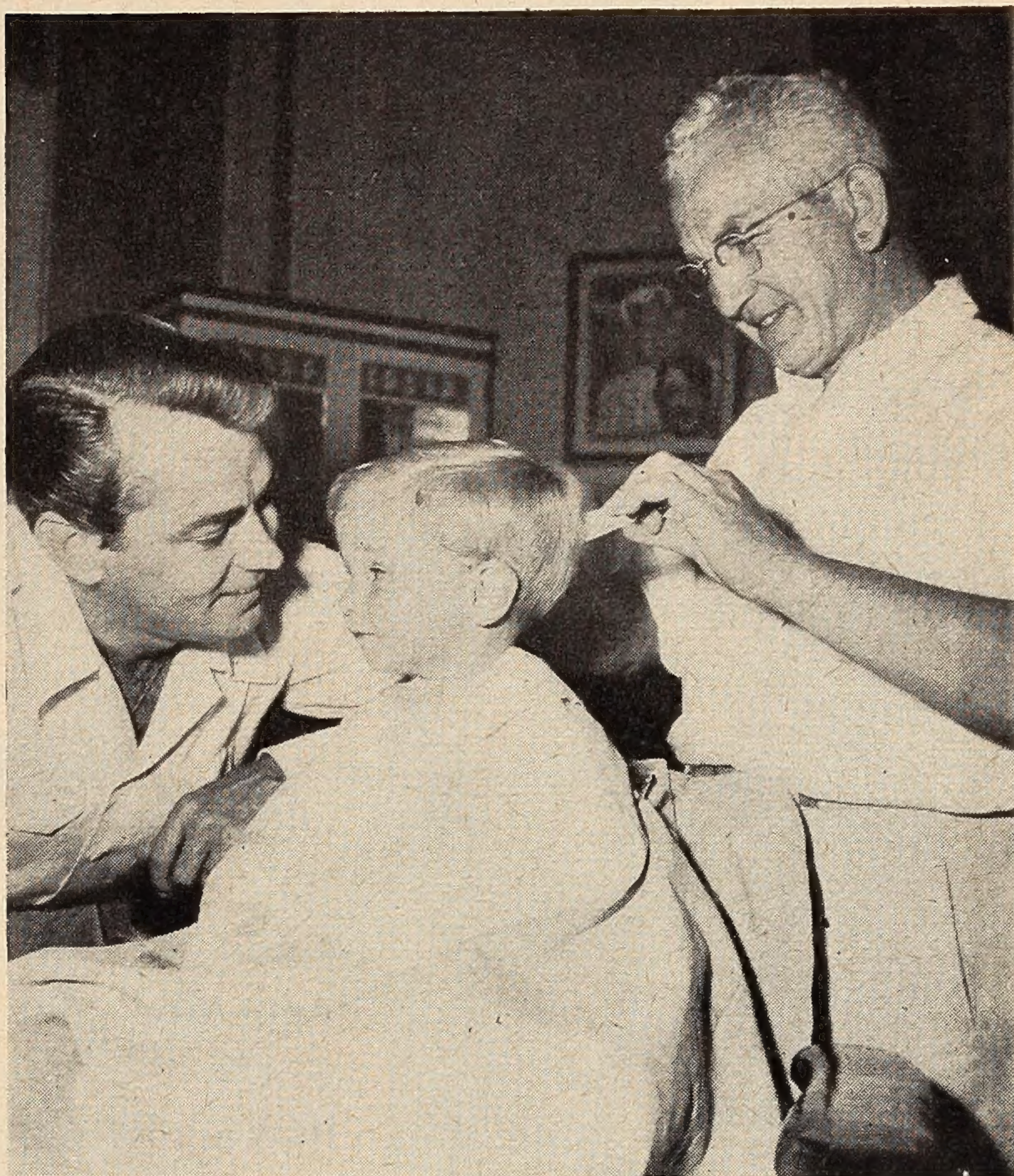
Paulette Goddard, who is going to be divorced from Burgess Meredith, is squired to Desi Arnaz' opening night at the Mocambo by Clark Gable.



Cathy Downs gives Janet Leigh the latest dirt as the girls wait for their escorts to check their hats while attending the Circle Theater.



Bing Crosby, in the course of his recent visit to the East, seems to be asking another young singer, Morton Downey, what to say next.



Alan Ladd gives encouragement as his two-year-old son, David Alan, bravely undergoes a haircut at the Paramount studio barbershop.



Who says radio acting is nothing but sound? Bill Zuckert and Dick Widmark wax really expressive on an NBC Cavalcade of America program.

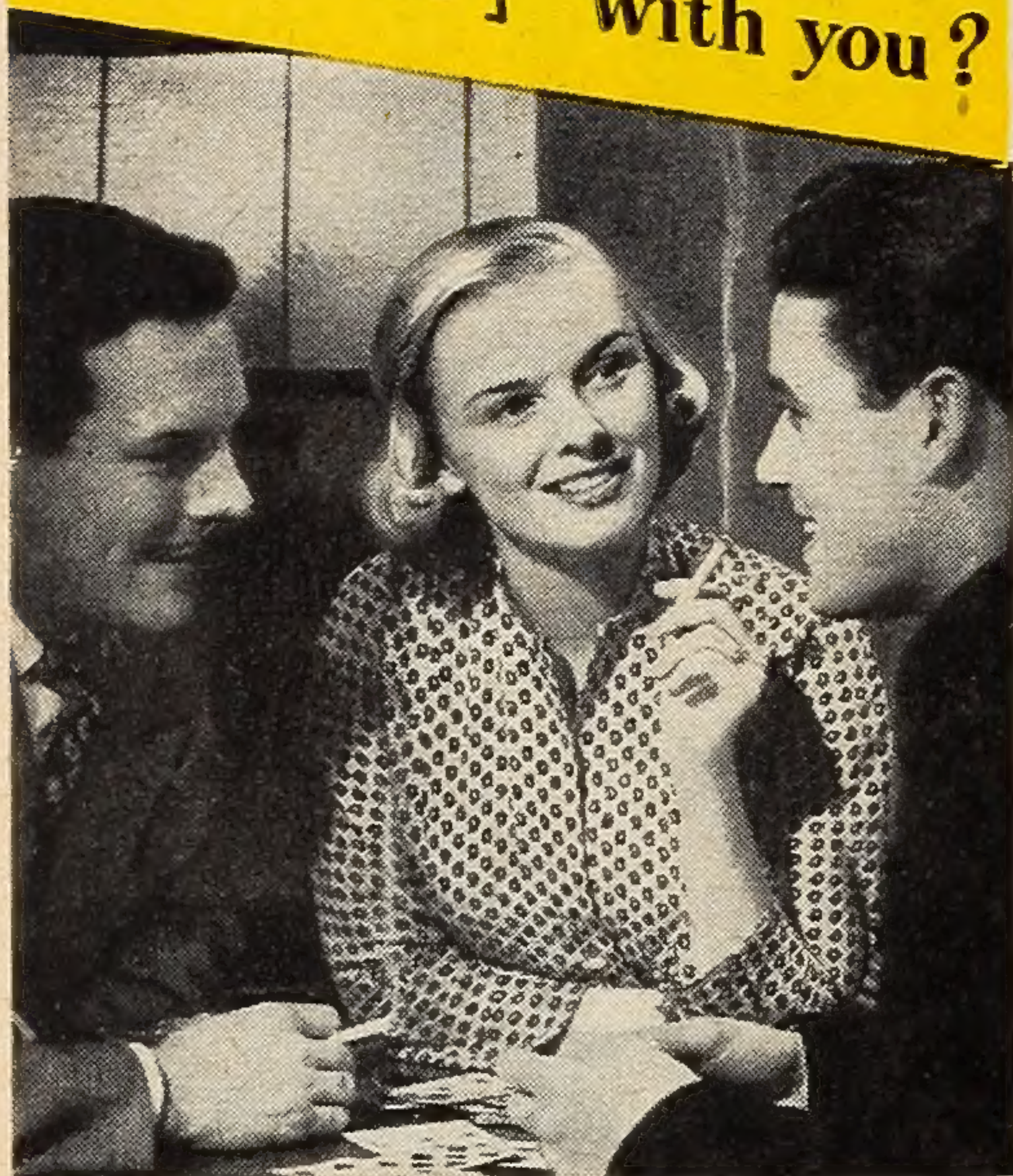


Dale Evans and Roy Rogers, all decked out in matching white outfits on a recent jaunt to New York, see how the city slickers have fun.

Smoke all
you want,
but...

why take

TOBACCO MOUTH
[OFF-COLOR BREATH
OFF-COLOR TEETH] with you?



The most unfortunate thing about "tobacco mouth" is that it becomes part of you so gradually. The only people it gives a "start" to are your friends!

Your friends, your neighbors, your dentist—they all recognize "tobacco mouth" at the drop of a smile. But you, you're *never* quite sure . . . unless, of course, you are a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. There's a good reason why you *can* be sure—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually foams cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!



...give it the
"brush-off"
with

TOBACCO MOUTH



"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

no one more in love. She was literally "out of her mind" about Ronnie Reagan and was so jealous of him before their marriage that he could hardly speak to another girl.

But she got over Ronnie—and I'm sure she will get over Lew.

If she could only learn not to fall so hard, I think she could have more fun. She is so chic these days, easily one of the smartest-looking girls in London or Paris. When Parisiennes turn to look after another woman, you know she is smartly turned out—and believe me, they turned and took a good look at Janie, everywhere she went. She is studying French like mad and chatters away like a magpie, complete with Gallic gestures and rolling eyes. Very cute.

* * *

While we're still on the subject of Paris—Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont are more lovey-dovey than ever since their separation and reconciliation. When I saw them lunching at Maxim's they were either trying to convince themselves—or me—how much they cared. Such smooching!

Maria has become very Parisian and dresses to the teeth. They told me they were spending their summer vacation on the French Riviera, then Maria is coming back to Hollywood for a movie. Jean Pierre isn't returning until Spring. He loves his native France and will stay there to write a play.

* * *

There's been a lot of publicity that Claire Trevor will wear one of the new French bathing suits in *Borderline*—but don't let them kid you. She couldn't wear the real thing—our censors wouldn't let her, thank heavens.

Honestly, I've never seen such nudity as was exhibited on the beaches at Cannes. The so-called bathing suits amount to nothing



Celebrities gave costly items to Loretta Young's St. Anne's Maternity Hospital charity auction. Loretta, Irene Dunne and Deborah Kerr inspect a figurine given by Delmar Daves.



Ray Milland gives the benefit auctioneer the high sign for 20 hats. Ray, who's surrounded by Rosalind Russell, Mrs. Milland and Lee Bowman, helped raise the tremendous sum of \$42,000.

more than a G-string and a couple of rosettes. What lies between is neither seductive nor alluring.

Florenz Ziegfeld, the greatest exponent of feminine allure who ever lived and whose Follies were world-famous, once said: "There is nothing seductive about complete nudity. Most people do not realize it, but the Follies girls are dressed to allure—not undressed." And that's from a man who knew.

* * *

Around Town:

Over the back of a booth at Romanoffs: "Of course I'll talk about Peter Lawford and all this nonsense linking his name with Junie's," said Dick Powell, being interviewed about his wife. "I'd rather bring all the whispers out in the open than ignore them."

At La Rue: Glenn Ford holding his hands over his eyes so he couldn't see what his order of caviar and blinis added up to. He just put his wallet down on the table and pushed it toward the waiter.

Mocambo: John Hodiak kidding Anne Baxter so much about her hat that she took it off and put it under a table. . . . Ava Gardner posing prettily for the photogs but Howard Duff brushing them off. (How come he always seems so surly in public? He's really a nice guy.)

Beverly Hills Hotel Lanai Room: Jane Powell and Geary Steffan looking dreamy-eyed as the violinist plays "Kiss Me Again" in front of their table.

At the Farmer's Market: Gregory Peck, at the pastry stall, and Dana Andrews, eating a tamale—eyeing each other politely, but not speaking. They had never met until I came along and introduced them. "I'm not supposed to eat tamales," said Dana, "so that's why I sneak down here to do it. Then, I get

IT'S THE SONGFUL, DANCEFUL
JOYFUL LIFE OF BROADWAY'S
MOST GLORIOUS GLORY-GIRL,
MARILYN MILLER!

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING

IN COLOR BY

Technicolor



ALL THE MAGIC MARILYN MILLER
MELODIES AMERICA KEEPS SINGING!
'Look for the Silver Lining'
'Time On My Hands'
'A Kiss in The Dark'
'Who' 'Sunny'

**NOW WARNER BROS. MASS ALL THE PLEASURES
OF THE SCREEN WORLD FOR THE STORY OF THE
DARLING OF THE SHOW WORLD!**



STARRING

JUNE

HAYER

DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS



RAY

BOLGER

From a Story by Bert Kalmar & Harry Ruby
Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf



GORDON

MACRAE

Screen Play by Phoebe & Henry Ephron
and Marian Spitzer



Despite record heat-wave world premiere at Radio City Music Hall brought out all New York!

WIN \$6000*
*Advances against contract royalties
AND SONGWRITER FAME
IN CAPITOL RECORDS CONTEST
WRITE ORIGINAL WORDS
TO NEW MELODIES BY
THESE TOP COMPOSERS

JOHNNY MERCER • JIMMY McHUGH
 co-composer of "Blues in the Night" co-composer of "I'm in the Mood for Love"

ISHAM JONES • PAUL WESTON
 co-composer of "It Had to Be You" co-composer of "I Should Care"

LIVINGSTON-EVANS • RAY NOBLE
 composers of "Buttons and Bows" Co-composer of "Goodnight, Sweetheart"



THINK OF IT!

YOU... writing the words to the melodies of internationally famous composers who have made many thousands of dollars with their music.

Here's what you may win: For each winning lyric, you will be offered a regular songwriter contract (SPA form)—and \$1000 cash advance against contract royalties. (Winning songs will be recorded by famed Capitol artists and sold nationally!) You stand to make many times more than \$1000, if the songs become hits. (Remember, it's possible for you to win more than one prize...even all six!)

PLUS the fact that as a co-writer with one of America's greatest popular composers you'll have made a big step to fame and fortune in a business where the rewards are great.

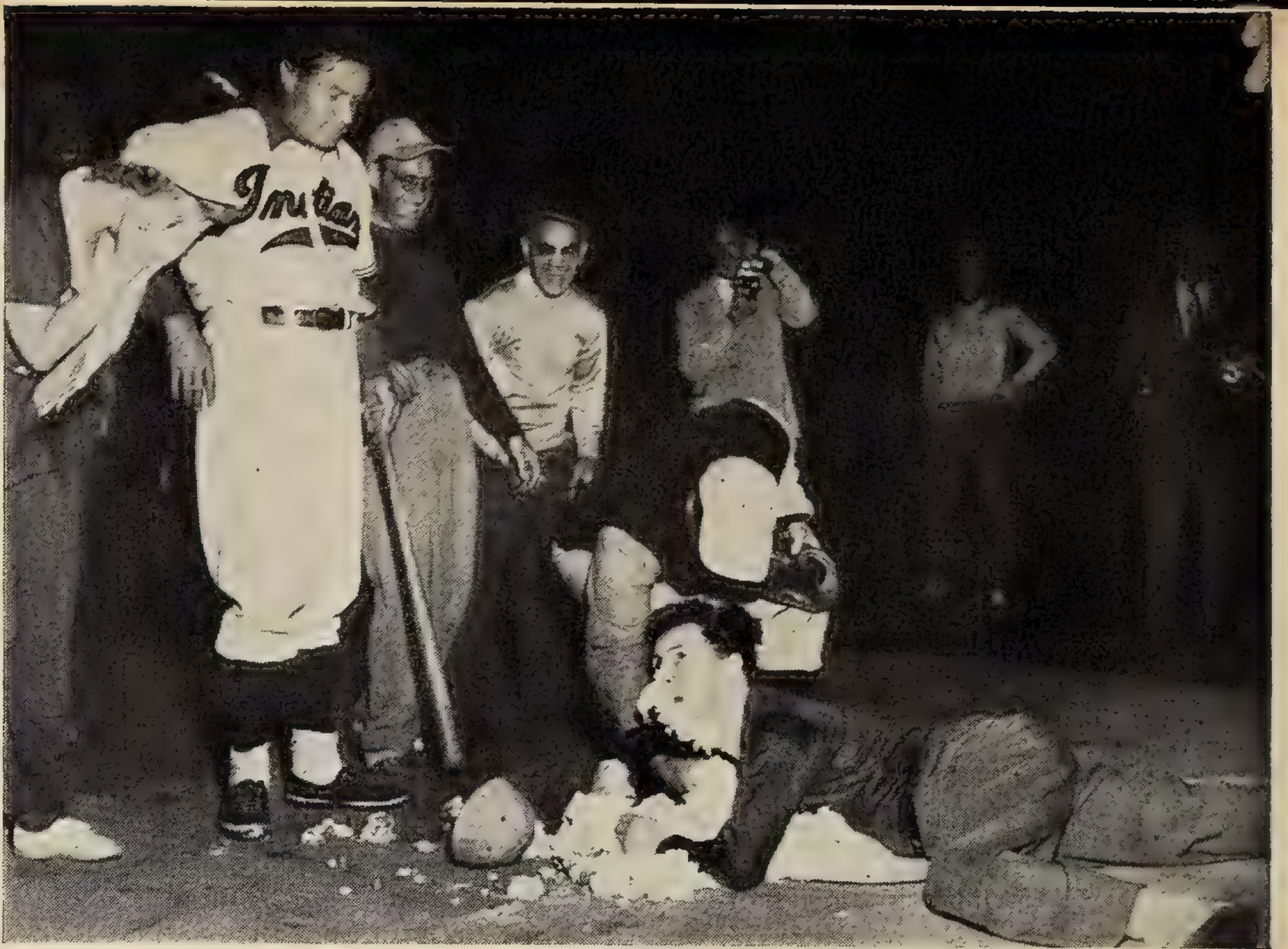
NEVER BEFORE A CONTEST LIKE THIS!

Here's your big chance to "team up" with Hollywood's top tunesmiths...become a recognized songwriter. Hear the music...get your official "Songs Without Words" contest entry blanks today, at your favorite record store. **NO FEE TO PAY!**

ATTENTION!

This contest—sponsored by CAPITOL, one of America's largest record producers—should not be confused with the dozens of "school offers" to make you "a songwriter overnight." Capitol expects to uncover new talent. Remember, it costs you nothing to enter!

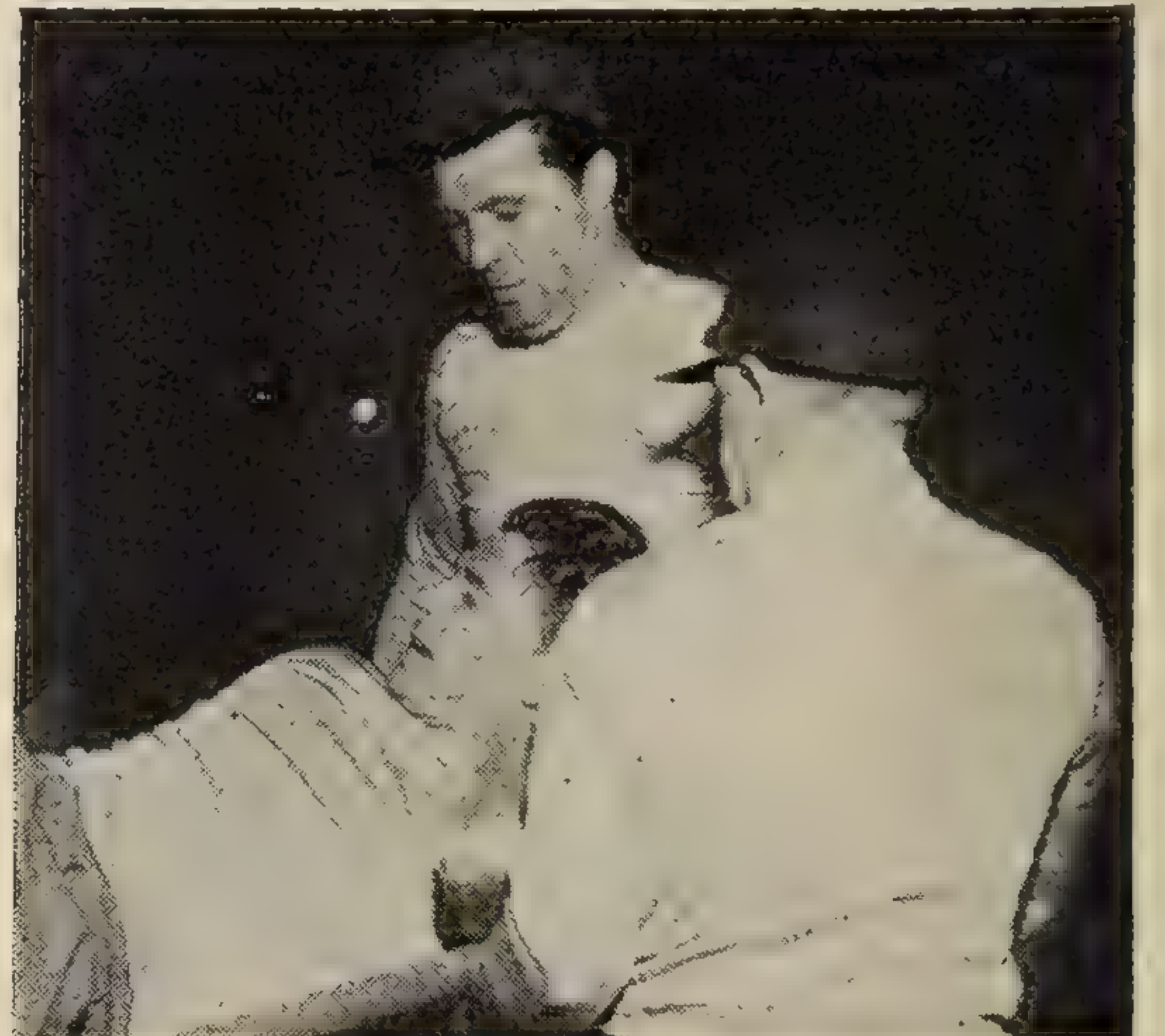
SEE YOUR
 RECORD DEALER
 TODAY!



At the Annual Charity Baseball game, Eddie Bracken slides home with a gag cake for Hope.



Ava Gardner and Howard Duff wait for their time at bat. He was called out at first, afterward hit a home run to thunderous cheers.



Ronald Reagan was borne from the field like a true hero. He thought he'd torn a tendon but later found he had a badly broken leg.

caught red-handed." He looked on a little enviously as the lanky Peck consumed a chocolate éclair, holding it, goo and all, in his fingers.

At the Bantam Cock Bar: Rod Cameron and Marie Windsor having one you-know-what of a battle. She hurled over her shoulder as she flounced out, "Just forget you ever knew me."

* * *

What a wonderful thing Loretta Young did when she took on the task of raising \$30,000 needed by St. Anne's Maternity Hospital for Unwed Mothers to carry on their great charity. Aided by a small but willing committee, Loretta got the idea of putting on an auction and asked her movie friends to contribute things to be sold.

The response was beyond her wildest dreams—and, instead of the \$30,000 they had hoped they could raise, the actual figure from the three-night auction at the Goldenberg Galleries was nearly \$42,000! Merchants and jewelers contributed everything from mink coats and stoles to diamond bracelets—but here are some of the things contributed by the movie stars:

Walter Pidgeon: Complete dining room set: sofa, desk.

Cary Grant: Two antique mirrors.

Claudette Colbert: French chair.

Frank Sinatra: Gold pen and pencil set.

Barbara Stanwyck: Jeweled cuff links.

Howard Hughes: Gold and ruby pin.

Van Johnson: Original painting.

Joseph Cotten: Original portrait of clown.

Ray Milland: Silver demi-tasse spoons.

Ann Blyth: Silver candlesticks.

Robert Mitchum: Silver cigarette box—matching lighter.

Humphrey Bogart: Liquor set—silver and crystal.

Jeanne Crain: Compote dishes, candlesticks, ash trays, baby cup, porridge dish—all silver.

John Garfield: Pearl-handled rattle.

Ann Sothorn: Chafing dish.

Gary Cooper: Jeweled snuff box. Pair of antique china dogs.

Clark Gable: Antique carved chest.

Bob Hope: Schiaparelli gown.

* * *

If you are one of the millions of girls with movie ambitions, beware of any man who

One Mardi Gras Night in New Orleans

... that exploded into murder!

ON the eve of the gay Mardi Gras, Orson Foxworth, financial buccaneer, gave a dinner at world famous Antoine's for seven extraordinary guests. One was beautiful young Odile St. Amant. An unloved wife, she ached with desperate longing for the embraces of Leonce, her playboy husband.

And at the table sat Odile's younger sister, voluptuous Caresse, even more sultry than her name. She resided with Odile and her husband in the family mansion and she drove Leonce to a maddening desire to put an end to his wife so that he could possess her. And

Foxworth himself had reasons of his own for wanting Odile out of the way!

What a setting for a story when these people and five others as deeply involved with one another meet for dinner at glamorous Antoine's! All the color, romance and intrigue of New Orleans creole society is packed into Frances Parkinson Keyes newest best-seller, *Dinner at Antoine's*. This book, PLUS another popular novel, *High Towers*, is yours for just a three-cent stamp—yes, BOTH for 3¢—if you join the Dollar Book Club now!



THESE 2 FLAMING NOVELS
OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

BOTH for a **3**
YOURS **¢** STAMP

WHEN YOU JOIN
THE DOLLAR
BOOK CLUB

High Towers
THOMAS B. COSTAIN

HIGH TOWERS
by Thos. B. Costain

THE best-selling new historical novel, packed with romance and thrilling action by the author of "The Black Rose." *High Towers*, plus *Dinner at Antoine's*, BOTH yours for a 3¢ stamp when you accept this amazing membership offer of the money-saving Dollar Book Club.

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES
Dinner at Antoine's

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Lady—throw your razor away—use safe, odorless, new Nair lotion to keep legs smoother... more exciting.

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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Escorted by fiancé Geary Steffan, Janie Powell pauses at premiere of *The Stratton Story* to autograph the MGM Silver Anniversary scroll.

says he is from Hollywood until it is proven that he is really the "big league" personality he claims to be.

Two women have been victimized by a character claiming to one of them to be Sam Engel, 20th Century-Fox producer, and to the other, to be Carl Laemmle, Jr., son of the founder of Universal Pictures.

Both women gave the impostor their money and jewels and one married him. Police records later revealed that he has a long list of offenses—each time representing himself as a big shot from Hollywood and winning the confidence (and usually money) of his victims.

* * *

Now that he has made up his mind to take the plunge, perennial bachelor Jimmy Stewart can hardly wait to get married. Believe me, in Gloria Hatrick McLean, he has certainly found the Right Girl he said he was waiting for.

She is a delightful woman, charming and beautiful. She has two children and, fortunately, Jimmy likes youngsters. Gloria was terribly hurt over the break-up of her marriage to Neal McLean, son of the late Evalyn Walsh McLean, until she fell deeply in love with Jimmy.

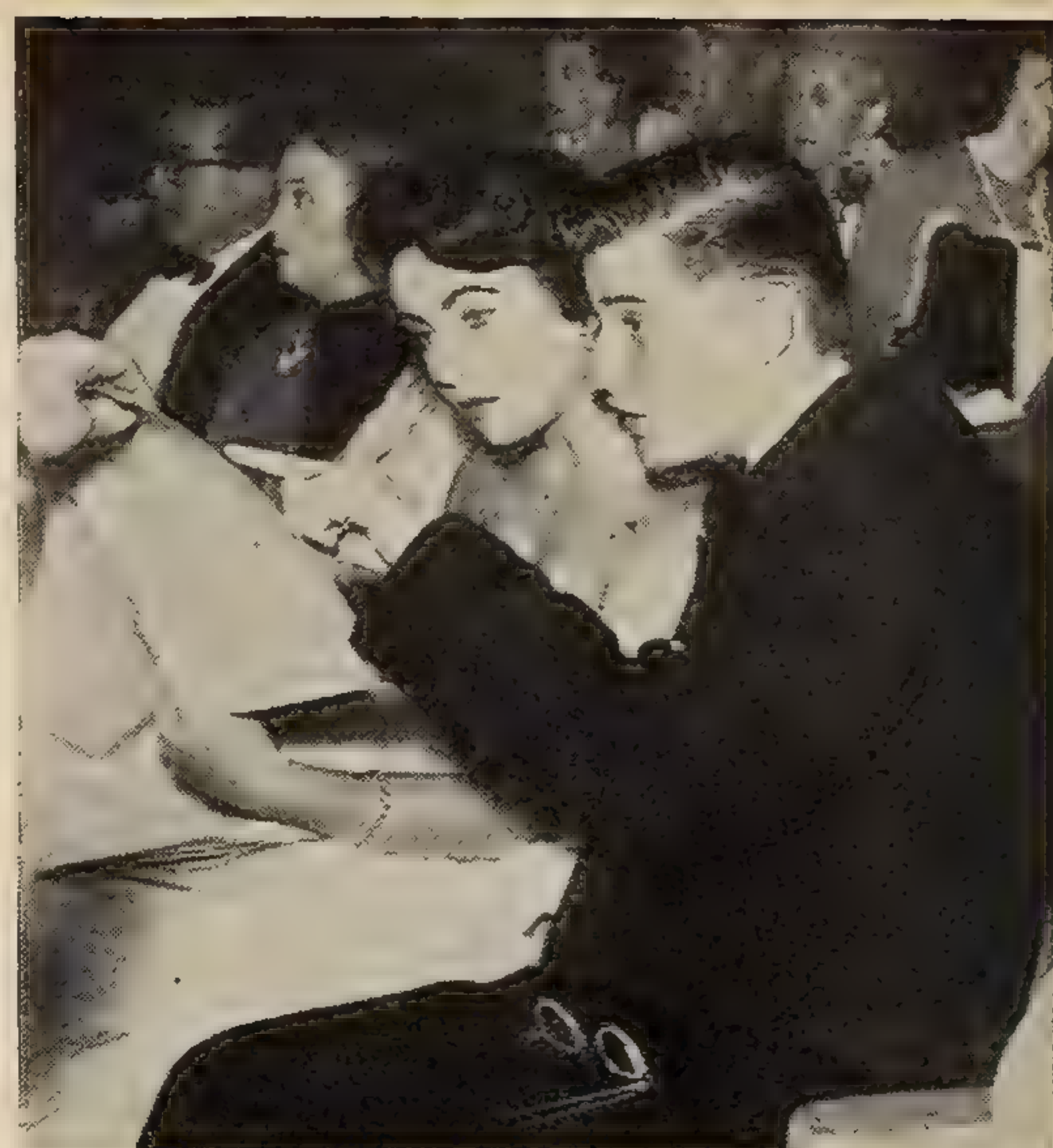
She has always adored her father, Edgar Hatrick, for years an executive of the Hearst newspapers. When she took Jimmy to see her father, ill for months in Colorado Springs, he told Gloria that he liked Jimmy and knew she would be happy with him.

* * *

The big social event of the month was the West Coast opening of the play, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and the big party afterward hosted by Louis B. Mayer in honor of his daughter, Irene Selznick, producer of the show.

I have never seen such a good-natured sidewalk crowd and—perhaps because of this—I have never seen so many big stars signing autograph books and pausing to chat with the kids and oldsters.

Clark Gable came to the theater and later to the party, with Ann Sothorn. When someone in the crowd yelled, "Hey, Clark, where



Elizabeth Taylor's fiancé, Bill Pawley, was in Florida, so Elizabeth attended the *Stratton* opening with her old pal, Roddy McDowall.

did you get that sunburn?" Gable grinned and called back, "Fishing!"

Joan Crawford, her hair cut very short, had on a beautiful lace dress made little-girl style with a pink satin bow in back.

Ethel Barrymore, looking so lovely with her gray hair very, very short, was enthused over Mary Welch, who plays the sister in the play. Ethel, who sat in front of me, turned around to say, "This girl worked with me on the stage in a small role. I am amazed and delighted over the way she is handling this big assignment."

Later on, at the Mayers', many stars who had not been able to get tickets for the opening showed up to toast Judith Evelyn and Tony Quinn, anyway. (Among those who couldn't get tickets was Jessica Tandy, the actress who created the star role in the play on Broadway! But Jessica and her husband, Hume Cronyn, told me they had seats for the second night.)

Cary Grant was on hand for his first party since coming home so ill from making *I Was a Male War Bride* in Europe. Cary is over his long siege of yellow jaundice and looks swell with the weight he has put on.

Anne Baxter had on the most dazzling red dress-and-cape outfit I have ever seen. Only a girl as pretty as Annie could get away with it. She came alone because her husband, John Hodiak, was on location.

Joseph Cotten was staggering, too, because Mrs. Cotten has been very ill in the hospital.

Among the hundred-odd guests enjoying the buffet and the lovely music, I saw Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, Janet Gaynor and Adrian, the Artur Rubensteins, the Arthur Hornblows, Otto Preminger, Mary Livingston Benny, Mrs. Danny Kaye, the William Goetzes, and many more.

* * *

I happened to be out at MGM visiting on the *Bodies and Souls* set and got in on the fun when the cast and crew surprised Glenn Ford with an "anniversary" party. Since it was not his birthday nor marriage date, Glenn could not have looked more surprised when three technicians hauled a big cake up to him, inscribed "Happy anniversary, Glenn."

YES SIR, **IT'S TUNEFUL!**
(OH! THOSE SONGS!)

YES SIR, **IT'S TERRIFIC!**
(OH! THOSE CO-EDS!)



Yes Sir...
4 HIT
TUNES!

"LOOK AT ME"... "THEY'VE NEVER FIGURED OUT A WOMAN!"
"MEN ARE LITTLE CHILDREN"... "YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY!"

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Introducing
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Test it. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.



Jane Wyman gives away a friendly smile with each dish of ice-cream she sells at a London benefit for British stage and film charities.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

"But it isn't my anniversary," said Glenn, completely puzzled but pleased. "What's this all about?"

Then they told him it was the tenth anniversary of his debut in pictures—that they had found out from his agent that he signed for his first picture, *Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence*, exactly 10 years ago to the day.

Glenn was as pleased as punch. The thoughtful little party couldn't have happened to a nicer guy.

* * *

Will Errol Flynn marry Princess Irene Ghika, the girl who received his exclusive attention all summer? All I can say is that he appears to be deeply in love with her. She really bosses him around and he loves it.

Also, I'm sure that it is her idea, not his, that she appear in a picture with him. Now Errol is all-out for putting her into his independent movie and doesn't seem to mind that she hasn't had an iota of acting experience.

When I was in Paris, I talked with Errol at length about Greer Garson, for whom he has great respect and admiration. He told me he thought Greer one of the finest women he had ever known and that he believed she will be happy if she marries Buddy Fogelson. When Greer's romance with the rich Texan cooled for a little while, it was because Buddy likes to have a good time and when Greer is working she isn't interested in anything but her career. But the rift made them realize how much they really cared, and now they have announced their engagement.

* * *

Don't mention *The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend* to Betty Grable. Betty, usually the most amiable and tractable of stars, just doesn't like the picture she made with Preston Sturges and she is saying so, out loud.

"I knew it was not right when I was making it," says Betty. "I'll never be talked into anything like that again."

All Preston Sturges says is, "I find Miss



Lana Turner and Bob Topping pose with the prize tunas they caught in the Bahamas. The fish were even bigger than the ones that got away.

Grable talented, charming and a very lovely person."

* * *

Keeping tabs on my personal mail: Glenn Ford is mentioned most often in the letters that came to my desk this month. Peter Lawford is second (there are pro as well as con comments about Pete), Robert Mitchum (also pro and con), followed by William Holden, Louis Jourdan and Montgomery Clift! I guess the reason Monty slipped from top spot in my mail is because he has been a long time between pictures.

But wait until you see him in *The Heiress*! You'll fall for that boy all over again.

Where the girls are concerned, Elizabeth Taylor is way out in front. Following in the order named are June Allyson, Jane Powell, Shirley Temple, Lana Turner (she keeps her fans whether she's on the screen or not, that gal), Esther Williams, Jane Wyman, Betty Grable and Gail Russell—Gail making the list for the first time.

Again, I want to say I like getting your letters whether you are praising or panning. Several times I have had ideas for radio editorials from what you have written me.

That's all for now. See you next month.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6—T. Bob Beerman, Bot. Bert Parry—7 T. Lt. Stork Club. T. Rt. Wide World. Bot. Lt. NBC, Bot. Rt. Stork Club—8 T. Bob Beerman, Bot. Bert Parry—10 Bert Parry—12 Bob Beerman—14 Acme—15 International News—20 Wide World—22 Bob Beerman—24 Pat Clark of Warners—29 Modern Screen staff—30 Bob Beerman—31 Bert Parry—32 Eagle-Lion—33 Wide World—36-37 International News—38-39 Bob Beerman—40 Floyd Hopkins—41 T. Lt., T. Cen. Modern Screen staff—T. Rt. Bud Fraker of Paramount, Bot. Lt., Bot. Rt. Modern Screen staff—Bot. Cen. Bob Beerman—42-43 Bob Beerman—44-45 Bert Parry—46 Bob Beerman—47 20th Century-Fox—48-49 Bob Beerman and Bert Parry—50 Bert Parry Exc. bot., Bob Beerman—51 Gus Gale—52-53 Bob Beerman—54-55 20th Century-Fox—56 Universal—57 Lt. Jules Buck, Rt. Modern Screen staff—63 Bert Parry—64 T. Gus Gale, Bot. Don Ornitz—65 Bob Beerman—70-76 Jacques Simpson of Pagano Studios.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

BING AND WALT

(CROSBY, THAT IS)

(DISNEY, OF COURSE)

team up on *The Headless Horseman*!

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presents

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"ICHABOD AND MR. TOAD"

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and told by **BASIL RATHBONE**

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Hear **BING** sing:

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"KATRINA"
"ICHABOD CRANE"

TWO TALL TALES

Walt and Bing bring to rollicking, melodious life that famous masterpiece... Washington Irving's fabulous "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" with awkward Ichabod Crane, curvaceous Katrina and the hair-raising Headless Horseman.

In one hilarious all-cartoon feature... two of the finest stories ever written, are told by... three of the world's greatest storytellers: Walt Disney, Bing Crosby and Basil Rathbone.

Walt and Basil Rathbone tell another tall tale about that rich, reckless, uproarious rake, The Magnificent Mr. Toad, and his frantic friends in a sparkling interpretation of Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows."

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



In *Any Number Can Play*, Clark Gable owns a gambling club. He works so hard that wife Alexis Smith sees little of him.



His son, Darryl Hickman, is ashamed of Pop's profession. Bitter at this, Clark won't retire despite his doctor's orders.



The drama, which includes a sub-plot concerning an old flame of Clark's, reaches a tense climax when the casino is held up.

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY

Cast: Clark Gable, Alexis Smith,
Wendell Corey, Audrey Totter
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"A nice honest gambler is better than a little snob," is the moral of this motion picture. Clark Gable's the gambler. He owns a huge casino-restaurant, and he's rich. His wife, Alexis Smith, is sad because he works so hard she never sees him, and his kid, Darryl Hickman, is ashamed because his pop is what his pop is. Doctor tells Clark he has a weak heart. Get away from this life, the doctor says. Clark decides he'll give his wife a break. He and she and Darryl will go on a fishing trip. He's had enough excitement. He'll turn the business over to his trusty friends, Barry Sullivan and Edgar Buchanan. But Darryl doesn't want to go away with his father, and Alexis won't leave Darryl, and Clark is so dejected he goes back to the club to smoke and drink himself to death. At the club, his brother-in-law-employee, Wendell Corey, is cheating him blind. At home, Wendell's wife (Audrey Totter) is jealous of sister Alexis because sister Alexis has such a wonderful husband. And Alexis is miserable, as I said in the first place, because she never sees Clark. Sometimes she wishes they were poor and hungry again. So everybody's in trouble. But when two crooks try to hold Clark up, and Clark's kid comes along in time to see how many friends his pa has, things take a turn for the better. Kid's almost proud his old man's a gambler, after Clark explains it to him. "Everybody gambles. Who am I to try and reform the world?" Something like that. This isn't exactly first-class stuff, though there are a few nice character bits. Marjorie Rambeau has one as a rich old lady, and Lewis Stone has one as a poor old man. Stone seemed to me to have shrunk—he's smaller than I remember him—but maybe that's because he always played next to Mickey Rooney.



In *The Good Old Summertime*: Judy Garland and Van Johnson are music-store clerks—and mortal enemies. But, naturally, they're in love.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

Cast: Van Johnson, Judy Garland,
S. Z. Sakall, Spring Byington
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Most of this picture takes place with snow on the ground, but the title song serves to place the period for you. Men are wearing skimmers, and ladies carrying parasols, when Judy Garland comes looking for a job (or rather, a position) in a certain music store. Head clerk Van Johnson says the store has enough help. The store's owner, S. Z. Sakall, who's just had a fight with Johnson (Johnson doesn't think they should have bought a hundred pint-sized harps because there aren't that many harpists—or midgets either) hires Judy just to spite Van. (Sakall's movie name is Okeldunker or Ovalstinger or Oberkuchen—I don't remember exactly—and he plays horrendous music on a Stradivarius, and he's in love with his cashier, Spring Byington.) Judy succeeds in selling one of the small harps. This leaves 99 to go. It also leaves her and Van mortal enemies, for obvious reasons. Van and Judy are in love with two unknown correspondents (they write to post office box numbers, so they don't know their true loves' names) and they keep bringing these unknown correspondents into their daily conversation. "You're so rude," Judy will observe. "Why, I know a man who has thoughts like—" And then she quotes poetry. You don't have to be Einstein to guess that Judy and Van have been writing to each other, and that everything will turn out jake. You do have to be a little clever to remember from one picture to another what a sensational performer Judy Garland is. There's a current between her and her audience which is more often found on the stage than in the movies. She can electrify me every time.

HOUSE OF STRANGERS

Cast: Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward,
Richard Conte, Luther Adler
20th Century-Fox

House of Strangers may not be an Academy Award contender, but Edward G. Robinson certainly deserves a prize of some kind. He is great. He plays a man named Gino Monetti, who owns and operates an unorthodox bank, in a slum neighborhood. He lends people whatever amounts he thinks they should have, he's a law unto himself about interest rates,

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Halo cannot leave
dulling, dirt-catching
soap film!



Gives fragrant
"soft-water" lather
—needs no
special rinse!

Removes
embarrassing
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!



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soft, manageable—
shining with colorful
natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils.

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and he thrives. He has four sons: Joe (Luther Adler), Tony (Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.), Pietro (Paul Valentine), and Max (Richard Conte). All the sons except Max work for their father, but hate him. He doesn't pay them well ("You'll get it all when I'm gone") and he has no respect for their brains. Max, who's a lawyer, and independent, is loved and admired by Gino, and he returns the feeling. When the government decides Gino is violating legalities, Max tries to bribe a trial juror, goes to jail. Gino isn't convicted, but the other brothers manage to take over his business. Max promises to revenge his father, but his girl, Susan Hayward, finally talks him out of it. This picture is sheer excitement.

YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING

Cast: Anne Baxter, Dan Dailey, Anne Revere, Stanley Ridges, Shari Robinson
20th Century-Fox

Dan Dailey's an Irish hoofer. Anne Baxter's a Bostonian. All her ancestors taught Greek. But Dan and Anne get married any-

way. He works her into his act (she's an awful dancer), a talent scout brings them to Hollywood (Dan assures Anne he'll be a bigger movie star than Rin-Tin-Tin), and Hollywood tries to sign Anne. She says she's no actress. They say, who cares? For silent movies, you only have to have a face. She's broken-hearted that they don't want Dan, but Dan's thrilled for her. She becomes the biggest flapper of the era; he goes on to be a popular night-club entertainer. They make loads of money, but they're never together. Anne eventually retires to have a baby. By the time she's ready to go back to work, the talkies have been born. She doesn't care about crashing the new medium; she's happy with her home and her child. Now Dan's moment comes. Musicals are the rage, and the movies put Dan in satin pants, and star him. He likes to take his small child (Shari Robinson) to the studio with him (he's always teaching her to sing and dance) but Anne doesn't approve. She wants the kid to be normal.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Send back this questionnaire before anyone else does! Each month we get millions back, and each month 500 of them are the winners of our free three-month subscription to MODERN SCREEN. All we want to know is which stories you liked in this issue and which stars you'd like to read about in future ones. It's so simple, we'd like to send back a questionnaire ourselves—but then, we're not allowed. Remember—the October, November and December issues, all free to the first 500!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our September issue? Write the NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <i>Was Margaret O'Brien to Blame?</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>I'm Still Wild About Harry (Betty Grable)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>My Heart Deceived Me (Doris Day)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Hollywood's Romantic Hideouts (Granger, Brady, Powell)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Why Dan Dailey's Marriage Failed by Hedda Hopper</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Don't Tell My Girl (Glenn Ford)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Am I Cheating My Children? (Susan Hayward)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>One-Man Marshall Plan (Bill Holden-Brenda Marshall)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>How Phony Can You Get! (Richard Widmark)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Let's Not Talk About Love (Betty Drake-Cary Grant)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Judy's All Right! (Judy Garland)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Are Odds Against Teen-Age Brides?</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Pride of the Irish (Maureen O'Hara)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>He's the Boss (John Lund)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Why Stars Turn to Prayer (Stanwyck, Crosby, Williams)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Wife in Fame Only (Guy Madison-Gail Russell)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Westward, Whoa! (Roy Rogers)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Picture of the Month (Red, Hot and Blue)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is.

My address is.

City..... Zone..... State..... I am years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN,
BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



You're My Everything: Anne Baxter and Dan Dailey catch colds outside the stage door. Dan's a hooper. Anne marries him and joins the act.

The musical craze finally dies down, and Dan retires to be a gentleman farmer. Until the day he reads about a certain producer needing a child star. He sneaks Shari out, sells the producer on her, signs her for the picture. Shari's career comes close to breaking up the perfect marriage (Anne's still agin it) but musicals always have a happy ending. This picture's early sequences are fresh and gay and Anne Baxter makes a fine flapper. I didn't admire little Shari Robinson much, but one man's child star is another man's poison. If you think she's adorable, you'll enjoy the last part of the picture as much as I enjoyed the first.

THE BIG STEAL

Cast: Robert Mitchum, Jane Greer,
William Bendix, Patric Knowles
RKO

It only takes 71 minutes for Robert Mitchum to chase Patric Knowles all over Mexico, while justice powders its nose and gets ready to triumph. Mitchum is an Army lieutenant who's been entrusted with a \$300,000 payroll. Knowles has swiped the payroll, William Bendix, an Army captain, has accused Mitchum of collusion, Mitchum's got to clear himself, and we're right back at the beginning. Seventy-one minutes of Mitchum chasing Knowles all over Mexico, with Bendix chasing Mitchum, a couple miles in the rear. Mitchum's companion en route is Jane Greer (Knowles once cheated her, too). They fall in love, but there's work to be done. Eventually, Knowles is tracked to his hideout and caught red-handed (he's red-handing the \$300,000 to an international crook) but it looks as though Mitchum and Jane have taken on too much. Because Bendix arrives almost at once, and you discover that he was the boy in collusion with Knowles. He now proposes to shoot Knowles (and does just that). After which he proposes to shoot the international crook, Mitchum, and Jane. That it doesn't work that way is a tribute to clean living. Maybe you won't learn anything from this picture—I'll make that more definite; you positively won't learn anything from this picture—but the chase is exciting, the Mexican locations are delightful, and who wants to be educated all the time?

(Continued on page 109)

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Have brighter teeth, cleaner breath in just 7 days!



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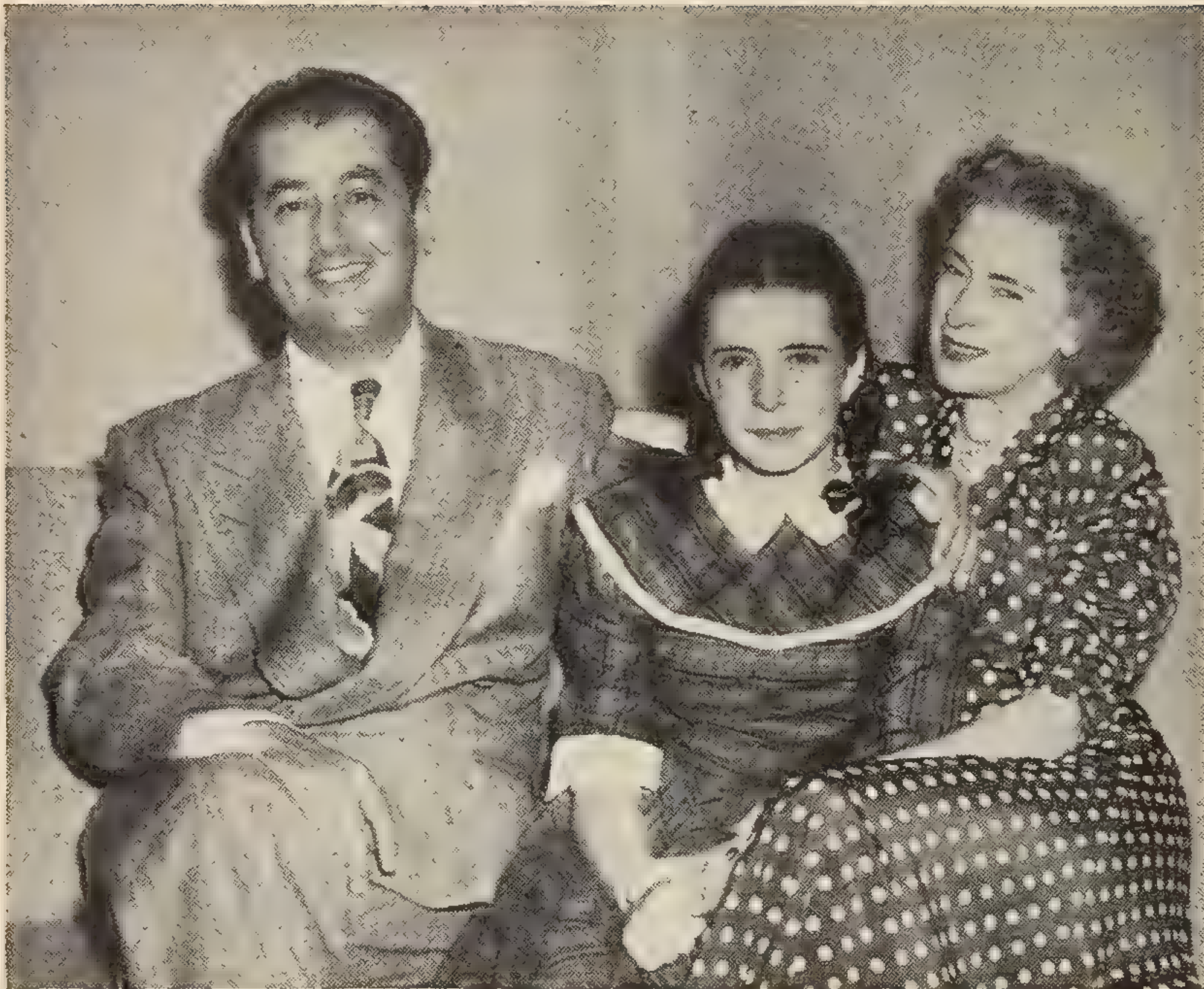
Use New Pepsodent for just 7 days. If you're not completely convinced it gives you cleaner breath and brighter teeth, mail unused portion of tube to Pepsodent Division, Lever Bros. Co., Dept. G, Chicago, Ill. Besides postage, you'll receive—

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!



Another fine product of
Lever Brothers Company

was margaret o'brien to blame?



Margaret with Don Sylvio and her mother shortly before the wedding.

Margaret O'Brien's mother, Gladys O'Brien, married bandleader Don Sylvio in Palm Beach, Florida, last February 22, while Margaret wept. On May 31, it was announced that Mrs. Sylvio would seek an annulment of the marriage. In the following exclusive story, an ace Hollywood reporter presents a frank and revealing picture of this amazing emotional tangle.—THE EDITORS.

■ "Please don't blame Margaret for this," Gladys O'Brien Sylvio told me as she explained the crack-up of her marriage. "It isn't her fault. I should have realized that I'm too wrapped up in the child ever to give much of myself to a husband. There are some women in this world who are more mother than wife—and I'm one of them.

"Usually a couple have become adjusted to each other before the wife becomes a mother, so it isn't so difficult for the husband when he must share part of his wife's affection with another. Then, too, if the child is his own, he is far less likely to be jealous of it."

Margaret's mother sighed. "These are the facts I should have understood before I jumped into marriage with Don," she went on. "Unfortunately, I didn't. I thought Don could join our little circle that rotates around Margaret—but as it turned out, he's too much of an individual to take second place in my affections to my daughter."

As this Hollywood mother was talking, I thought of motion picture mothers in general—and then it occurred to me that you

This is the strange
tragedy of a woman who
is more mother than
wife, of a child who
is loved too much, and
of a man who is hurt
and bewildered . . .

BY FLORABEL MUIR*

seldom hear anything at all about movie fathers.

Most of them seem to be shuffled off into the discard as the little stars climb to fame. Those who can't stand playing second fiddle to a child being groomed for stardom, go off about their business—usually via the divorce courts.

So it is slight wonder that orchestra leader Don Sylvio found himself in an intolerable position and didn't know what to do about it.

"You can't fight a little child like Margaret," he said wistfully. "I didn't know it would be like that. . . . But I want to tell you that I'm not blaming Margaret entirely for this smash-up. I think the child and I could have become very good friends if we'd had the opportunity.

"She's an amazingly brilliant little girl. I wanted to talk things over with her thoroughly before we held the wedding, but Gladie seemed to think it would be better to surprise her.

"Margaret was so shocked when she found out we really were getting married that she became emotionally upset. I can't blame her for crying."

Then Don went on to tell me how the romance had started—a romance which brought only fleeting happiness to Gladys, many tears for her daughter and bewildered frustration to Don.

It began one night in February, 1945, in Bill Bertolotti's night club in New York, where Don's orchestra was playing. Margaret and her mother were at a table and when Bertolotti introduced his orchestra leader, Gladys asked him to play her favorite song, "I Can't Begin To Tell You."

"That was the beginning of all my trouble," Don told me. He said he played the song over and over again that night and when Gladys and Margaret left, they both thanked him. They left New York the next day and he didn't see either of them for a year.

the melody lingers on . . .

In February, 1946, Mrs. O'Brien and Margaret visited Bertolotti's again. When they came in, the saxophone player reminded Don about the song he had played for them before and suggested it be played again now.

"I didn't think she'd remember having asked for it and thought it would be presumptuous for me to try to make her remember, so I skipped it," Don told me. "But when Bill, who was my boss and also my pal, asked me over to her table to shake hands, she smiled at me and said, 'I'm really disappointed in you, Mr. Sylvio. You forgot to play my song.'

"I stammered and stuttered like a school-boy—and had to take some kidding from my saxophone player. To make it up to her for forgetting, I asked her if she'd have lunch with me next day. She said she'd love to.

"We began seeing a lot of each other while she was in New York. We had lunches and dinners and I gave her a party at Bertolotti's. We really got acquainted.

"Always we sang her song, 'I Can't Begin To Tell You'—and the words came to have a lot of meaning for us. A year later she invited me to be her house guest in Hollywood. I flew out here from New York and stayed three weeks.

"I proposed to her one night under a California moon and, although she didn't accept right away, I wasn't discouraged. She acted as if she were as much in love as I was. She visited New York oftener and we were always together.

"Last February, just four years after I first met her, I went to Palm Beach and Gladys flew down there to see me. That's when we made our wedding plans.

"I thought little Margaret and I had become very good friends while I was wooing

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her mother. At least, she certainly behaved as if she liked me.

"Our marriage got off to a good start. We spent our wedding night in the bridal suite of the Colony Hotel, and although Margaret had cried at the wedding, I didn't think too much about that. It's not unusual for relatives to become emotional at weddings.

"Gladie and I had talked over the trip to Europe she was to take with Margaret and we decided to postpone our honeymoon until they got back. The day after our wedding, Gladie had to fly to Boston with Margaret, who was participating in the Brotherhood Week activities going on there.

"I met them in New York to see them off for the European trip. I thought everything was sunshine and roses. Gladie wanted me to come to California and she understood I wouldn't be able to work as a musician here for six months—it takes that long to be transferred in the musicians' union. I put in for a transfer in April so I could come out.

"I was agreeable when Gladys suggested that we live in separate apartments until Margaret could get adjusted to having a man around the house.

"Gladie has kept two different apartments in Beverly Hills for a long time. I occupied one of them and she the other with Margaret. Gladie's sister, Mrs. Jean Harris, also lived with them. I thought after awhile, if things didn't work out, Margaret could go to live in the big apartment with her aunt.

"I arrived in Beverly Hills on the evening of Tuesday, May 17—but I didn't see much of Gladie until the following Tuesday. I went over to her and Margaret's apartment for meals and began teaching Margaret how to play the piano.

"On Tuesday afternoon I asked my wife not to make plans for that night, because I thought it was about time we had an evening alone together.

"We went out to the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel and had a wonderful evening together. We went to Sherry's on the Sunset Strip later and I was so happy when I took Gladie home.

"The next morning on my way to her apartment, a half-block away I met her sister, Marissa Bogue—who acted as if she were very upset. She told me Gladie was upset, too, and that instead of going to the apartment she wanted me to go to the office of Gladie's business manager, Al Blum.

"I couldn't understand what it was all



Margaret O'Brien and her mother set forth from their home in Beverly Hills for a day's work.

NOW! ALSO AVAILABLE IN HANDY TUBE!

about, but went to Blum's office. He coldly told me that Mrs. O'Brien wanted to have our marriage annulled and offered me \$3000 to agree to it.

"I was shocked and completely broken up. I implored Blum to tell my wife to think it over for another day—I was sure she'd then see things differently.

"I tried calling her on the phone the following day. She wouldn't answer. I tried again on Friday. No luck. On Saturday morning she came to the phone and I asked her to see me that night. She agreed and we went to Sherry's about six o'clock that evening.

"We had a few drinks and it was just like a guy taking his gal out. I didn't argue with her about anything. I didn't want to upset her. I thought if we could see each other a few more times and have some laughs together, she'd change her mind.

"She has a great habit of blurting things out without weighing her words—and the next minute changing her mind. So I thought she'd react the same way again.

"I didn't call her Sunday because I thought if she wanted to see me she'd call me. I wanted her to feel that she wasn't being rushed by me into making a decision she'd regret.

"On Monday evening you called me and told me she had announced to the newspapers that she would seek an annulment. That was the first inkling I'd had that she was actually going to go through with her plans as told to me by Blum.

"Our get-together on Saturday evening apparently hadn't meant a thing to her. The idea of an annulment was preposterous. She had no grounds for such a move.

"I'm not going to give her up so easily. I still love her very much and believe if she were away from her sisters and daughter that I could make her see that she really loves me, too. I can't understand what she means in her divorce suit when she said I was cruel to her.

"I wouldn't hurt her for anything in the world. I'm going to stay in California and devote my time to trying to win her back."

Don was born in Brooklyn and his right name is Sylvio Sprigata. He is 42. Gladys is 45. This is his first marriage. He is the eldest of six children. When he was 22 he had his own band.

her heart belongs to mommie . . .

Like many mothers, Gladys plays down to her little daughter most of the time. This perhaps comes from the subconscious desire to keep the child a baby as long as possible.

In a family living normally this isn't so harmful as it can be with a child who has long been the wage-earner.

In many ways, the little actress is almost a dual personality. At home she is babied and everything is done for her. At the studio they expect her to use her own brains when she's before the cameras.

Perhaps Gladys doesn't realize it, but the child has a fiercely protective attitude toward her. From remarks she has made to folks around MGM, she really believes she is saving her mother from a marriage that could only bring her unhappiness.

She has a feeling that no man is good enough for her mother. It probably wouldn't matter who the fellow was. She liked Sylvio well enough when he was just a friend—but when he moved into the family circle, she looked at him with a different eye.

How this will all turn out is anybody's guess. Should Gladys get her interlocutory decree, she would have to wait a year before it became final. In that time, Don might persuade her to drop the whole thing. Stranger things have happened in Hollywood.

(Margaret O'Brien's latest film is the forthcoming *The Secret Garden*.)

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MY HEART DECEIVED ME

by Doris Day

She thought
that love was all
that mattered—
until she learned
it's friendship
that really makes
a marriage.
Doris Day won't
be fooled again!



Doris with a fellow actor on the set of her newest, *It's a Great Feeling*.

■ She was 17, a small dark girl and, I noticed, quite shy. As an editor of her high school paper she had been interviewing me, and now we had come to the end of our talk. She put away her pad and pencil, stood up and was ready to go . . . but didn't.

Instead, she leaned very close and, with troubled eyes asked, "But what I really mean, Miss Day, is how can I get to be like you and the other singers? I mean, really. I'm not as attractive and I know I lack so much. . . ."

I could almost hear my own voice asking this same question. Because I *had* asked it, and others like it, when I was 17. And when I asked it, talking to singers with orchestras and girls performing in night clubs, I didn't get a good answer. I had to learn for myself. But, I decided, now that I was being asked the question, I was going to answer it correctly. And I did.

"You think you're not as attractive as I am," I began. "But what would you say if I told you that there are at least 10 things about you that I would terribly like to have?"

She pulled away blushing, and her hand went touching here and there at her face in confusion. "Oh . . . you're just . . . just being nice," she said.

"All right, then," I went on. "I'll name them. I think they'll come to about 10."

And I did name them. What I said was just between the two of us as women. And as I itemized her good points, the transformation that came over her was marvelous. You could (Continued on page 98)

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says MADELON MASON, *Lovely Cover Girl*

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too!



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• Today get gentle SweetHeart Soap in the new, large bath size.

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your letters...

DOUBLE LIVES

Dear Editor: Advice is sometimes pretty easy to give, but I've no doubt Hedda Hopper was sincere when she dished it out in "Myths Stars Believe About Themselves," in your July issue. However, what does she expect of stars? How can they remain themselves when they constantly play numerous other people on sound stages, read reams of publicity about their supposed personalities, are "groomed for stardom" with changes made in both their personalities and appearances? What does Miss Hopper expect of stars who have to sit in a spotlight with 99 million fans expecting them to be anything but themselves?

FORREST WALTERS,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Dear Editor: Hedda Hopper knows what she's talking about when she advises the stars to be themselves. We go to the movies to see those people in character, but off-screen it's comforting to think of them as fairly normal and unaffected human beings. You'd think they'd have the integrity to behave as such. So orchids to Hedda Hopper for her brave attempt to set these stars straight!

ANNE FOLKS, EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

BERGMAN'S FOLLY

Dear Editor: I have to laugh when I think of the high ideals that were supposed to be upheld by Ingrid Bergman. *Joan of Arc*, itself, seems a little sullied by Miss Bergman's escapades, if rumors are to be believed. It's coincidental, and a pity, that having played both saint and sinner in the movies, Miss Bergman seems to want to go to the same extremes in private life.

EILEEN SULLENBERGER, NEW YORK CITY

Dear Editor: I've always admired Ingrid Bergman and her acting. Despite the unpleasant publicity concerning her and director Rossellini, I don't think it's too late for Miss Bergman to come back and again be one of Hollywood's finest and best-loved actresses. Others before her have survived foolish mistakes. Surely a woman of Miss Bergman's stature should be given another chance if she wants one.

THELMA ROSS, POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

IS M. S. HUMAN?

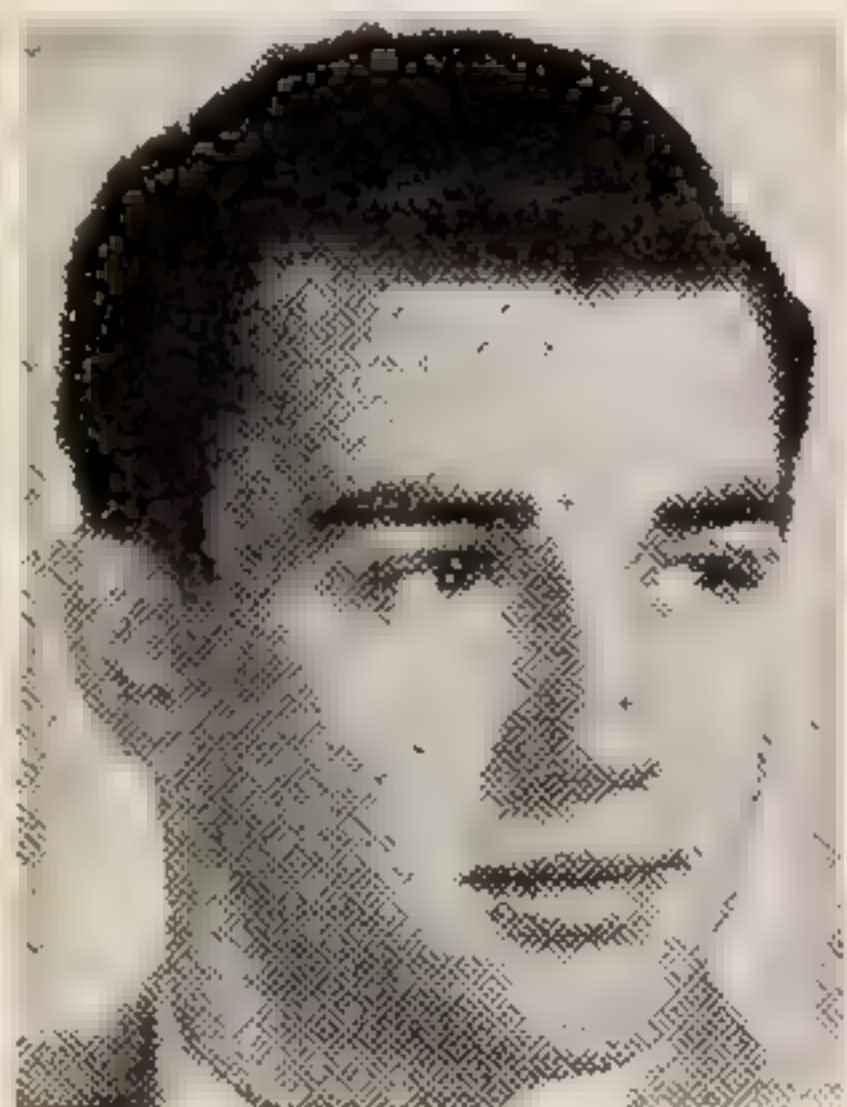
Dear Editor: Your type of magazine is one of the main things that is wrong with Hollywood. Seldom, if ever, do you see a good article. Ninety percent of the time they're cheap and trashy—"Are Parents Human?" "Is Sex Necessary?"—now really! The only good articles your magazine has are "The Picture of the Month" selections. In all probability you won't publish this letter. If not, it just illustrates further what I have said herein.

F. N. HANSEN, INGLEWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Editor: I have never written a fan letter before, but I would like to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. Movie magazines in general aren't above telling lies to attract readers; they "scoop" each other in an effort to be the first to publicize a rumor even if it is false. In my opinion, Modern Screen is different. It leads all the rest in *printing the truth*.

ARTHUR BAKER, COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK

new faces



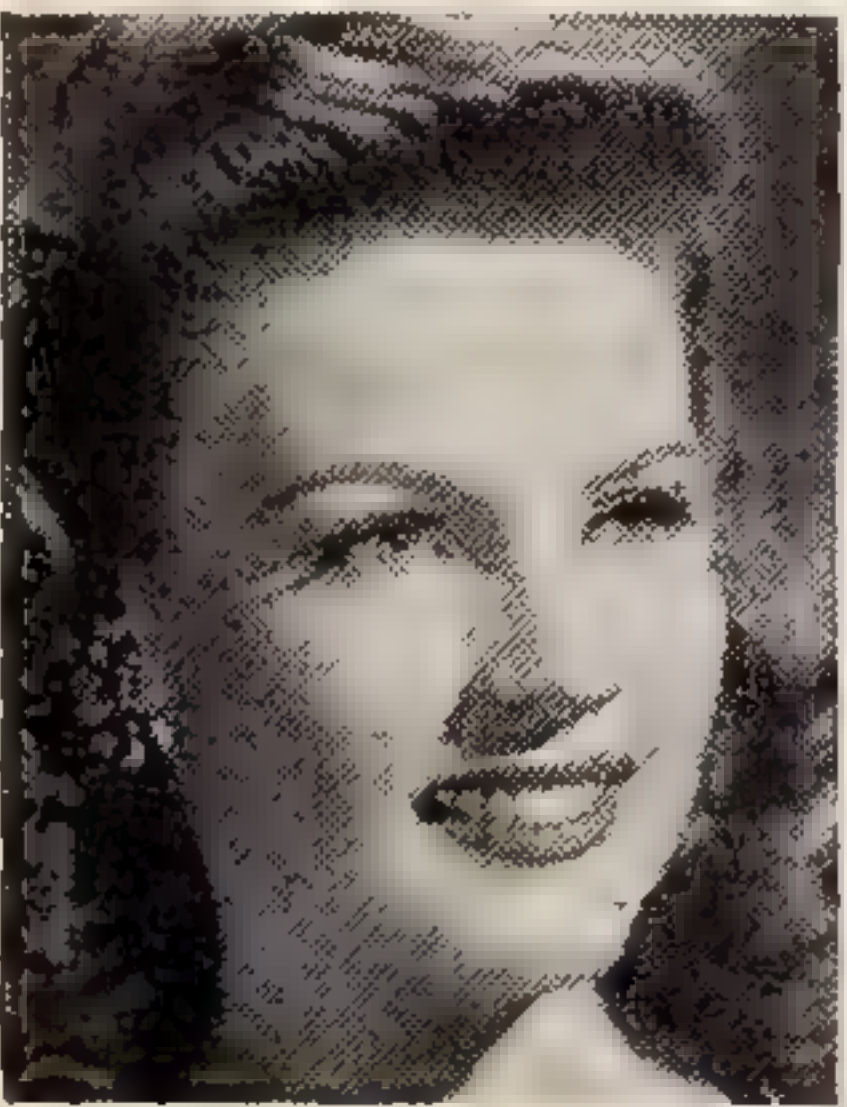
MICHAEL KIRBY was born in Nova Scotia and at the age of four, doctors told his parents he should confine his sports activities to ice skating. He became so proficient at it that winning competitions was almost like child's play. Sonja Henie, whom he recently starred with in *The Countess of Monte Cristo*, says he is the best partner she's ever had. He married Nora McCarthy in 1943 and they now have two children. Michael's 6'2" tall, weighs 180 lbs., has blue eyes and dark brown hair.



PENNY EDWARDS made her first appearance in a B'way play when she was only 12, and after a series of hits and misses was at last discovered by a Warner's dance-director. He thought her style of singing and dancing extremely original and the public wholeheartedly agreed with him when they saw *Two Guys From Texas*. Penny was born in New York on August 24, 1928. She has blue eyes, blonde hair and though she's 5'6" tall, weighs 118 lbs.



ROSSANO BRAZZI gave up boxing to study law, and then he gave up law to become an actor. Aside from college theatricals at the University of San Marco, he never had any inclination to act until he was given a supporting role in an Italian film. He became one of Rome's leading stars and was ordered by the Nazis to make propaganda films for them. Shortly after, Rossano disappeared. He was born on September 18, 1917, is 6' tall, weighs 180 lbs. and has blue eyes and brown hair. You've seen him recently in *Little Women*.



GALE ROBBINS came to Hollywood via a toothpaste ad. That is, the teeth were hers and they advertised a famous brand of paste. She was born May 7, 1921 in Indiana and got her schooling at Northwestern University. She joined the glee club there, and while pursuing her modeling career also sang with various dance bands. During the war Gale toured the European theater with the Bob Hope troupe. She's 5'3" tall, weighs 112 lbs., has blue eyes and honey-colored hair. Her latest is *The Barkleys of Broadway*.

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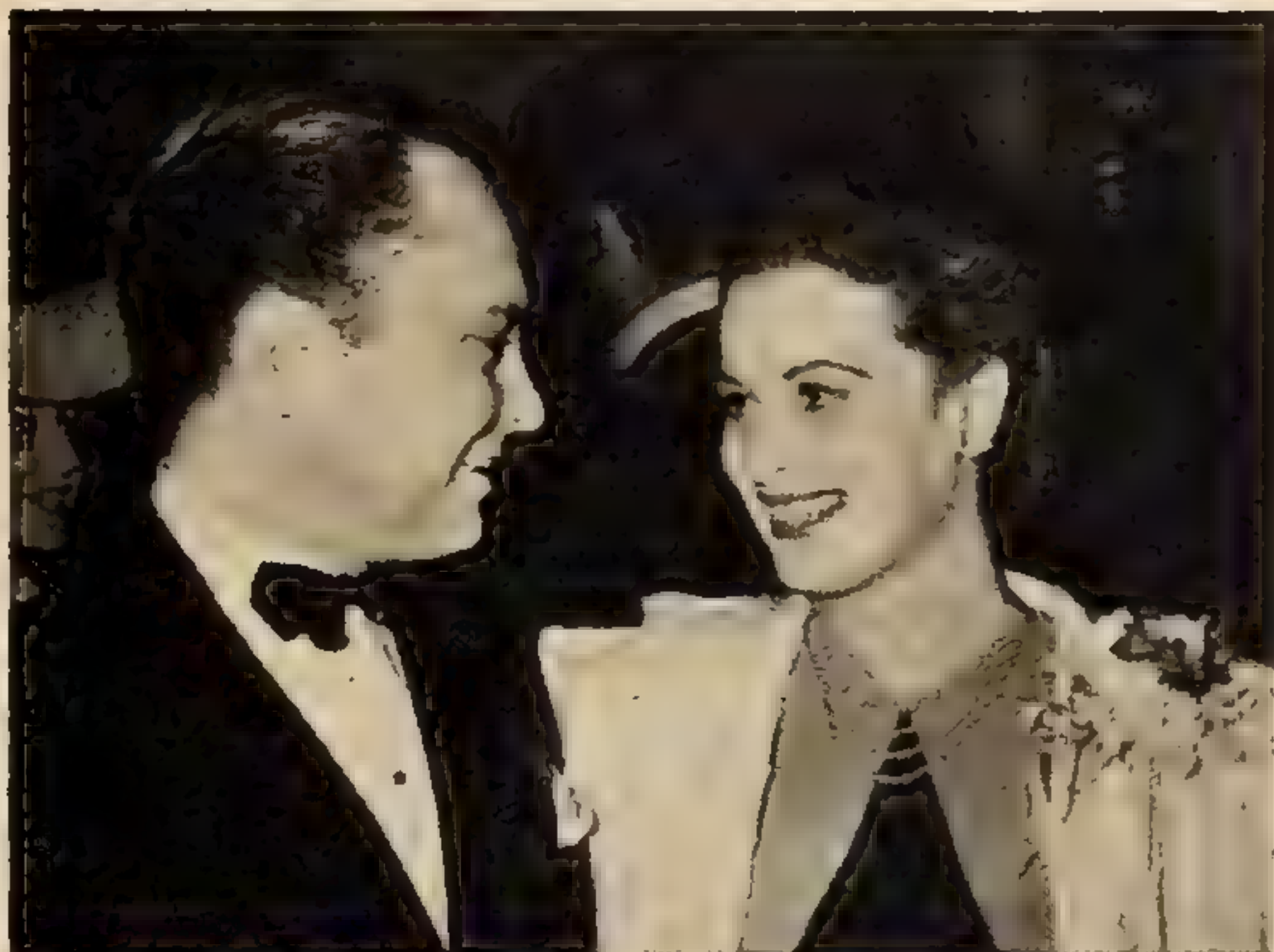
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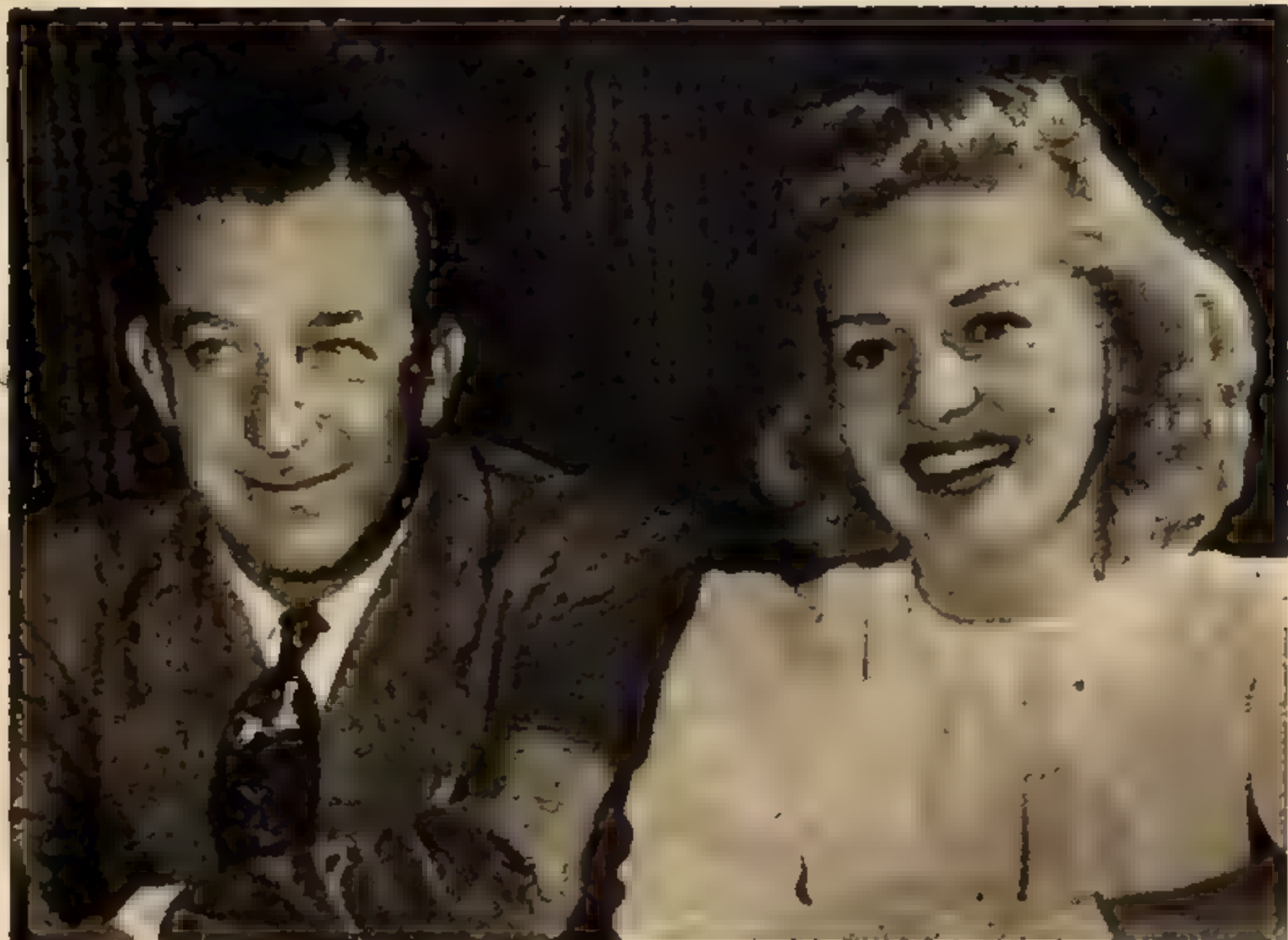
Bare-Skin Beauty!

don't let lies hurt you

an open letter to shirley temple, betty grable and maureen o'hara



Will Price with his wife, Maureen O'Hara.



Harry James with his wife, Betty Grable.



John Agar with his wife, Shirley Temple.

Dear Ladies:

We hear that you are all on the verge of leaving your husbands. Yes, that's what we hear.

We realize, of course, that the reports are preposterous. (And they're certainly refuted by the stories concerning you, Betty and Maureen, in this issue of MODERN SCREEN, and by the one on you, Shirley, that appears next month.) But the fact that statements to the effect that you're all having domestic troubles are downright foolish hasn't stopped a number of Hollywood "reporters" from making them in recent weeks. And that situation is one we're all going to have to live with right along. For as long as the public has a legitimate interest in the lives of celebrities, there will always be gossip-mongers around who'll peddle any sort of intimate morsel—legitimate or not.

What can you do about it? What *should* you do?

Well, there's probably never been a marriage anywhere that hasn't, to some degree, been subjected to gossip. It may be a mild little report to the effect that, say, Joe Epperknoggen was secretly amused by the bonnet that his mate, Mary, wore on Easter morning. (The truth was that he told a friend that Mary had a wonderful sense of humor—and Joe just happened to be looking at the hat at the time.) Or the gossip may range in intensity up to a report, say, that Mary, weary at last of having Joe beat her up every night, has gone off with the kids to Atlantic City to think about a divorce. (The truth being that he's planning to join her there on their vacation in a couple of days.)

The sad thing is that such rumors, wild and unfounded though they may be, exert a real pressure on their victims. As the gossip goes on—and everyone knows how, especially in Hollywood, it *does* go on—a couple's trivial quibbles may tend, in the light of what they're hearing about themselves, to become enlarged into major quarrels. It takes a good lot of calm common-sense to resist this.

We hope that in your cases, Mrs. Agar, Mrs. James and Mrs. Price, your demonstrated level-headedness will prevail against the current blasts. We hope this not only for the sake of your own happiness—but in the interest of established marriages everywhere. It goes without saying that, as great stars, you set examples of incalculable power. If you allow gossip to undermine your marriages, thousands of other homes against which gossip is directed will be all the more susceptible to its attack.

If, on the other hand, you remain steadfast, it is no exaggeration for us to say that your example can be a clear and inspiring force in the preservation of what is, after all, the foundation of our society.

Wade H. Nichols
EDITOR



It was love at first sight when Dan and Liz met. Here, in the happier days of 1947, they attend a night club.

Why Dan Bailey's **MARRIAGE FAILED**

by heddla hopper



Author Hedda Hopper interviews Dan.

His name in lights
was the most wondrous sight
he'd ever seen, and applause was
magic music to his ears.
But gaining this, he risked the
things that made it
all worthwhile.

As we go to press, there are reports that Dan Dailey and his wife Elizabeth, who separated recently, may yet be reconciled. The following story is a frank account of why their marriage failed—perhaps temporarily, perhaps permanently.—THE EDITORS.

■ "I guess while I was making my success I was letting my home be destroyed," said Dan Dailey.

His frank face wore a puzzled look. He shook his wavy red head as if to wonder. "I didn't think it would happen like this. I didn't believe all those stories I'd heard about other couples. But, Hedda, the truth is—I've paid the penalty of success. I've just been too busy to be a husband. It's all my fault that Liz has left me. It's my own selfishness, my own thoughtlessness. But I've learned my lesson. There's still hope that we can iron out our differences. If and when we do get together again, it won't be for two or three months. It will be for keeps."

I was talking to Dan soon after his home had apparently been wrecked. His pretty wife, Elizabeth, had gone home to her family, taking with her the light of Dan's life, Dan Dailey III.

"Was there another woman?" I wanted it straight.

"Oh, no!" He sounded horrified. "There's been nothing like that. I forgot her, I forgot myself. I forgot everything except the million things connected with my career that I was doing, still am doing, love doing." Again Dan looked puzzled. And then Dan sang the same old song I've heard ever since I first hit Hollywood. "Nobody who isn't in the business can ever know what demands it makes on you—inescapable demands, night-and-day demands. And if you love show business as I have all my life, you can't say 'no.' At least, I couldn't," he confessed. "That's the story—the whole story—and I still can't believe that it's happened to me!"

Frankly, I couldn't either. But I should have known better. I should have known that something would have to give sooner or later for Dan Dailey, that he'd have to pony up with the fiddler's fee. The morning we talked (*Continued on page 66*)

Dan Dailey III shows his parents his gardening technique. His proud pappy insists the two-year-old can do an expert version of "Clancy Lowered the Boom."



One of Dan's favorite haunts in Hollywood is the Club 47. (You'll find a description of this hot-jazz spot on page 48.) Here he sits in as drummer, with Doc Rando on the sax and Nappy Lamare on guitar.





Am I

CHEATING

my children?

by Susan Hayward as told to Mary Bain

■ "Timothy! Gregory!" called their nurse. "Come along—time to wash up for supper." And off rushed Susan Hayward's twins across the lawn.

The promising young actress from the East who, now that she'd landed a Hollywood contract, was visiting Susan to renew their old friendship, watched the tots disappear. Then, smoothing back her play-rumpled hair, she sat down again on the terrace between Susan and Susan's husband, Jess Barker.

"Gosh," she said, "if I had a beautiful pair of children like that, I swear I think I'd give up my career and just stay home with 'em and keep house!"

Susan and Jess exchanged smiles. This sentiment was nothing new to them. So often they'd heard actresses declaim wistfully about the glories of motherhood and housekeeping and how, without batting a false eyelash, they'd give up all the satisfactions a movie career can bring, in exchange for a dutiful career of washing diapers and bustling about a hot kitchen.

"You mean," said Susan, "that it'd be so much fun and besides, you'd feel you'd sort of owe it to them?"

"I guess I would, sort of," said the friend. "I mean . . . Of course, I know you're a wonderful mother, and everything—but . . . I mean . . ."

"You think that perhaps I am, in a way, cheating my children?"

"Oh, now!" said the friend.

"Well," said Susan, "here's the way I look at it."

I think I'm a pretty normal woman (said Susan Hayward), and I think that part of the reason normal women are put on earth (Continued on page 100)

It's a vital question that must be faced by every mother who has a demanding career. Here is Susan Hayward's straightforward answer.



After the day's work (her latest movie is *House of Strangers*), Susan hears the latest home news from her four-year-old twins, Greg and Tim.



HOW PHONY CAN YOU GET!

■ When Director Henry Hathaway was looking for someone to play that spine-chilling hop-head character called Tommy Udo in *Kiss of Death*, he toyed briefly with the startling idea of getting the genuine article to play the role. He almost had one, too, but the guy couldn't remember his lines. So he got a phony article.

For, as it happened, along came one Richard Widmark to apply for the job. Trouble with *this* guy was, he seemed so much like the college professor he'd almost become in real life. But, with a hairpiece pasted on his high forehead that pulled his hairline down to within a couple of inches of his eyebrows, and using an insane, high-pitched chuckle he'd once invented while playing a

minor gangster in one of his thousand-odd radio shows, Dick became the perfect, trigger-happy killer.

Thus, a new and arresting personality was on the way to stardom. And to two-level public misunderstanding.

Shortly after the release of *Kiss of Death*, radio executive Bill Smith took Dick to his first Hollywood broadcast—on the Lux Radio Theater. When the studio audience caught sight of Dick, they shouted the rafters loose, and after the program they wouldn't let him go until he'd given out with his by-now famous hysterical laugh.

As Bill and Dick struggled through the mob of fans outside, a youngster called, "Hey Widmark—you don't look like such a tough mugg!" (Continued on page 85)



There are two.
Richard Widmarks—
both as genuine
as a three-dollar bill.
But then, there's
also another
Richard Widmark . . .

BY CARL SCHROEDER



JUDY'S ALL RIGHT!

Judy Garland faced complete collapse and professional ruin. Now, rested and happy, she's making a dramatic comeback—in the tradition of great performers.

BY GEORGE SCULLIN



Daughter Liza is greeted in Boston by Judy.

Following her dramatic breakdown while making Annie Get Your Gun a few weeks ago, Judy Garland entered a famous Eastern hospital for a complete physical check-up and subsequent treatment. While there, Judy was interviewed for MODERN SCREEN by George Scullin, nationally-known writer and editor—who then gave us the following remarkable story.—THE EDITORS.

■ I talked to Judy Garland while she was a patient at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston.

Filled with a sense of renewing vitality, smiling and sparkling, she talked candidly of the past, of her plans and hopes for the future.

The general outlines of what had happened to bring her to that hospital are well-known by now. In the midst of her strenuous work on *Annie Get Your Gun*, she suddenly folded up. After a series of battles on the set, she went out to lunch and didn't come back. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was left with slightly more than a million dollars tied up in the lavish production. A million dollars being what it is these days, the studio slapped a suspension on the "recalcitrant" Judy, and the report went out that Betty Hutton would get the role of Annie.

Then came the discovery that Judy had not actually rebelled, though she had made sounds curiously like it. Instead, she was halfway over the brink of exhaustion, and she simply didn't have the strength to go on. After years of furiously burning her candle at both ends, the flames had finally met in the middle and *pouf!*—Judy was a small glow and a wisp of smoke.

Talking to me about it, she said: "I'll admit my actions on the set those last few days were hardly up to winning friends and influencing people. But I really wasn't myself. It was just that I was so very tired." As she said the last word, she seemed weighted with all the exhaustion in the world.

A moment later, her famous voice vibrant again, she burred, "But look at me now! Six meals a day, sometimes eight! I slept 12 hours last night, and 10 hours the night before. Do I feel good!" And she looked it.

As soon as a preliminary physical check-up had revealed the grave extent of Judy's exhaustion, Carlton Alsop, her manager, mentor and general counselor, packed her off to Boston. There, at the great Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, she was examined by specialists using just about every analytical device known to medicine. Their findings: "Absolutely nothing wrong." Their (Continued on page 79)



There's a touch
of old Eire in this white
house on the
hill—the proud and
sentimental touch
of Maureen O'Hara.

BY VIOLA MOORE

PRIDE OF THE IRISH



An exquisite hand-crocheted spread covers the canopied four-poster in Maureen's bedroom. Sentimental souvenirs—a piece of her wedding cake, a sprig from her bouquet—are preserved in small, antique cabinets.



Maureen makes plans for one of her informal supper parties on the terrace—an ideal place for them. Her husband, Will Price, does the cooking for these events—so well that she's happy to clean up after him!



In the living room, Maureen arranges some of Will's flowers—he's a fine gardener. The vivid painting over the fireplace depicts a Negro legend.



Will's brown and yellow den houses his collection of Southern literature. Out of sight is the flag he brought home from Iwo Jima, where he landed with the Marines.

■ Things weren't exactly festive that day two years ago when Maureen O'Hara and Will Price moved into their house. Though they'd fallen in love with the stately white house on the tree-shaded hill the first minute they'd seen it, now that they were moving in they were too exhausted and worried to sit down on the staircase and admire their new diggings. Their daughter, Bronwyn, was coughing croupily as Will carried her upstairs to her bedroom. They had to stay up with her most of the night, for the doctor feared she might have pneumonia.

Then, when they finally settled down wearily in their own cluttered bedroom, Maureen's sleep was shattered by a chorus of murderous screams.

In a panic she awoke Will.

"Listen!" she breathed. "Those screams! They seem to be coming from the Everett Crosby house. Do you suppose . . . ?"

Will grunted. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, honey. They keep peacocks. Peacocks scream at night. Guess we'll just have to get used to it."

Sleep now being out of the question for Maureen, she went out on her bedroom balcony and, pacing up and down in the gray light of dawn, composed the monologue she planned to deliver to the owners of the peacocks next day.

"Mr. Crosby: I defer to no one in my admiration of peacocks. What, indeed, would life be without them? (Continued on page 87)

why stars turn to Prayer

Through deep experience
in their personal lives, many in Hollywood have
found the shining power of prayer, and the spiritual
peace that comes from faith.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

Father Peyton poses with three of his friends, Irene Dunne, Rosalind Russell, and Loretta Young, before one of his broadcasts.





RELIGIOUS FAITH has been, to Bing Crosby, the greatest guiding force throughout the years of his long, phenomenal career.



FAMILY PRAYERS, started on Father Peyton's suggestion, play an important part in the lives of the Ricardo Montalban.



THE POWER OF PRAYER, Betty Hutton and her sister Marion agree, allowed them to surmount the poverty of their childhood.



FAITHFUL DEVOTION she learned from her mother has been held responsible for Esther Williams' happiness and success in life.



EARNEST SUPPLICATION, Pat O'Brien is certain, saved the life of his young daughter in 1937. That's Mrs. O'Brien with Pat.



TRIUMPH OVER PAIN was given Barbara Stanwyck (here with Al Jolson) when she prayed after a near-paralyzing accident.

The following inspiring account of prayer in the lives of Hollywood personalities is the first in a series. From time to time in future issues, MODERN SCREEN will present further religious experiences of individual stars.—THE EDITORS.

■ Two years ago a group of Hollywood stars attended a dinner party at Loretta Young's home. Father Patrick Peyton, who was then starting his Family Theatre radio program to bring his message of the power of prayer to the whole country, was also a guest.

After dinner, Father Peyton was talking to Ricardo Montalban and Ricardo's wife, Georgiana—who is Loretta's youngest sister. The priest mentioned the fact that in his home in Ireland, the family never missed a day without gathering to say the Rosary.

Ricardo turned to Georgiana. "I think that's a wonderful idea for us," he said. "Why don't we and the children do the same?"

She agreed enthusiastically.

Recently, Father Peyton ran into Ricardo again, at a gathering called to discuss the future of the radio program. The priest wondered if Ricardo and his family had managed to keep their good resolution, and asked him about it.

"Padre," replied Ricardo earnestly, "we haven't missed a day. We've vowed to keep it up the rest of our lives."

Father Peyton was pleased, but not surprised. He had already come to learn, as have the pastors of every denomination represented in Hollywood, that most of the stars actually *live* their religion—within it, and by it. And, very often, that which is referred to by outsiders as "luck" or "breaks" in their careers, is known by them to be the product of their prayers.

It would be difficult to think of any star, from the longest-established to the very newest names, and not come up with a living, working illustration of this.

Doctors have told Barbara Stanwyck, for instance, that she is lucky that her career wasn't cut short some 10 years ago when she fell from a horse and injured her back. But Barbara has her own view of the matter.

She was making *The Great Man's Lady*, when the mishap occurred. Not only was she thrown but the horse trampled on her. She was told to lie motionless and a doctor was summoned. After a preliminary examination, he told her that it would be beyond her power to get to her feet. An ambulance was sent for—but when it came Barbara had pulled herself up and was walking about!

As she had lain there, a yearning to pray had come to her. Then followed a feeling that she could get up. The pain was great. She almost fainted. But she persisted. And soon she was asking that. (Continued on page 95)



Roy's guns are kept in his den along with the mounted heads of animals he's bagged. Reba and Bonnie were *really* impressed with the genuine soda fountain.



Perched on the rail fence surrounding the ranch, Dale explains its set-up. Seven Palominos, 11 hound-dogs, cattle, pigs and chickens make up the livestock. The hens lay so many eggs, Dale is getting desperate for new ways to cock them.

They gave us boots and
saddles and put us on a horse.
“What now?” we shouted to the Roy Rogers’.
Well, they took us for a ride . . .

BY REBA AND BONNIE CHURCHILL

westward, ho!



Pal (Dale's horse) is patient, but Reba is slightly hysterical as Roy helps her into the saddle. Above: Roy, on Trigger, shows 'em how a cowboy rides.

■ We'd never been on a horse in our lives. There are worse places not to have been, but even so, we shouldn't have mentioned it to Roy Rogers and Dale Evans. They gasped, “What! Never?”

“Well, hardly ever,” we quavered.

“We'll have to see about that,” said Roy.

“No, no, don't,” we pleaded. But it wasn't any use. “Come over to our place Sunday,” said Dale. “We'll show you how to live.”

We could have told her we already knew; we could have made at least 10 excuses—like, our lumbago isn't good for horses—but we didn't. We were cowards. We were also under strict orders from the editors of MODERN SCREEN. (We—Reba and Bonnie Churchill—are their roving reporters.) “When someone lays a story idea at your feet,” these editors tell us, “pick it up—or else!”

A few minutes later we were standing in the center of Republic's wardrobe department being outfitted with levis and boots, checked shirts and felt pork-pies and fancy leather belts. We tried them on and looked in a full-length mirror and really, we couldn't say no.

Sunday morning we hopped into our borrowed duds, saddled our four-door sedan and headed for the Rogers' ranch. The highway stretched out before us like a gray satin ribbon; orange groves reflected the sunlight in brilliant patches; in the distance, hills stood out sharply against the sky. Did we appreciate the view? We did not. All we could do was wonder how it must feel to be kicked in the head by a bronco.

For a few giddy moments we wanted to die, but that would have been ungrateful. Besides, it was too late, for now the white rail fences that surround the Rogers' ranch came into view. Cattle were grazing peacefully beyond them, and fields of green alfalfa stirred in the breeze.

We turned off at a little white bridge and were immediately surrounded by 11 leaping, barking dogs who led us the rest of the way to the ranch. There we were greeted by Roy, Dale and a six-month-old Alaskan Husky pup named Spur. Spur took a liking to us; he almost chewed off our boots.

“I'm trying to get him used to ranch life,” said Roy. “He's afraid of horses.”

“Maybe,” we laughed feebly, “we ought to start neighing.”

Spur sure did like us. He

(Continued on page 45)



The Churchills help Roy fill Trigger's saddlebags with the cartons of food Dale's prepared. They've already chosen the site of their picnic—a huge turnip field with a shady oak tree in the center.



Trigger and Pal are led out of the corral all spruced up for the picnic. The horses have identical \$1,500 silver saddles, and Trigger has a deluxe \$5,000 one which he wears for parades and rodeos.



The girls wouldn't go it alone, but it didn't take much coaxing to get them on Trigger with Roy along. Later, all three rode him back to the ranch. Trigger—who's 16—is looking forward to retiring.



The quartet settles down to a fine feast of roast beef and baked ham sandwiches, potato salad, juicy tomatoes and dessert—apple cobbler and ice-cold lemonade. Who said Western life was rugged?



Roy stretched himself out under the oak for a quick snooze. "Looks too comfy," whispered Dale. Bonnie, who agreed, tickles him under the nose with a sprig of grass. Roy pretends he's fast asleep.



The tickling finally gets Roy's goat; he chases Reba and Bonnie and, with a neat toss of his trusty lariat, easily snares them. It plumb doesn't pay to trifle with Roy Rogers, King of the Cowboys.



Tied up steer fashion, Bonnie collapsed to the ground for a little taste of her own medicine. Roy tickles her with a turnip leaf.

(Continued from page 43) followed us into the house, and while Dale went to collect the picnic lunch he followed us into the den. In a few minutes, though, our novelty wore off and he went away.

The den's furnished in real cowboy style with animal skins and heads dotting the walls. (Roy showed us the guns that shot 'em.) But you don't have to be a cowboy to enjoy the television set, the movie projector and the pool table—or the soda fountain. The soda fountain and a deep-freeze unit stand together in a pine-panelled alcove.

"Have a coke," suggested Roy, pointing to the freeze.

Delightedly we reached in—and pulled out a frozen possum! Roy was nearly convulsed with laughter. We looked about wildly for the door, but just then Dale appeared. One glance at our stricken faces told her all.

"Why, Pa," she said gaily, "we'll have to put you in the doghouse again."

The doghouse seemed pretty (Continued on page 102)



Bonnie pushes as Reba tugs off her boots. Then Reba tugged for Bonnie. "This is the life," they cried, limping to their car. "That is—if you can live through it!"

I'm still wild about HARRY

by Betty Grable

Betty Grable helps Vicki, who's five, and Jessica, two, brush up on their dancing at home. Actually, Vicki is much more interested in watching Westerns on the James' television set.



Seems only

yesterday that Betty Grable

became Mrs. Harry

James . . . although the

calendar says six

years have passed since

that wonderful

day. But happiness gives

wings to time.

■ As a rule, I can act pretty calm-and-collected, no matter how I feel. But that July weekend in 1943 I was up to my ears in butterflies, and didn't care who knew it. You see, I was about to be married to Harry James.

Thursday I bought my wedding dress—blue, for that's Harry's favorite color. Saturday, I shopped for gloves and a hat to match, and couldn't find either. So I had a blue-feather gardenia made for my hair, and figured Harry'd take me without the gloves. (I could have skipped the gardenia too. When the time came, I forgot to wear it!)

Sunday—July 4th—Edith Wasserman and I took the train for Las Vegas. It was through Edie that I'd started going to the Hollywood Canteen, and my first date with Harry was



when he drove me home from there one night. So Edie was my Cupid and my bridesmaid.

All the way up I kept trying to push that train, which was a little silly, because Harry's train from New York wasn't due till 2:30 in the morning. By midnight I was dressed and ready. They kept telling me to relax, but that was like so much wind in my ears. We hit the station around 1:30, and sat waiting in the car for a couple of centuries till the Streamliner pulled in—exactly one hour late.

Two things I'll never forget about that morning. One was the sight of Harry ducking out of the last car and running toward us. Suddenly he stumbled and almost went sprawling, and my heart popped right into my mouth. Luckily, he came

out of it right side up. But I must confess I went on shaking for quite a while.

The other thing was our last-minute change of plan. We'd intended to be married in the little church at The Last Frontier. Everything was arranged. Then, as we drove up, what do we see but a crowd of about a hundred people—and worst of all, a man with a mike, yelling, "Step this way, please!" Honestly, it was like a circus. Harry and I looked at each other. Nobody in the car said a word—nobody had to. We just by-passed the church.

I've been in pictures long enough to understand about publicity and cooperation. And believe me, I appreciate the interest of fans who'll turn out for (Continued on page 82)



The Marquis: Shelley Winters and Farley Granger love its swank coziness and come here regularly for late suppers. When the evening is warm, they dine outside on the terrace under turquoise umbrellas.



The Little Gypsy: Janet Leigh and Arthur Loew like the Hungarian food, the candlelight and lilting music of this tiny restaurant on the Sunset Strip where Paul Gordos (left) and Jack Scholl serenade the guests.



Bublichki: Quike and Louis Jourdan are habitués of this small Russian restaurant whose Continental atmosphere reminds them so much of a favorite café in pre-war Paris. Flaming *shashlik* is served on skewers.

Hollywood's

■ Some, like Café Gala and La Rue, are elegant establishments of glitter and sophistication. Others, like the bluntly-named Barney's Beanery, are Damon Runyonesque nooks that seem transplanted straight from New York's Third Avenue. Some, like the small, boxy Club 47, are merry jazz joints ajump with jive. Others, like The Little Gypsy and Bublichki, present a facsimile of Old World atmosphere, complete with yearning string music to go with their Old World fare. But all these Hollywood restaurants have one thing in common: Romance. Each, for various reasons, has become the favorite hideout for certain of moviedom's dating twosomes.

In exclusive pictures on these pages, MODERN SCREEN takes you along on some of their intimate outings.

Shelley Winters and Farley Granger are often to be found at a table for two in the Marquis. This swank spot couldn't be more convenient when they've been working nights—it's on Sunset Boulevard just about halfway between their respective studios, U-I and Goldwyn. On such evenings, they don't bother to dress up, and get there before the lamé-and-black-tie set starts sweeping in. But when Shelley and Farley have been indulging their regular habit of catching plays at the Little Theaters around town, they're decked out in formal finery, too. Then they linger long, talking over the play they've just seen . . . "often linger so long," says Shelley, "that closing time and dessert arrive together."

When Janet Leigh and Arthur Loew set forth for an evening on the town, they generally begin with dinner at The Little Gypsy. Modified Hungarian is the motif of this tiny Sunset Strip café. First thing you notice when you come in is the fire-engine red bar, with the bartender doubling (Continued on page 50)

Romantic



ideals

You'll find them
by the beach and in
the valley and on
the Sunset Strip—
the small, romantic
places for wining and
dining and falling
in love . . .

Club 47: Jane Powell and her fiancé, Geary Steffan, spend many an evening here where the excellent Dixieland jazz brings in the aficionados.





Barney's Beanery: Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney are attracted not only by the famed steaks and onion soup, but also by the vast knowledge of movies that Barney (center) dispenses.



Cafe Jay: Rory and Lita Calhoun had some of their first dates at this little place near Santa Monica beach—so naturally it'll always occupy a pretty special place in their hearts.



The Tallyho: Scott Brady and Ann Blyth usually leave its intimate dining-room to have after-dinner coffee in the cocktail lounge—where Harold Graham plays songs from new shows.

(Continued from page 48) as disk jockey. He mixes Pink Ladies with one hand and puts on gypsy records with the other while the violinist and accordion player take time out. "The wonderful food—like Chicken Paprika—the dreamy music, the candlelight . . . It's a lovely place," says Janet.

Another little place standing modestly amid the more celebrated cabarets on the Strip is the Bublichki, a Russian restaurant beloved by Louis Jourdan and his wife, Quique. "It is almost an exact duplicate of a café called Korniloff's we used to go to in Paris," says Louis. "The food is the same—caviar, excellent soup, and *shashlik*. Quique and I are both very Americanized by now, but we still love to spend an evening in a place with a true Continental flavor."

Club 47, out on Ventura Boulevard, features some of the best Dixieland jazz to be heard anywhere. Jane Powell, who lives only eight blocks away, loves to stop off there with Geary Steffan on their way to her house. A hep pair, they get fine kicks digging the great pre-bop music put out by owners Nappy Lamare and Doc Rando—who were original members of Bob Crosby's Bobcats. Almost any night you can find big-band personalities sitting in with the regular band.

Barney's Beanery is a joint on Santa Monica Boulevard with a sawdust-floor atmosphere and good solid food. Besides being attracted by this, Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney love to go there on account of Barney's collection of old casting directories—great things for settling arguments. "The other night," says Mona, "while we were checking on Hedda Hopper in the 1925 directory, we came across a photo of Mervyn Leroy—who, it said, was available for 'city slicker' roles!"

Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron began going to the Café Jay at Santa Monica while she was singing evenings at Mocambo and they'd be spending afternoons at the beach. Jay's holds only about 20 people and the proprietor makes it his anxious personal business to see that every one of them is properly fed. Lita likes the candlelight and fine wines; Rory is enthusiastic over the steak. "From our table just inside the door," says Rory, "we get a view of everybody coming and going. Yet, if we want to, we can sink back into the shadows and be quite alone."

Favorite dating-dining spot for Scott Brady and Ann Blyth is the Tallyho, a hunter-style restaurant on Beverly Boulevard with red-coated waiters. Billy Mann, the wine steward, claims he's the only genuine wine steward in Hollywood and carries the key to the wine cellar on a silver chain to prove it. After dinner in the new intimate dining room, "The Buttery," Ann and Scott repair to the cocktail lounge for coffee by the glowing fireplace. . . .

These, then, are some of Hollywood's romantic hideouts—essential ingredients in the social life of what is, after all, the most glamorous town on earth.

Don't tell my GIRL

by Glenn Ford



Glenn Ford, the sly rascal, has been married all these years and there are still things he doesn't tell his wife. But when Ellie finds out—she'll love him just about twice as much.

■ I've never been one to do too much talking. Which is one of my traits that'll bring Ellie most of her gray hairs when and if she gets them. So, by not being loquacious, I've managed to store up a lot of—shall we say?—"surprises" to hand her someday.

For instance, she's eventually going to learn that she hasn't thrown away as many things as she believes. Not things of mine, understand. She's resigned to my mania for collecting all kinds of souvenirs. She gives house-room to such mementoes as a rock I picked up off a rock-pile at a state penitentiary in the Middle West during a visit. (Strictly a *voluntary* visit!) And she's patient about the aquarium of tropical fish I brought back from Cuba a few years ago. She's never said a word about the wagon wheel I proudly brought home from the desert one day.

But she has a passion for throwing away things of her own. I've never objected much to that. But guess what she tried (*Continued on page 89*)



ONE-MAN MARSHALL PLAN

Hollywood was disturbed when
Bill Holden's Brenda went back to
the screen. But Bill wasn't—he knew how
beautifully the new plan would work.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

■ When it was announced that Brenda Marshall had signed to play opposite Alan Ladd in *Whispering Smith*, Hollywood was agitated. "Is Brenda discontented with being a plain wife and mother? Is Bill sore? How now, Holdens? Quarrels? Separation? DIVORCE?"

You see, Hollywood had had the Bill Holdens neatly catalogued. "They know two careers in a family won't mix. How sensible Brenda was when she gave up her career for good."

But Brenda and Bill, patiently denying all the rumors, remained unagitated. They also remained a happy couple—as they obviously were when I dropped in the other night to see them in the charming den of their new valley home.

"If you ask me if I'd rather have my wife at home or at the studio," said Bill, "there's only one sensible answer: At home, of course. Smelling of Chanel Number Five, and ready to enjoy a cocktail with me. On the other hand, I know how she feels, not acting. I had that same feeling myself during the war."

"But I don't *always* feel that way," said Brenda. "Often there's nothing I'd rather do than stay home and wash windows."

As you can see, it's no simple black-and-white picture. It's the story of two young individualists who, through the flux of eight years, have adjusted themselves to their changing lives and times, to marriage, to work, to children and one another.

The story goes back to the days of their courtship. Brenda, fresh from the New York stage, had been signed by Warner Brothers. Bill had come from the Pasadena Playhouse to *Golden Boy* and a Paramount contract. Both ate, drank and argued acting, both were bent on careers, both were wrapped up in the Hollywood dream. Differing in trifles, united by fundamentals, they fell in love and the future lay bright ahead of them. It included marriage, hard work and no more children for at least two years. They were young, they had Deedee by Brenda's former marriage, and brothers and sisters for Deedee could wait till their prospective parents got more than a toehold on the golden ladder.

Two things changed their minds: (1) separation and (2) terrible parts for Brenda.

At first it was kind of a tragi-comedy. They were married on a Sunday in July, 1941, went back to work on Monday, and parted on Wednesday, when Brenda took off for location in Canada. She was gone just over three weeks, and the day she returned, Bill left for 10 days' location in Carson City. It would have been nice to say hello and good-bye, but even that wistful hope proved a mirage, since she didn't get in till eight hours after he'd gone.

Well, what's 10 days? Merely an eternity to honeymooners. But they passed, and Bill reappeared, rubbing his right (*Continued on page 77*)



Bill handles the dialogue while West, Scott, Deedee and Brenda give rapt attention at one of the Holdens' nightly bedtime story sessions. Bill has just completed *Sunset Boulevard* for Paramount.



Bill, who is the culinary genius of the Holden family, gets to work on a late snack. He's also the chef every Thursday evening the cook's night out. Brenda—admittedly—is no Fanny Farmer.

LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT LOVE

Betsy Drake's career
is looking very forward, but Betsy
herself is staying very shy—
especially if asked
about her heart and Cary Grant.

BY MARY Mc SKIMMING



Grant brings Betsy Drake home after a 40-day voyage from Europe—where he'd been making *I Was a Male War Bride*.



Betsy confers with producer George Jessel between scenes of *Dancing in the Dark*. In order to do the leading role, the hard-working Miss Drake had to learn to sing and dance—completely new accomplishments for her.



On the set of *Dancing in the Dark*, co-star Mark Stevens and his stand-in Fred Fisher had a fine time ribbing Betsy about her romance, but she could take it.

■ The morning of the day Cary Grant was to get back from Europe, Betsy Drake's short mop of honey-colored ringlets was dress-rehearsed for the role she was about to begin in *Dancing in the Dark*.

She gazed in the studio beauty-parlor mirror at the sleek creation of upswirling waves and precise curls.

"Is that *me*?" she said. "Gosh, I—I hardly recognize myself."

"Guess not," said Irene Brooks, 20th Century-Fox's hair stylist, proudly. "Wouldn't know it was the same girl."

Lucky Betsy! Her best beau coming to town and here she had a beautiful new hair-do. So what did she do? She dashed right home and washed it out.

That's Betsy.

As she lathered away the glamor, Betsy grinned down at Suzy, her gray French poodle. "You heard what she said, Suzy. 'Wouldn't know it was the same girl.' We might get down to the pier and have *him* not know us. Besides, he finds enough to tease us about without us throwing in a la-de-dah hair-do."

That's Betsy.

But when the boat docked, it actually was Betsy who didn't recognize Cary. Searching the line of passengers at the rail, she did spot one tall figure who seemed to be wearing a familiar Grant suit. But he was much thinner than Cary—and was, besides, a sort of chocolate brown.

It was Suzy who really spied Cary first. She began wiggling joyfully and trying to jump up the boat's side to greet him. The thin, chocolate-brown guy *was* Cary. A violently deep tan, acquired in the long, lazy voyage from Lisbon, almost disguised the famous Grant features. As a rest cure following the seige of illness he'd suffered abroad, Cary had come home on a slow Dutch ship that took 40 days for the crossing. . . .

Betsy's the first to admit that Lady Luck tossed her a bouquet of roses when, aboard another ship, Cary asked Merle Oberon to introduce them—an introduction that, as everyone knows, was to lead to Betsy's starring with Cary in her first film. But strangely, the lucky break almost proved a boomerang. *Every Girl Should Be Married* was a hit, Betsy was a hit, and Cary and Dore Schary beamed with pride. Romance, though, is a much spicier topic than hard work, so Hollywood placed more and more emphasis on the influence of Cary's personal interest in Betsy. The boys and girls of the flaming typewriters by-passed the fact that Betsy had earned a right to her role by years of work and study, with a successful stage run to her credit, too. They skimmed lightly over the knowledge that, though a newcomer to pictures, Betsy had turned in a performance that would have won lavish praise for an established cinema queen.

Never one to shirk a bout with reality, Betsy faced the issue squarely: She hadn't really proved a thing. There was only one answer. Betsy reasoned: "I've got to do something clearly on my *own*."

(Continued on page 97)

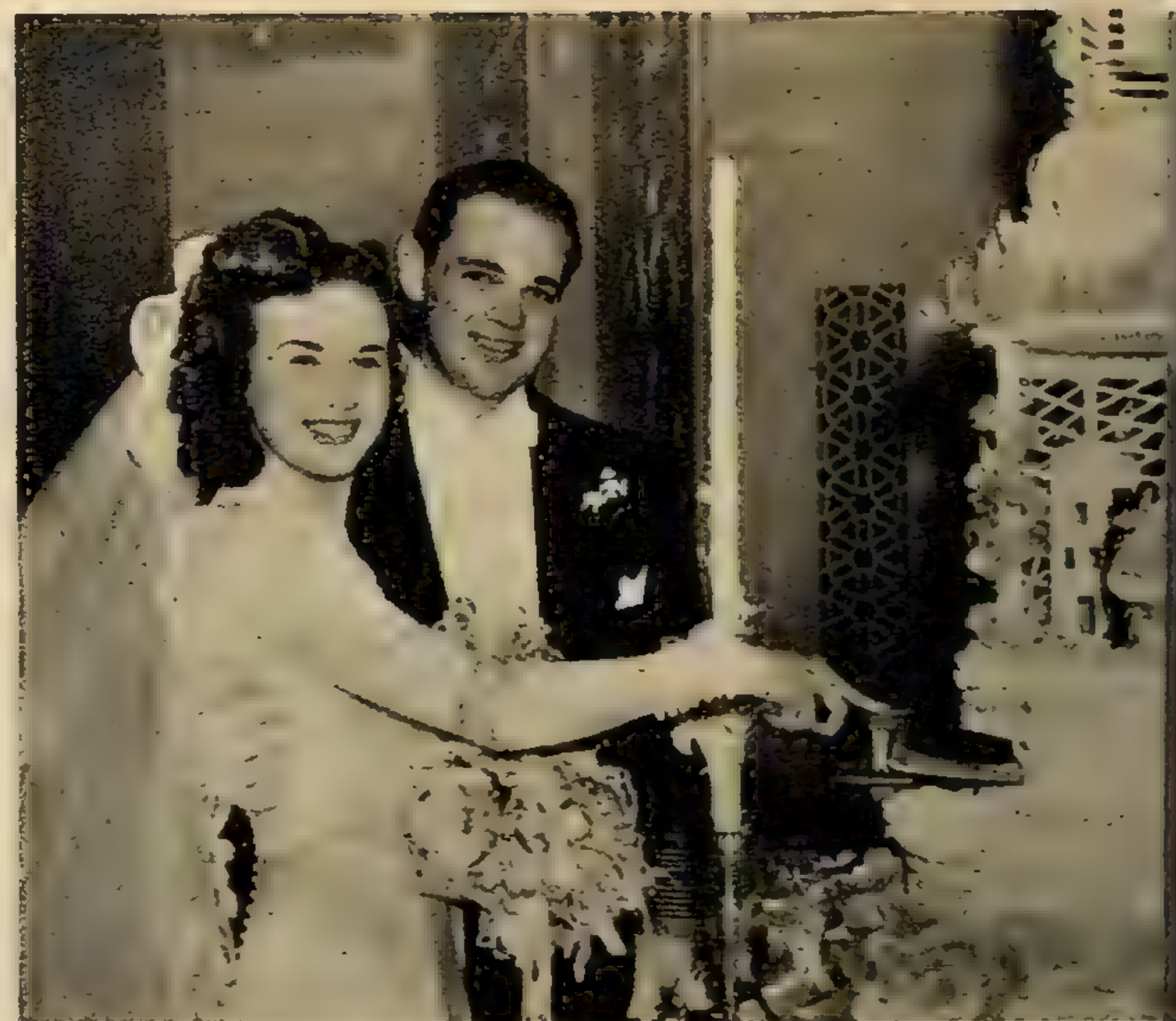
TEEN-AGE MARRIAGES THAT FAILED

star	born	spouse	married	age
Joan Bennett	1910	John Fox	1927	17
Cyd Charisse	1922	Nico Charisse	1939	17
Doris Day	1924	Al Jorden	1940	16
Deanna Durbin	1923	Vaughn Paul	1941	18
Vera-Ellen	1925	Robert Hightower	1942	17
Judy Garland	1923	David Rose	1941	18
Ava Gardner	1923	Mickey Rooney	1942	19
Paulette Goddard	1911	Edward James	1927	16
Rita Hayworth	1918	Ed Judson	1936	17
Hedy Lamarr	1915	Fritz Mandl	1932	17
Barbara Lawrence	1930	John Fontaine	1947	17
Janet Leigh	1927	Stanley Reames	1945	18
Lana Turner	1921	Artie Shaw	1940	19
Loretta Young	1913	Grant Withers	1930	17

NON-TEEN-AGE MARRIAGES THAT SUCCEEDED

star	born	spouse	married	age
Lucille Ball	1911	Desi Arnaz	1940	29
Claudette Colbert	1905	Joel Pressman	1935	30
Linda Darnell	1921	Pev Marley	1943	22
Irene Dunne	1904	Francis Griffin	1927	23
Alice Faye	1912	Phil Harris	1941	29
Betty Field	1919	Elmer Rice	1942	23
Ruth Hussey	1915	Bob Longnecker	1942	27
Dorothy Lamour	1914	William Howard	1943	29
Jeanette MacDonald	1907	Gene Raymond	1937	30
Maureen O'Sullivan	1911	John Farrow	1936	25
Rosalind Russell	1912	Fred Brisson	1941	29
Eleanor Powell	1913	Glenn Ford	1943	30
Barbara Stanwyck	1907	Robert Taylor	1939	32
Teresa Wright	1919	Niven Busch	1942	23

are odd



Deanna Durbin wed Vaughn Paul when she was 18. After their divorce she said, "If I'd known more . . . I might not have married the first man I ever dated alone."

Do teen-age marriages
lead to happiness?
Or are they the
shortest road to despair?
Here are the facts
about young Hollywood
girls who couldn't
wait to be wed.

BY TED WILSON

against teen-age brides?



Rita Hayworth was 17 and still obscure when she was wed to 40-year-old Ed Judson. "He married me as an investment," she later cried.



Bing Crosby's marriage to Dixie Lee was one teen-age romance that lasted. On the verge of separation a year after the wedding, they reconciled.



Barbara Lawrence eloped with John Fontaine against her mother's wishes, was divorced less than a year after.

■ "Bing Crosby is a fine boy as a friend—but married, he and I cannot be happy!"

Dixie Lee (Mrs. Groaner) said that. Not yesterday, or last week, but back in March, 1931, when for one full week she and Bing were separated. "We have been married about six months," she continued, explaining to reporters, "but we have already found out that we are not suited to each other."

How about that? Today the Bing Crosbys are pointed to as one of Hollywood's finer examples of sane, happy, married folk. But at the time Dixie made her statement, she was ready to throw in the sponge. She was 18 when she wed the obstreperous, happy, playboy Crosby, and not yet 19 when she decided, briefly, to call it quits.

So they went back together after a lalapalooza of an argument. And only recently Dixie said, "That was the brightest thing little Wilma Wyatt (her real name) ever did!"

No such hearty endorsement of the wisdom of a teen-age wife can be uttered in connection with most adolescent

movie marriages. The records of Hollywood divorce prove that these early marriages frequently result in more than mere temporary disillusionment. There for all to see is the fact that these divorces often are initial symptoms of tragedy to come—nervous breakdowns, prolonged ill health, search for escape in use of narcotics. Sometimes—yes, sometimes even death!

A sensational charge, that—but consider the case of Carole Landis. It is more than idle opinion that events leading up to her suicide began their inexorable march on January 14, 1934, when the doomed actress married at the age of 15. Five weeks later, while still in high school, she sought a divorce.

Always a "good egg," and one of the most delightful girls who ever rose to stardom, Carole was from the beginning haunted by one yearning—the desire for happy marriage. And by one great fear—that she would never find happiness. Three times, thereafter, her heart ruled her head. Between July of 1940 and December of 1945, she (*Continued on page 103*)

RED, HOT AND BLUE

**In a wild and
delightful musical
farce, Betty Hutton
is given an ample
opportunity to
display her great
and special talents.**

■ The genius of Betty Hutton comes to full flower in Paramount's *Red, Hot and Blue*, the best picture that matchless performer has ever made.

Without Betty, the film would still be a bright musical, with funny situations and dialogue and exceptionally clever songs. With Betty, it becomes one of the big treats of the year. Never idle a moment, she plays a light-headed but aspiring actress whose commercial ambitions ("I don't want to be Bernhardt, I just want to be me, with money!") are a constant grief to her true-love (Victor Mature), the starving director of an arty little-theater group with which, incongruously, her lot is cast. The plot is centered on her kidnapping by thugs after she happens to be the only witness at a murder. Head thug is played by Frank Loesser—who wrote the movie's music and lyrics. (He's the man to whom the nation is indebted for "Baby, It's Cold Outside" in *Neptune's Daughter*.) If Loesser ever wants to leave song-writing—Heaven forbid!—he obviously can have a brilliant career as a comedian.

On these pages, MODERN SCREEN tells the story of *Red, Hot and Blue* in pictures.

Betty Hutton and Victor Mature find their ideals clashing but their affections meshing throughout a riotous, off-and-on romance.





1. As *Red, Hot and Blue* begins, Eleanor (Betty Hutton) is kidnapped by a gangster (Frank Loesser) who insists she knows who murdered his chief. "I'm only a girl from Ohio," she moans.



2. She tells her story. In a flashback, we see her with Danny (Vic Mature), director of the little theater group she's with. They battle—he's all for Art, while she's for making money.



3. Having breakfast with a roommate (June Havoc), she encounters her press agent, Charlie Baxter (William Demarest), who wants her to be "Yum-Yum Collier" in a cereal ad. Danny is furious.



4. Danny smashes the poster, threatens Baxter. Undiscouraged, Baxter arranges a date for Eleanor with Mr. Creek (Raymond Walburn), an eccentric millionaire, for purposes of publicity.



5. When Eleanor finally gets him to take her to dinner instead of listening to his ballclub play, Creek's wife appears in the restaurant, douses Eleanor. Subdued, she makes up with Danny.



6. He tells her a producer wants the group to do Shakespeare in summer stock, later on Broadway. She's all for Art, now—but then Baxter shows her her name in a gossip column. (Continued.)

"RED, HOT AND BLUE" IS A BLEND OF CLEVER MUSIC, DEFTLY COMIC DIALOGUE AND ALL-OUT SLAPSTICK.



7. She's delighted and, hearing there's an opening in a musical, makes Danny take her at once to the theater—where, in the alley, the manager auditions her. His verdict: "You stink."



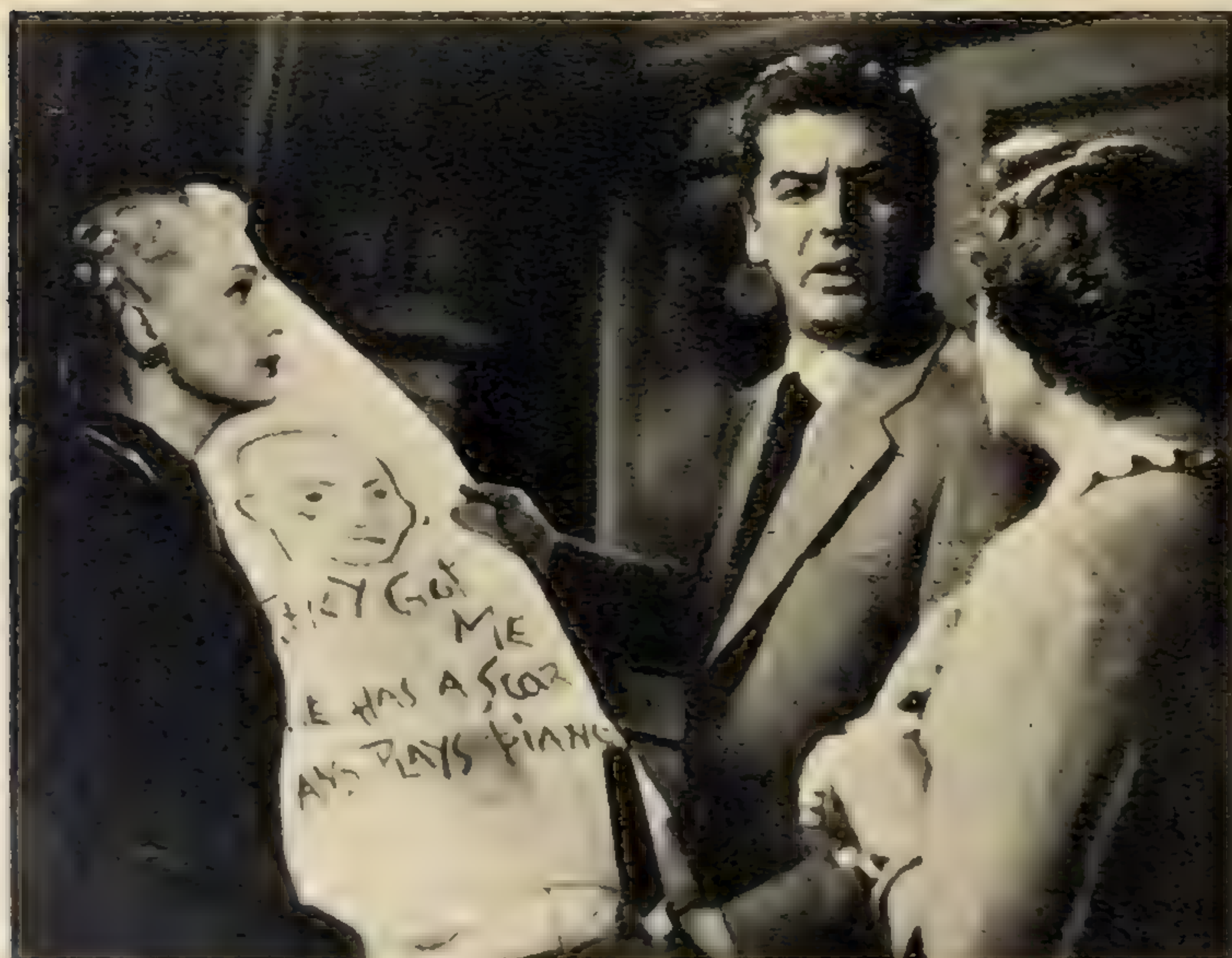
8. Deflated, she goes with Danny to show the Shakespearean producer the group's stuff. After straight *Hamlet*, she suggests they do their burlesque of it. The producer likes this better.



9. Afterward, Danny proposes to Eleanor and she accepts. But then he tells her she can't be in the Shakespeare play—the producer wants a big name. Upset, she breaks the engagement.



10. Baxter has introduced her to racketeer Bunny Harris (William Tallman) who, posing as a producer, lures her to his apartment to "read a script." Someone kills him from the hall.



11. Police grill her but let her go—her innocence is clear. But when she returns home, Bunny's henchmen kidnap her. Before she goes, though, she manages to leave a message in lipstick.



12. Danny finds the warehouse where she's being held, gain entrance as a piano-tuner. He and Eleanor then defeat the gang in one of the most satisfactorily slapstick brawls ever filmed.

...dream girl...dream girl
 Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
 ...hair that gleams and glistens
 From a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier
 your hair can look...after a **Lustre-Creme Shampoo**

NOT A SOAP!
 NOT A LIQUID!
 BUT KAY DAUMIT'S
 RICH LATHERING
 CREAM SHAMPOO
 WITH LANOLIN

for Soft, Shimmering
 Glamorous Hair



4-oz. jar \$1; 10-oz. economy size \$2.
 Smaller jars and tubes 49¢ and 25¢.

No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-
 blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN...for *true* hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, *tonight*...if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today! It's Kay Daumit's *exclusive* blend of secret ingredients *plus* gentle lanolin.

This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—and you—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

*You'll feel his burning kisses on
your lips... when you use*

Tangee



*Kiss-hungry lips...in a pulse-
quickenning scene starring*

**MIKEL CONRAD
AND
CAROL THURSTON**
IN

"ARCTIC MANHUNT"

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL
PICTURE

Tangee **KISS COLORS**

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—Puts your lips
"in the pink" to attract loving
looks...and lovelier kisses!

TANGEE RED MAJESTY—Lush and lus-
cious...ideal for a man-hunting
brunette.

TANGEE RED-RED—It's redder than
you thought red could be...and
definitely "kissterical."

TANGEE MEDIUM RED—A happy medi-
um for the girl whose man needs
—a little encouragement.

Don't trust your romance to anything less
than Tangee!



Tangee

KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS and L-A-S-T-S!

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

News: We're just getting under way with a bright, new MSFCA contest with lots of swell prizes to be awarded each month and fun for all. So in order to get things into working order at the very beginning, we've decided to change the quotas of our membership leagues. We think our new system will provide for a more equal division of clubs and will be much fairer to the smaller clubs. Henceforth, League 1 will consist of those clubs having 300 or more members. League 2—clubs with a total membership of between 101-299. And League 3 clubs will have a total membership of between 10 and 100. This new system will provide more competition in League 1 where it is really needed and less competition in League 3 where our greatest membership is. This is a wonderful opportunity for new clubs to get into the swing of things, and a swell chance for older clubs to show their worth. We think you'll like our new scheme and we'll be awfully glad to hear from you about it.

Prizes: We'll still have some of those lovely **Elgin-American** compacts for some of you lucky correspondents, if you hurry and send us some interesting news about your club. They're all finished in jeweler's bronze and just about the handsomest compact we've seen in many moons. For club editors we have a prize we're sure you'll be mad about. They're little foto stamps, wonderful for your journals or stationery, and we'll be awarding them in blocks of 500 to winning editors. The **American Foto Stamp Company** is making them for us and we'll have them of any star you want. Winners in our This Is My Best contest have written us rave letters about the **Enger-Kress** wallets they've received. In all the colors of the rainbow, they're specially designed to hold your favorite snaps as well as folding money. Luscious is the only word that aptly describes our **Revlon's King's Ransom** lipstick set. Seven shades of creamy lipstick with a gold holder and all in a black-velvet case.

10th Semi-annual TROPHY CUP CONTEST 1st Lap

This Is My Best: (100 points) "A Pome," Ruth Kellman, Arthur Kennedy Journal. "My Favorite Memories," Shirley Baxter, Jack Berch Journal. "Bop Crazy," Lee Garber, Alan Ladd Journal (Kee). "Perry and the Pigtales," Marie Quick, Perry Como Journal (Staley). "Poem" Gloria Veripapa, Art Lund Journal (Sherman). "Can It Be True?" Joanne Okermeier, Joan Caulfield Journal. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. Contino-Peck-Melari Journal (Diefenbach). League 2. (tied) Jack Berch Journal. June Allyson Journal. League 3. Dave Willock Journal. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. Ruth Schweitzer, Allan Jones Journal. League 2. Dorothy Fenger, Shirley Temple Journal. League 3. Janet Miller, Alan Ladd Journal. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Gene Jankus, Joan Crawford Journal. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. Bariton-y Journal. League 2. Arthur Kennedy Journal. League 3. (tied) Peggy Lee Journal. Anthony Quinn Journal. **Best Correspondents:** (100 points) League 1. Dorothy Crouse, Gene Autry Club. League 2. Mary Jane Grootenboer, Nina Foch Club. League 3. Vivian Hewitt, Richard Walsh Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. Jeanette Macdonald Club (Farrington) (donation to children's home). League 2. Dick Contino Club (Rosenthal) (contribution to Cancer Fund). League 3. Perry Como (Hoffman) (donation to T.B. society). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. Mel Torme Club. League 2. Dick Contino Club (Johnson). League 3. Gene Reynolds Club. **Candid Camera Contest:** (100 points for first prize, 50 points for others). Betty Jane Engler, Macdonald Carey Club. Frank Bellinger, Penny Edwards Club. Kay McGowan, Jean Pierre Aumont Club. Gloria Martino, Nelson Eddy Music Club. Kathy Campbell, Darryl Hickman Club. Margie Hummel, Ginger Rogers Club.

John Lund's a
nice considerate guy,
but he doesn't fool
about being the head
of the house.
And Marie's the kind
of girl who likes
it that way.

HE'S THE BOSS

by Marie Lund

■ When John heard I was going to do this story, he cautioned me: "Remember now—no build-ups!"

"Then shall I tell them you beat me, dear?"

"Certainly. Just don't tell them I'm adorable."

Okay. He's not adorable. If anything slips in that makes you think otherwise, it's a typographical error. The man said no build-ups, and he's the boss.

Yep, he's the boss. Not that he's bossy. Life with Lund bears no resemblance to *Life with Father*. My husband is a mild-mannered, considerate man with no yen to dominate anybody or anything. But the fact remains that I usually wind up doing just what he wants me to do. He's the kind of guy who's definitely the head of the house. I'm the kind of girl who likes it that way.

Not, on the other hand, that I consider men the lords of creation. Far from it. It's just that I'm highly susceptible to suggestions from my spouse.

He's got clear-cut notions, for instance, about what I should and shouldn't wear. No flat heels. No hats. No make-up. I like flat heels and hats and make-up as needed. So here's what happens.

We'll be getting ready for a party. John looks at my feet. "You're not going to wear *those*, are you?" *Those* are an elegant pair of gold sandals with wedges. From the way he says it, you'd think they were boa constrictors. "Why don't you put on high heels? Your legs look so much prettier." (Continued on page 107)



John (soon in *My Friend Irma*) doesn't really approve of Marie's whipping up her own clothes—but he cooperates by offering suggestions. Some of them she can actually use!



Guy and Gail are firmly putting their careers before marriage at present. Guy's latest movie is *Massacre River*, Gail's is *Captain China*.

Wife in fame only

by Paul Russell



The couple often take to the woods to escape gossip questions about their romance. Guy's taught her how to hunt (with arrows); she's taught him how to fish.

People are always
calling me
Mrs. Madison,
and men hardly
ever call me at all.
But, cross my heart—
even if only one
Guy believes me—
I'm not married!



Once, driving home from a day of sailing like this, Guy and Gail were amazed to hear over the car radio, an announcement saying: "At this very moment, Guy Madison and Gail Russell are eloping!"

■ "They don't seem to believe me," said Guy. "You try it."

All right, I will.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Guy Madison and I are not married. And the following is the way I feel about it.

I don't particularly like *not* being married to Guy. After all, when any Gail meets a Guy, she begins to think in positive terms—not negative.

When I met Guy I thought of many things—and kept them to myself. For instance, I thought of the Modern Chinese furniture which Mother had given me to furnish my apartment. (Now, while I like Modern Chinese very much, it's not my favorite. I prefer Early American. But Modern Chinese was the decorating theme in Mother's home.) I thought of the sort of linens I would like (blue—and my mother has just sent me a set including sheets, pillow slips and towels, all in blue and monogrammed with my initials in peach), the silver, the sort of home I would like and its arrangement. I thought of all these things, which shows what effect he had on me. Don't all girls have such thoughts when they meet someone they like? Or even imagine they could like?

After I got to know Guy better I found he had certain plans, too. And since they concerned both of us, I could let him in on a few of mine. I did. Our discussions had to do with our personal lives *and* our professional lives. It seemed to us that if we continued to like each other we ought to be able to do something about it by such-and-such a time. And we felt like two sensible people when we made this decision.

In any other place in the world—in Peoria where my mother and father went together for years before heading for the altar, in Bakersfield where Guy's parents did the same, in Pascagoula, Quebec or Sourdough, Alaska—in any other place you are permitted to make such long-range plans about so serious a thing as your future together—and to go through with them. But not in Hollywood.

We found that out on a Sunday about 18 months ago. Casually dressed (I was wearing shorts), we turned into a drive-in on our way home from Laguna Beach where we had spent the day sailing. Guy ordered hamburgers and malteds for both of us and we sat listening to a radio commentator over our car radio. Our food came. Guy started to drink his malted and I picked up my sandwich. Then—

"Exclusive!" came a voice. "At this moment Guy Madison and Gail Russell are eloping!"

Guy choked on his malted. I found myself staring at my hamburger and thinking how unlike a wedding cake it looked.

On the way home we kidded about it.

"What kind of an announcement did you send?" I asked.

"The usual," he replied gravely. "With rosebuds on it, pink cherubs and all (Continued on page 91)

WHY DAN DAILEY'S MARRIAGE FAILED

(Continued from page 31)

over his tragedy he was still on the merry-go-round of his sensational fame; it was still whirling giddily and he couldn't get off in spite of that jarring jolt. The night before he'd played a police benefit 40 miles away and had crawled home at two a.m.—after a full day's work on his picture, *Rise and Shine*. Next day, he was on the set again bright and early. That night he had a radio show.

In two years he's made six straight pictures and six straight hits. Last year he pitched every studio workday of the 365 and most Sundays, too, and his jobs were tough. On top of all that, I've watched this huge-hearted guy knock himself out playing four and five charity benefits a week around town, prodigal to exhaustion with his energies, time and talent.

A few weeks ago I ran into Dan hustling across the lobby at NBC. I was lined up myself to do a show with him there. "See you in Studio B," I called.

"Wait a minute!" Dan yelled, "Which show is that, Hedda?" He dug into his bulging pockets and fished out four scripts. He was on four different programs that night!

Dan Dailey's top man at 20th Century-Fox today. Businesswise, he's asked for nothing, griped about nothing, flashed no more temperament than a turtle. He's stayed grateful and glad about every part he's played. And once when I pointed out to him that Fox had \$10,000,000 worth of pictures stacked ahead for him to do, Dan said eagerly, "I hope I make every one of 'em, too. If I can just keep on rolling like this, I'll be happy as a clam!"

Happy? Those words must ring hollow in Dan's generous ears by now. And yet, they may, someday, have real meaning again. That is, unless he's already lost more than his wife, unless the tide of his great Hollywood success has Dan floundering in deeper water than I think. Unless he can't take being top man at Fox and a bright-lighted box-office bonanza. Unless this domestic blue note is the opening bar of that old, old Hollywood refrain. Me, I'm just crazy enough to say I don't

think so. I know I'm sticking my neck out at this point in Dan Dailey's defense, but that's an old habit of mine and I couldn't extend it for a nicer guy. I like him, you see, and well enough to sing out of tune.

And one of the main reasons I like Dan is because he's honest—even when the raps must hurt. He told me right out, "I left Liz alone. I was thinking of myself first. I wanted success above everything and I got it—but I made Liz pay." That's talking like a man, and that's the way Dan Dailey has always talked to me.

A few weeks ago, before one little straw of Dan's broke the camel's back of his home life, I asked Dan over to my house expressly to see for myself and for *MODERN SCREEN* how he was taking his amazing fame. I'd heard the double-barrelled crack of shots sniping at the friendly, long-legged hoofer's success.

"Come in and sit down, Dan," I greeted him. "But don't sit by that window! A brick might come flying through. You're getting more vulnerable every minute." And I wasn't exactly kidding, either.

The bigger Dan Dailey gets, the better target he makes. Right now his family explosion makes him fair game. But this was before that happened—and he'd already sampled what he was in for if he made a false move. A newspaper gal had sniffed growing incompatibility at the Daileys (they'd faced the problem twice before and had patched up for another chance because of their baby boy both times), "Come on, confess," pressed this lady reporter, "don't you and your wife ever fight?"

"Oh sure," quipped Dan, "I beat her one week—and she beats me the next!"

Well, that's almost a stock vaudeville gag about marriage. But it was Dan's bad luck that this babe was just waiting for a quote she could set a dynamite cap to. She wrote the item straight: Dan Dailey beats his wife—practically like that—and when Dailey saw it he couldn't believe it. A radio chatterbox grabbed the ball from there, ran up and down the field blistering his microphone about that wicked wife-

beater Dailey's shame! Dan's thoughtless glib tongue so often gets him in Dutch, especially when there's the suspicion of fire behind his smoky wisecracks.

"Dan," I told him, "don't you know you're the bull's eye now? For gosh sake, when you crack wise put labels on 'em! Say 'that's a joke, son' or something to protect yourself."

But Dan Dailey's not the type to protect himself—that way. Maybe that's why I'm such a sucker for a guy who admits his faults and failings and stands ready to take the consequences, why I think he'll never phony himself up à la Hollywood, even though his big foot may slip many times again.

"Remember last fall when they were saying you were passionately in love with another man's wife, Betty Grable?" I reminded him.

I thought that'd certainly make sparks fly from Dan Dailey's red head. He just shrugged.

"Sure, I heard that," he said, "and I was sore at first. I went right in to see my boss, Darryl Zanuck, and told him what I'd heard. 'Dan, look,' he said, 'When anything's as silly as that, there's only one thing to do—forget about it.' That's what I did."

"Didn't you mention it to Betty Grable?" I asked.

"Of course," he said easily. "I called her right away. I said, 'Have you ever heard anything so utterly stupid in your life?'"

"No," she said, "I haven't."

"I asked her what she wanted to do about it. Betty said she'd like very much to tell 'em all to go to blazes, but that might not be ladylike. . . . But why bother?" Dan shrugged again. "It's true Betty Grable and I have a wonderful time together. We're the best of friends and we've hit it off right from the start. I've never known anyone as generous and considerate; there's not a shred of Hollywood hooey anywhere around her. She's a breeze to dance with, act with, sing with. I've always admired Betty Grable, but if I'm gone on anyone in that family it's Harry. I've been a fan of Harry James and his horn since before he went with Benny Goodman back in 1936. I used to drive down to the beach when his band played there, just to listen to him toot and beg him to let me sit in at the drums. But there's something else about that which everyone seems to have overlooked: I'm pretty crazy about my own wife."

That was Dan Dailey talking only a few weeks ago and it shows so many things—so many confusing things about Dan's complex make-up.

His generosity and frankness, his selfishness and thoughtlessness. His naïve uncaginess. His vagueness. His lack of understanding of his new big-star importance. His complete devotion to his job.

Now let's look at Dan Dailey's marriage and see what was wrong with it for a guy like that. Briefly, I'd say Dan Dailey married the wrong girl—and vice versa, although she's beautiful (Dan thinks she's the prettiest he's ever seen), sweet, peppy and fun.

Dan fell in love with his wife, Elizabeth, the first time he saw her. He was showing his horse in a ring out in the San Fernando Valley one Sunday and a girl sitting in the stands kept pulling his eyes her way. By the time Dan won his ribbon the pretty girl was talking to someone he knew so he promoted an introduction. Turned out he knew her dad, who kept



"Four widely-scattered singles, please."

his horses at the same stable where Dan kept his.

"I asked her if she'd like to go riding some time," Dan relates. "She said 'yes'—and that was it." Elizabeth Hofert was a Pi Phi co-ed at USC at that point. She's five-feet-four, blonde and pretty. The war kept them apart for some time but the minute Dan graduated from Officers' Training School at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, he took his shiny shavetail bars West to marry Liz.

Not long after, Dan went off to Italy and the wars. Liz sat it out alone, like any war bride, for months and months. Then one day Dan was back and she thought things would be different. Now was their chance for the fun together they'd talked about, dreamed about, wrote about in V-Mail rolls back and forth across the Atlantic. The dreams didn't come true. Dan Dailey was back and busting to make up lost time in something besides marriage—show business. Elizabeth nursed no such strange fire. Dan—well, it was bred in his bones. He says simply, "I've been at it all my life; I couldn't stop if I had to."

Dan's relatives, Dan Dailey and Lucy Dailey, were famous Broadway names. His mother was an entertainer. Dan's been through the rough-and-tumble ham-and-egging that young stage-struck performers seldom have the guts to get nowadays. He's a hooper grad of the five-a-day circuits—burlesque, vaudeville, night clubs, marathon dances, carnivals, road shows—even summer stands in the Catskills. He's forgotten more buck-and-wing, cane-and-straw-hat off-to-Buffaloes than glamor dancers like Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly ever knew. Dan knew Gene when he was a "gyp" around Broadway, hunting any kind of job. He helped chorus boy Van Johnson land his first Broadway job.

Dan made Broadway, himself, at last in three musicals, *Babes in Arms*, *Stars in Your Eyes* and *I Married an Angel*. He was playing the last one on tour in Los Angeles when Billy Grady, MGM's talent chief, caught him at the Biltmore Theater and signed him up. He started his movie career at \$225 a week. Dan's making more than \$2,000 now. He didn't get that way sitting around the house.

Elizabeth was helpful and she tried to understand. There were confused and uncertain times at first when it looked as if Dan would go on playing gangster bits at MGM forever. He and Liz lived in a one-bedroom Hollywood apartment. They moved to a small Toluca Lake house only when Dan III announced he was arriving. Night they moved in, their baby arrived.

By now, the tot is almost two years old and Dan claims he's already taught him to sing "Clancy Lowered the Boom" and go into a whirlaway dance routine that has a split for a finish! It goes without saying that Dan's wild about his boy.

spoiled vacation . . .

That's what kept them together when Dan's ambition was making his wife a show-business widow. But Liz is not an actress, and doesn't want to be. She did want a husband whose life she could share. There wasn't enough of Dan's left.

There's always been a phone call or a wire or something to break up everything they've planned to do. Liz and Dan were up at Lake Arrowhead, for instance, when a mighty important one spoiled their vacation. They were up there with Dan pacing the pine needles restlessly, ducking the Hollywood people who were asking him, "What you doing, Dan?"—because he was tired of answering, "Nothing." That was when he was hanging around MGM on a war-interrupted contract with no job in sight and a half-hundred MGM stars—also

back from the wars—on the list ahead of him. Liz was just settling down to getting acquainted with her husband, enjoying horseback riding and the water-skiing they both love, when Al Melnick, Dan's agent, rang and broke it up with, "How'd you like to make a picture with Betty Grable?"

"How would *you*?" cracked back Dan bitterly—and hung up. Dan figured that was no time for comedy. Only when Al called back and talked fast did he convince Dan his big break had arrived at last. The Daileys' delayed honeymoon ended right there and then. Of course, Liz couldn't have been happier for her ambitious guy—but she couldn't realize what that big-time break would do: take him away from her, every bit as much as if a seductive siren had grabbed his heart.

I've been an actress myself and I can understand Dan Dailey's dilemma—also Liz's, because I've been a wife and mother, too. I have no quarrel with Dan Dailey as a trouper. On the contrary, I have only admiration. He has humility and gratitude—which is very refreshing, believe you me, in a town crawling with Big I-Am's. The first time I ever quizzed Dan he tossed his credit sheets everywhere

pretty as a
picture!
shirley temple
on the
october
cover
of modern screen
on sale
sept. 9

but at himself. Dan had champed at MGM bits—when he could get those—for eight years. I expected him to be bitter as gall about that wasted time. He almost bowled me over by saying: "I learned a lot there, Hedda. I got some wonderful training and some great advice. I still drop in and see my friends, George and L. K. Sidney and Louis B. Mayer—all the gang. They were swell to me, fair and helpful, and I'm grateful."

I can't help admiring an actor who points out the incredible Hollywood fact that he got some help along the way!

Showing how wrong a Hollywood prophet can be, Lamar Trotti, who produced *Mother Wore Tights*, told Dan's agent, Al Melnick: "I like Dan in this picture all right—but I don't know what he'll find to do around here after this."

What Dan found to do after *Mother Wore Tights* was *Give My Regards to Broadway*, *You Were Meant For Me*, *When My Baby Smiles at Me*, *Chicken Every Sunday*, and *You're My Everything*—just as fast as he could. They made some important gold for 20th-Fox and they made Dan Dailey—with an Academy nomination as best actor of the year to prove it. On the heels of that great honor, Dan got a vacation, his first in three pictures. He didn't share that

with his wife, Liz. He went to New York with his agent to see his family and—you guessed it—to do shows, personal appearances, and keep right on chasing that career of his. That's my indictment of Dan—the same true bill he slaps dismally on himself today: He's guilty of consistently forgetting his own partner in life.

It's mighty convenient for busy husbands—whether they're in a studio or the stock market—to take a wife for granted and, when they do have a chance to relax, grab it selfishly without a thought for who's sitting alone.

fine but wobbly . . .

"Doesn't Liz like a good time, too?" I shot at Dan.

"Why sure—she loves it," he said. "Only we never had time to have them together."

"Whose fault was that?"

"Mine," said Dan. And it surely was. His intentions, I'm sure, were the best—but wobbly.

That night when he came to my house a few weeks ago, Liz was up at Lake Arrowhead hunting a house for the summer. Dan had come back from his New York holiday expansively satisfied that his career was under control. Liz, as usual, optimistically believed she'd see her husband for a while. When she left for that mountain-cabin hunt, Dan told her, "Get a small one, no guest rooms. We don't want a lot of drop-in guests up from Hollywood. Just us." He was to go up the next week and give it a preview, family style. Instead, Dan went off again to New York.

His studio asked him to take on a bond drive tour. "Sure!" said Dan. He was gone five days, worked like a beaver and had the time of his life, without a thought in his head about Liz and their plans. When he came back, he found that was one trip too many. There comes a time. That was when Liz told him flatly and finally that she was through—and left. "I can't live like this forever," she said.

Unless Dan's fooling me pretty badly, neither money, women, nor high life have turned his Irish head. If Dan had stuck his neck out stupidly that way, I'd be the first to whack it—and as hard as I could. But the only slight splurge I ever noticed Dailey indulge in was a new Cadillac he drove up to my house one night not long after he hit it big. He caught my awe-struck look and enjoyed it.

I knew how he felt and I thought it was swell. Dan had dreamed about owning that Cadillac for years and years. I was glad he had it at last. Incidentally, that little episode is as pure a picture of one Dan Dailey as I know, a big kid with honest weaknesses and a burning desire to get the things he's never had—like Cadillacs and big-time show business fame.

But I think he prizes them too highly. And I think, too, he's paid too high a price. Dan's precious career is still ahead of him and I'm not looking for him to knock over any more hurdles. Yet he'll find it different running the race alone—the trophies will be tasteless without someone to bring them home to. I think he realizes that now. But I'm not certain that, being Dan Dailey, he could do a single thing about it—even if he tried. He blames Dan Dailey, sure, but at the same time Dan blames what he loves best. "It's the penalty of fame," he told me gloomily, "and you can't win. You can't have everything."

No, you can't—in Hollywood or anywhere else—and I'm afraid that's the lesson of life Dan Dailey's learned the hard, heartbreaking way. Something had to give. But I wonder if Dan will ever convince himself in the years to come that what is left is worth what was lost?

THE END

ANN BLYTH, lovely star of "Once More, My Darling"—Universal-International release says, "I like my nylon hosiery sheer but not shiny." That's why Strutwear REVERSE KNIT Nylon Hosiery is her favorite... they're actually knit inside out for extra sheer beauty.



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Fall is closer than you think

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Yes, we know it's still very much summer, as far as the weather goes. But as far as fashion goes, Fall is due the day after Labor Day. Promptly.

So, although the temperature is soaring to a point where you hardly feel like thinking about fur coats, we thought we'd slide you gently into an autumn mood with the smaller gimmicks. Accessories, to begin with—belts, bags, gloves, jewelry, page 70. For what is so drab as a wilted summer bag or belt on the first crisp day in September?

In undies, page 72, we've concentrated on nylon—quick-drying, non-ironing, and sweet as daydreams in the new pastel lemons, pale limes, heavenly blues.

As for shoes, there's news of a terrific new shoe material on page 74.

Point about all these early fashions is that you can shop for them comfortably now—so you can save the heavy search for your big suit or coat later. Also, the smartest accessories always have a way of appearing (and disappearing!) the earliest. Latch on to them now.

Marilyn Maxwell looks to fall in a turnabout sweater

■ Marilyn Maxwell, who wowed you in United Artists' *Champion*, wears something really new in sweaters.

Know how hard it is to decide between a slipover and a cardigan? Here is the "Turnabout," a sweater that is both! Opposite Marilyn is shown wearing the slipover front, but turn the page and you'll see Marilyn looking entirely different in the identical sweater as a cardigan.

And don't imagine this is one of those sweaters you simply wear backward; it is designed and knitted from the start for turnabout wear, and even the collar is notched front and back. All wool, in California Rose, blue, grey, kelly, copper.

By Featherknits. About \$4.95.

At Stern's, New York. Other stores page 75.

Belt by Criterion; pin by Agnew; gloves by Kislav.

**modern
screen
fashions**



new accessories

*Fall
is
closer
than
you
think.*



1



2



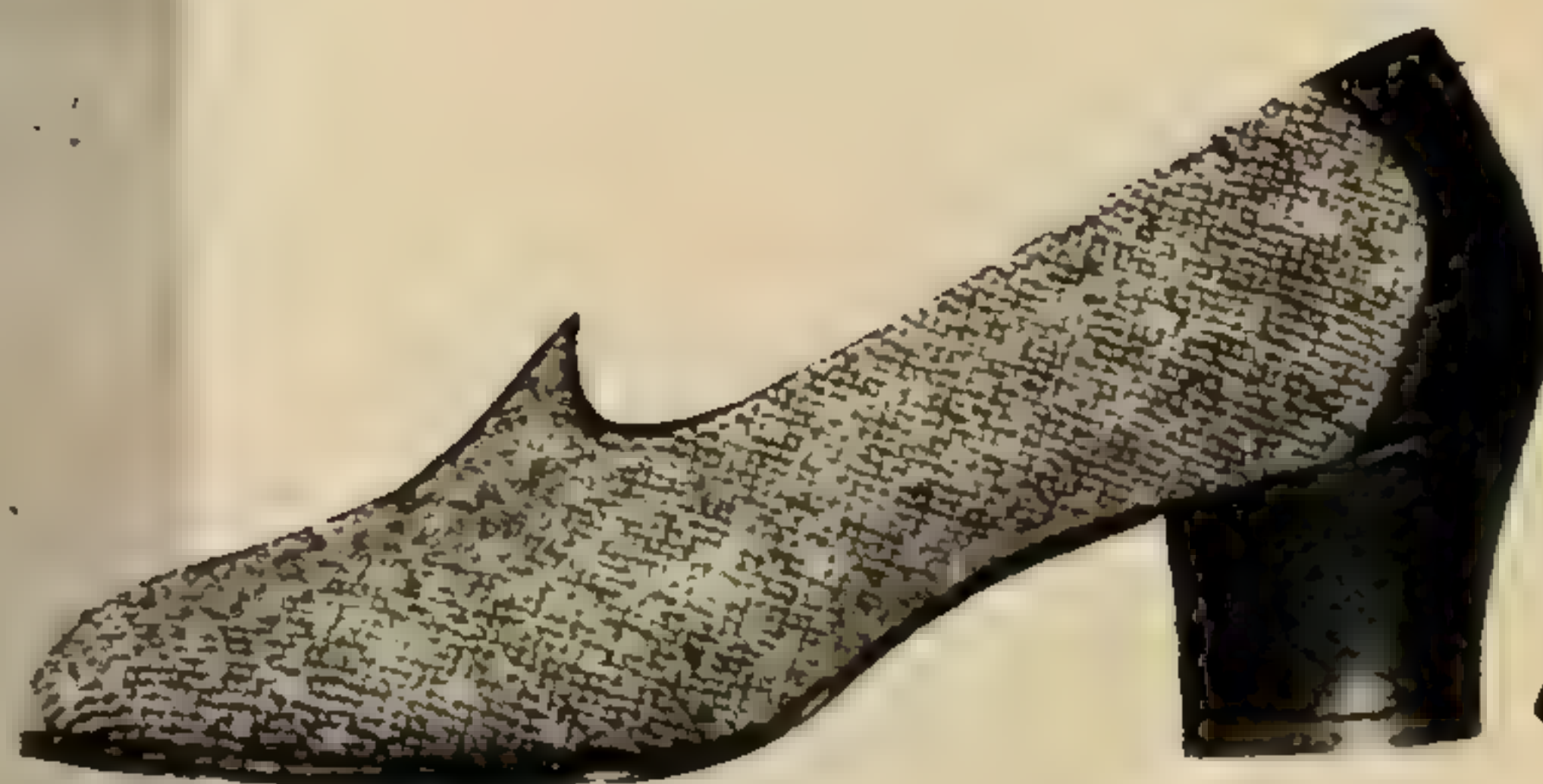
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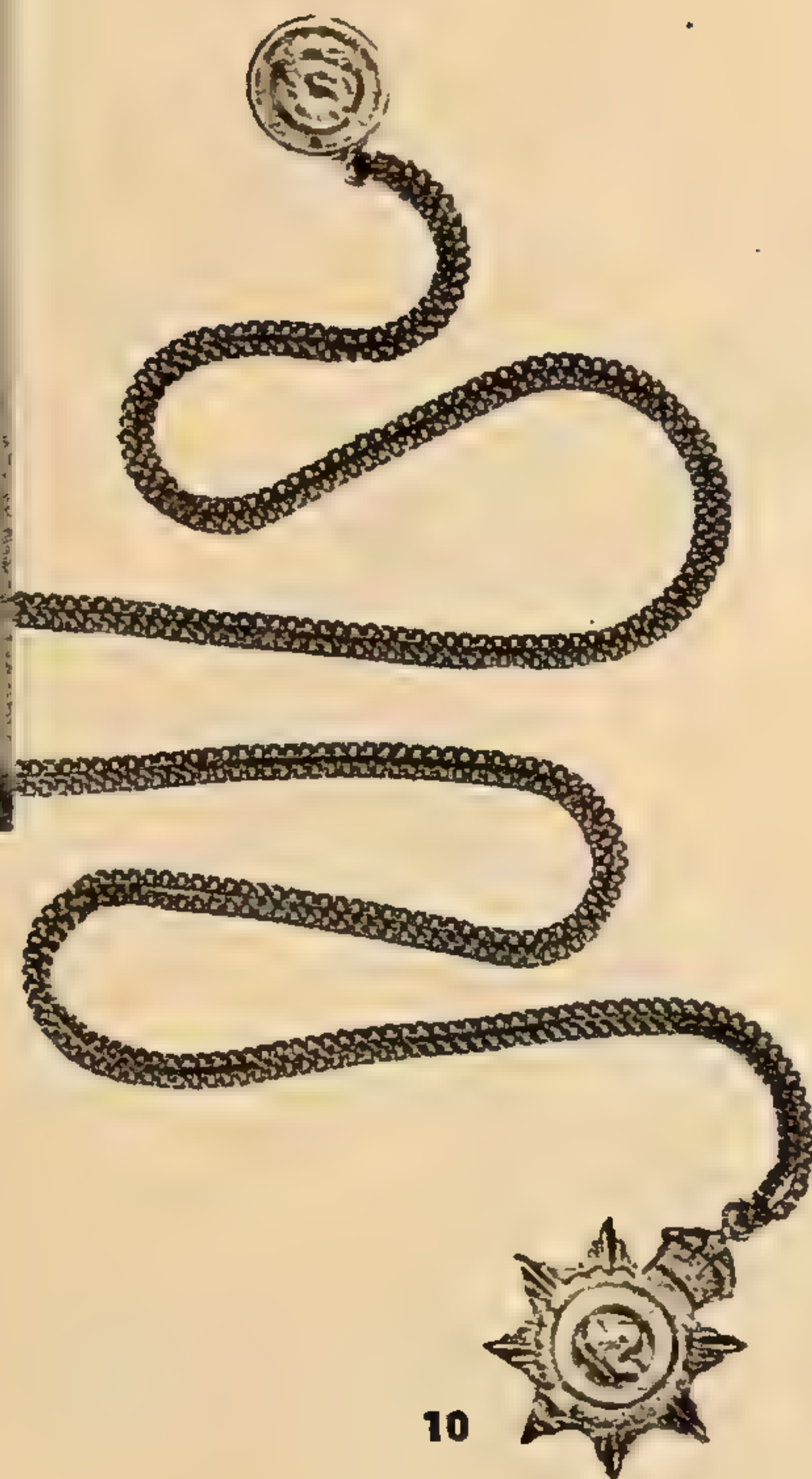
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8



9



10



11



12

Early fall accessories are beginning to steal the show in your favorite shops. Even though you may consider it much too hot to try on wool suits or dresses, you can begin to collect the belts, bags and gloves you'll want the minute Labor Day is over. As, for instance, the super tweed bag and shoes we show. Or consider the latest in necklaces—open-at-both-ends chains to knot and let dangle! Or a scarf in autumn colors; or—but you take it from there. For where to buy, see page 75.

1. New tabbed white cotton shortie glove; many fall colors. By Hansen. \$2. Available Sept. 1 at Stern's, N. Y.

2. Tweed's terrific for fall accessories. Brown tweed bag meant for suit you'll be buying. By Ingber. \$7.95.

3. "Portrait of Jennie" seal on a watch-fob chain, to knot at throat. Gold finished. By Agnew. \$6 plus tax.

4. 36" silk square East Indian scarf—cravanetted to keep your hair dry in the rain. A B. & G. Creation. \$3.

5. Marilyn Maxwell wearing the turn-about sweater on page 69 as a cardigan. By Featherknits, \$4.95.

6. Dashing tweed pump to match tweed bag shown above. Low calf college heel. About \$10. By John Flautt.

7. Slim tubular leather belt with tiny flat buckle to point up your little waist. All colors. By Criterion. \$2.

8. Elizabeth Taylor, next in MGM's "Conspirator," wears pert fall hat. Elizabeth Taylor hat by Cinderella, \$2.95.

9. Black cotton shortie gloves, etched with white stitching. Also white, brown, chamois, beige. By Hansen. \$3.50.

10. Wonderful gold-finished chain with Middlesex medal on one end, Heron medal on other. By Agnew. \$6 plus tax.

11. Black suede barrel with bright red lining, gold pin fastening. Pin is attached to suede ribbon. By Kadin. \$7.95.

12. 36" silk crepe square scarf in an adorable "house and tree" print. A B. & G. Creation. About \$3.95.

new undies



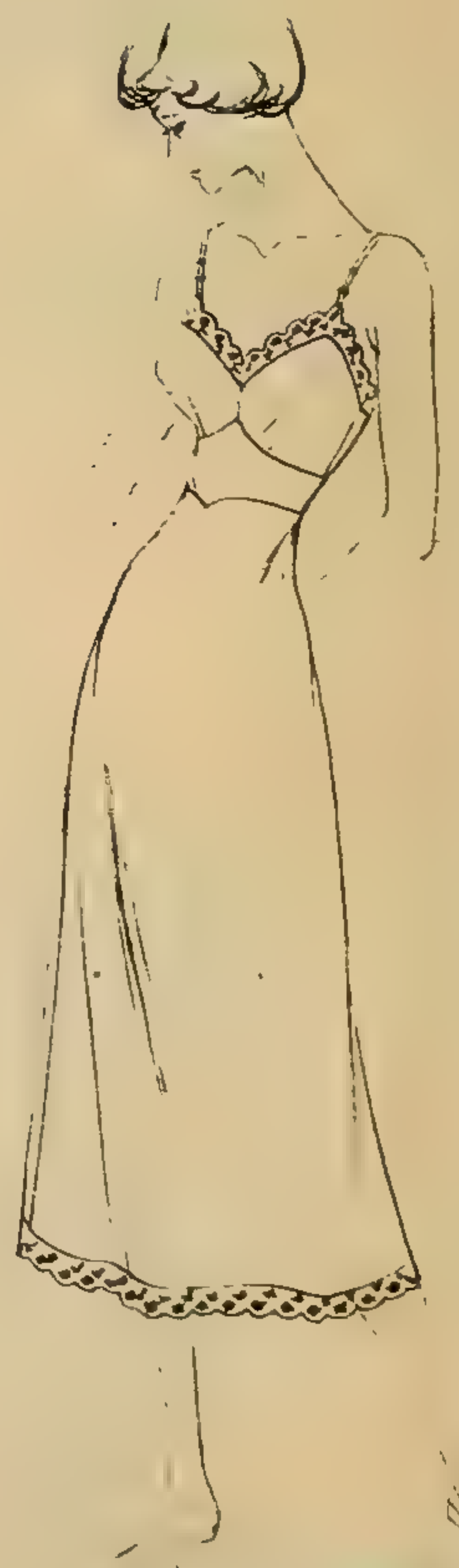
1. Nylon bra with nylon embroidered net and rayon satin. By LOVABLE. \$1.50. Figured nylon girdle. By YOUTHCRAFT. \$5.95.



2. Firm but light nylon bra, with a divine uplift. By MAR-CRO. \$1. Sculptured pantie girdle of pure latex. PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLE. \$3.95.



4. Nylon taffeta plunge bra, with elastic band. By PERMA-LIFT. \$3. Nylon petticoat with wide lace flounce, beading. By JOSIE. \$5.95.



5. Nylon multi-filament lace slip, sheer nylon embroidery at bodice and hem. White, green, larkspur blue. By STRUTWEAR. \$6.95.

7. Photo at left: Strapless nylon deep-plunge, with sheer net half-cup. by GODDESS. \$3.50. For where to buy all these undies, see page 75.



3. Nylon slip etched with nylon lace. Moulded bodice, gracefully swinging skirt. Pink, blue, Nile, maize, orchid, white. By MISS SWANK. \$4.98.



6. Nylon bra, adjustable front hooks to separate and support. By RENO, \$3. Nylon halfslip with cocktail slit, lace, ribbon bow. By FANTASY. \$3.95.

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2. Triple-strapped flat in velvety black Norzon—for tailored clothes.
By Suzies. \$4

new velvety shoes

What are good little shoes made of? These good little shoes are made of Norzon . . . and that's news. Norzon looks like velvet—feels like suede—and wears like anything. Walk in it, dance in it, date in it—Norzon fights off that beat-up look . . . resists scuffing and shining. The cute styles it comes in—stay cute! For where to buy, see page 75.

1. For a big night—lush velvety brown platform sandal in Norzon.
By Mary Lou. \$4



3. Open wedge sandal with square perforations. Black, green, wine Norzon.
By Suzies. \$4

4. Grecian ankle strap sandal. Black, brown, green, red Norzon.
Darlin's by Rex. \$2.95



WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country)

Turnabout sweater worn by Marilyn Maxwell, color photo (page 69)

- Los Angeles, Calif.—Foreman & Clark, 7th & Hill Sts.
- New York, N. Y.—Stern's, 41 W. 42nd St., Fashion Basement
- Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers, Market & 8th, Sportswear Dept., Subway Store

Accessories on pages 70-71

1. **White tabbed glove**
New York, N. Y.—Stern's (available Sept. 1)
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
2. **Tweed Handbag**
Write: Ingber Brothers, 347 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
3. **Necklace with "Portrait of Jennie" seal**
New York, N. Y.—All Peck & Peck shops
4. **East Indian print scarf**
New York, N. Y.—Gimbel Brothers
5. **Tweed Shoe**
Write: John Flautt Shoe Company,
Lynn, Mass.
6. **Slim tubular leather belt**
New York, N. Y.—Stern's, 41 West 42nd St.
7. **Pert felt hat worn by Elizabeth Taylor**
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels, Market & 9th
8. **Black shortie glove**
New York, N. Y.—Stern's (available Sept. 1)
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
9. **Necklace with Middlesex and Heron medals**
New York, N. Y.—All Peck & Peck shops
10. **Black suede barrel handbag with red lining**
New York, N. Y.—James McCreery & Co.,
5th & 34th
11. **House-and-tree print scarf**
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, 33rd St.

Undies on pages 72-73

1. **Embroidered nylon net bra**
New York, N. Y.—Blackton, 398 Fifth Avenue
and all other Blackton shops
Figured nylon girdle
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable, 5th
Avenue & 40th St., Lingerie, 4th Floor
2. **Nylon bra**
Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist's, 417 Washington
Street, Corset Department, Basement
Playtex living pantie girdle
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Company,
Washington Street, Notions Dept., St. Floor
New York, N. Y.—Macy's, Herald Square,
Corset Department, 2nd Floor
3. **Nylon slip with nylon lace**
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co., 819
Canal St., Lingerie, 2nd Floor
4. **Nylon plunge bra**
Chicago, Illinois—Mandel Brothers, 3rd Floor
Nylon half-slip with beaded lace trim
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel's
5. **Nylon slip with sheer embroidery trim**
Minneapolis, Minnesota—The Dayton Co.
New York, N. Y.—Blackton's, 398 Fifth Ave.
6. **Nylon bra with adjustable front closing**
New York, N. Y.—Blackton's, 398 Fifth Ave.
Lace and ribbon trimmed nylon half-slip
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, 33 West
34th St., Lingerie, Main Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier,
Market & 8th Streets, Lingerie, 4th Floor
7. **Strapless nylon plunge bra**
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, 2nd Fl.

Norzon Shoes on page 74

1. **High heeled platform sandal**
Columbus, Ohio—Boston Store Co.
Toledo, Ohio—Kobacker Stores, 408 Summit
Street
2. **Triple strapped flat**
Baltimore, Maryland—Wilmer Shoe Stores
3. **Open wedge sandal with square perforations**
Baltimore, Maryland—Wilmer Shoe Stores
4. **Ankle strap Grecian sandal**
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania—Fowler, Dick &
Walker, 17 S. Main St., Downstairs

Square Dance Dress (page 76)

- New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, 59th and
Lexington, Economy Dresses, 2nd Floor
- Portland, Oregon—Meier & Frank Company,
621 Southwest Fifth Avenue, All Day Dress
Dept., Fourth Floor

How to Order Modern Screen Fashions

- (1) Buy in person from stores listed.
- (2) Order by mail from stores listed.
- (3) Write Connie Bartel, Modern
Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Sta-
tion, New York 16, N. Y.—for store
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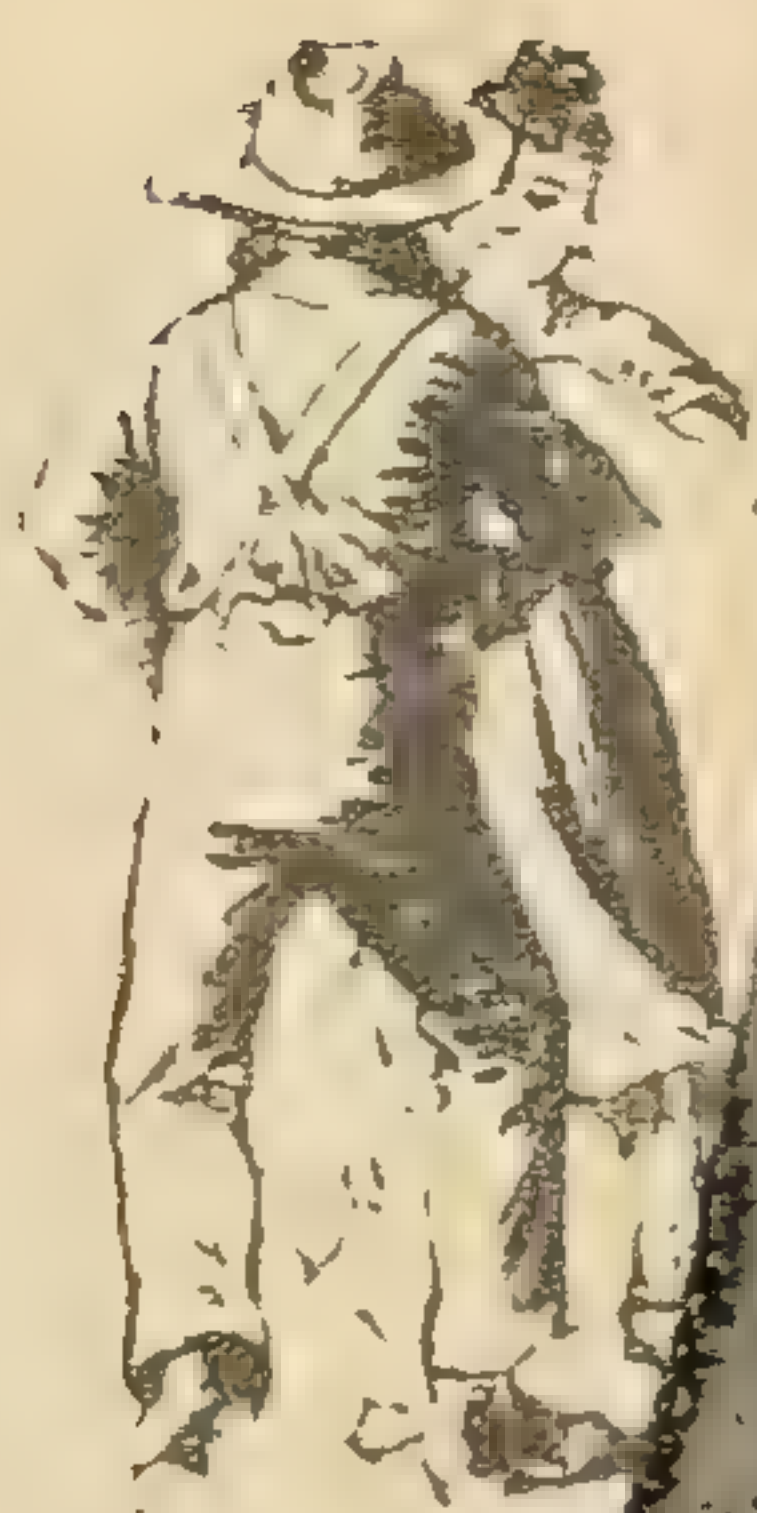
Mrs. Cornelius
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fall
is
closer
than
you
think...



whirling square dance dress



The square dance rage which swept the country this summer is slated to get even bigger and gayer this fall. Everybody's dipsy-doing it—so climb into this darling calico with the on-or-off shoulder—pick your partner, and hoe on down! In green or rose print. Sizes 10-18. By Kay Whitney. About \$6.95. At Bloomingdale's, N. Y. Other stores page 75.

ONE-MAN MARSHALL PLAN

(Continued from page 53)

side. "Acute indigestion," he explained. Two days later he lay flat on his back in a hospital, minus his appendix. Convalescence was pleasant, for Brenda'd finished her picture and danced attendance. Every once in a while she'd rub her right side. "I've got a pain here."

"Sympathetic reaction," Bill assured her. "How painful can sympathy be?"

In the end, she was X-rayed. "Your wife," the doctor told Bill, "has acute appendicitis."

"Quit playing games!" he roared. "We've been married two months, and I haven't seen this girl!"

They sent him home, changed the sheets and stuck Brenda into bed. Things had barely straightened out when Pearl Harbor Day dawned. Soon afterward they went to Washington for the President's Birthday Ball, and parted again—Brenda to New York for personal appearances, Bill back to Hollywood for another picture. He finished on April 15th. On the 17th—his birthday—he enlisted in the Army. Whatever wry humor the situation may have held now faded out. For eight months they didn't see one another.

With Bill making a private's salary, it seemed sensible for Brenda to work. And work would have helped fill the emptiness of his absence, except that they kept on handing her stinkeroos. Out of 14 parts, she hated 11. The golden future darkened to a dismal series of studio battles and suspensions against the ever-present background of personal heartache. At last she couldn't take any more, asked for her release, and flew East to Bill.

Returning to Hollywood, Brenda signed with 20th Century-Fox for *Paris After Dark*—and discovered a week later that she was pregnant. Everyone at 20th was having babies that year, so she didn't tell them until production was over. Peter Westfield—called Thumper before his birth because he kicked so hard, and Westinghouse later, because he rumbled like an icebox—made his appearance on November 17th. (At five-and-a-half, he's known as Wild West.)

from hunger . . .

Changing studios failed to change Brenda's luck. With the baby born, she reported back to 20th. They had news for her. "We'd like you to do a musical. Something for the boys."

"We-ell," said Brenda, "it's a lovely thought—only I can't sing or dance. I'm just an actress."

Another suspension, and out of a job again. Columbia offered her a contract, but she'd been twice bitten now and was contract-shy.

"If I don't take it, I'm a selfish pig," she wrote Bill. "We need the money."

"You do as you please," he wrote back. So she turned it down and when they were flat broke, made a quickie at a minor studio that she'd just as soon forget. . . .

Those were the war years. In October, 1945, Captain William Holden was discharged from the Army. In a way, the year that followed was the toughest yet. For 11 months Bill drew his salary at Paramount, and did no work. Being paid for nothing may sound like a sweet way to live. It isn't. To an actor, it's the sword of Damocles over your head. Bill's last picture had been released in 1942. The war was one thing. Sitting out your contract and watching fat parts go elsewhere was something else again. *Dear Ruth* was dear to Bill in more ways than one. It saved him from a case of desperation.



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Meantime, little Scotty had been born in May, and Brenda seemed quite content to stay at home. The separation, the fears, the loneliness had left their mark on the girl of a few years before, to whom a career had been so important. Now it was enough that she and Bill and the children were together. Producers would call, and Bill would hear her on the phone: "Interview? Thanks a lot, but I'm not interested."

This would please him mightily. Yet sometimes Bill would have qualms. Brenda'd been so crazy to act, he didn't want her frustrated. "Now that the pressure's off and I'm back on the job, why don't you get an agent and do a picture?"

"Maybe I will." And back she'd go to her housework and gardening. Bill in his wisdom had left the door wide open. She could always step out and back into her career.

That's how matters stood when the phone rang one morning. It was Bill Meiklejohn, Paramount's casting head. "Brenda," he said, "you haven't made a picture for six years. That's too long! Want to go back to work?"

"Doing what?"

"A Technicolor Western with Alan Ladd, called *Whispering Smith*."

Bill was making *The Man from Colorado* at Columbia, but she finally got him on the phone. "It's Technicolor, Bill. I think I look better in color than black-and-white. The role is a married woman in her thirties, and that's for me. Besides, with Alan Ladd, how can you lose?"

They'd been telling me the story together. Now Bill picked it up. "First thing I asked her was, 'How much money can you make?' She told me. It wasn't hay! And here's where I'd like to make one point very clear. We have three children. You've got to put money away for those kids. You also need adequate space for them. Our old house had two bedrooms. We were negotiating for a new house. In fact, we'd about decided to go ahead, but with tremors. The tremors grew less when I heard what Ardis could make." (You'll have to get used to this Ardis-Brenda routine. Her real name is Ardis, and Ardis she remains to Bill and their close friends.)

"And don't think," she cut in, "that I didn't play on those tremors. What's a new house with old furniture in it? We planned to buy nothing new till we could well afford it. Now, I told Bill, we could at least afford to start."

"So we started," Bill grinned. "You're sitting on a chair that wouldn't be here if Ardis hadn't worked in *Whispering Smith*."

The picture was a lovely interlude for Brenda. She and Bill would gulp their morning coffee together, and follow each other into town. If he finished first, she'd find him waiting in her dressing room. They'd follow each other home, jump into showers, have dinner on trays, then go upstairs and rehearse for the next day.

busy beaver . . .

Brenda revels in domesticity. Feels it's both her business and pleasure to keep the home fires burning. Bill's working his head off. It's a far cry from the days when he chewed his knuckles, waiting for a part to show. Now, if he sliced himself in two, there still wouldn't be enough Holdens to fill the demand. With actors crying, "No work!", Bill's made a round half-dozen pictures this year. Ordinarily, he thinks, that would be too many. But having been off the screen so long, he's catching up. More important is the mounting variety and stature of his roles. Twentieth Century-Fox borrowed him to do *Apartment for Peggy*. People say—and I mean people, not press agents—that if *The Dark Past* had been released in time, he'd have

copped an Academy Award nomination. Now, having finished *Miss Grant Takes Richmond* for Columbia, he's slated for Brackett and Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard* on his home Paramount lot. And to play the lead in a Brackett and Wilder film is the gold ring on the merry-go-round.

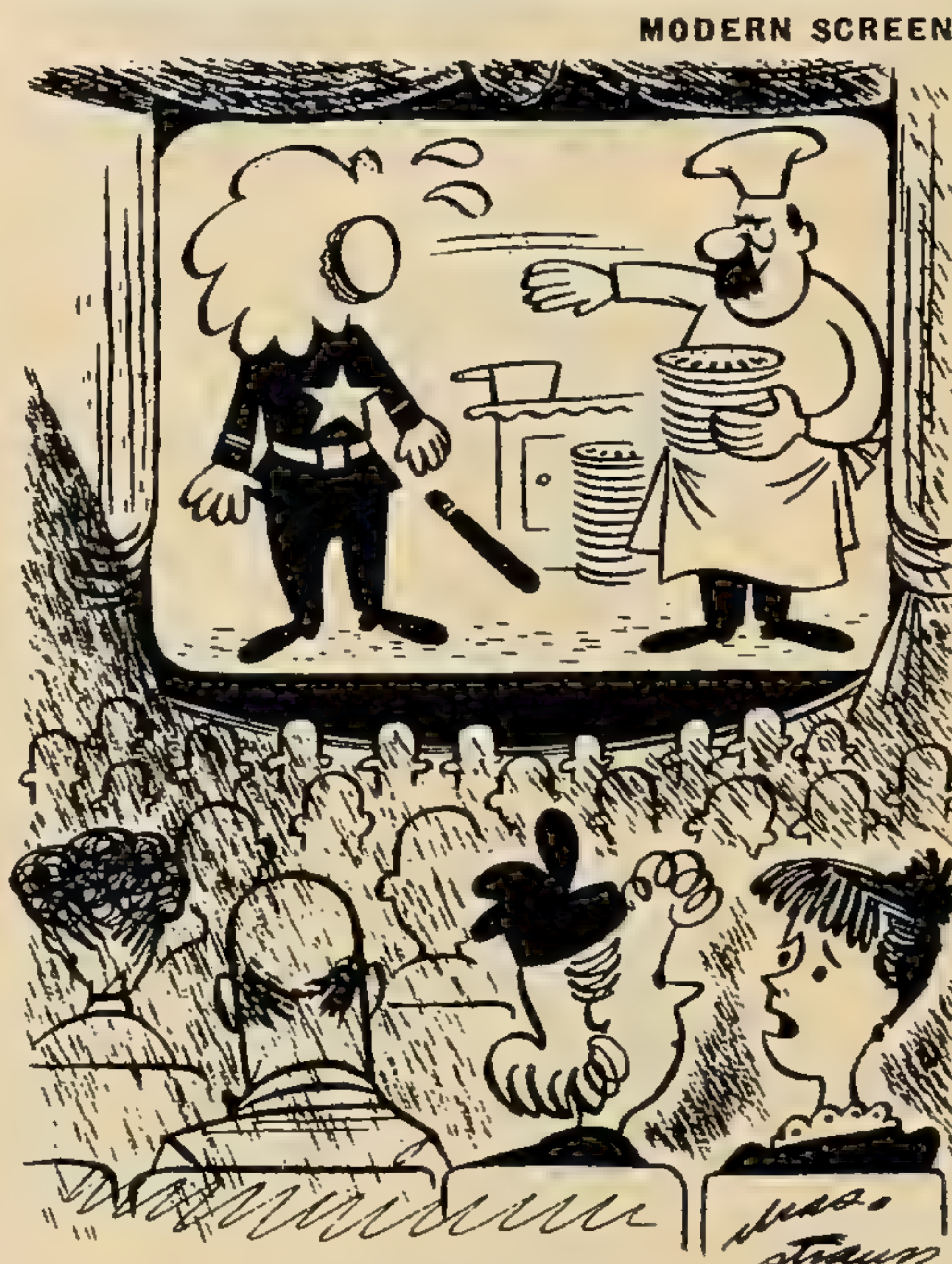
They don't belong to the Mocambo crowd. Life revolves around home, family and profession. But it's not a narrow professionalism—"not just being an actor," says Bill, "following certain patterns set by the town. I love the whole business. I'm an officer of the Screen Actors' Guild, and Ardis is just as concerned with those problems as I. She's a very helpful girl. Pretty too. Always pretty, even first thing in the morning."

"You should see me in winter, when I'm wearing one of his T-shirts for warmth!"

"Then she's cute. Looks like she's entering a bob-sled race at Saranac."

They kid about this, but in earnest. Bill can't understand the curler-and-mudpack type, nor why a woman should let herself go, once she's got her man signed, sealed and delivered. Neither can Brenda. "Especially when he's working all day with the most attractive girls in the world."

Meantime she works with hoes and shears and Snarol, waxes and polishes.



"I wish I had their recipe—I can never get a pie to turn out light and fluffy."

"I'll be at the windows, with a bandanna round my head, looking like the devil. Along comes a sight-seeing bus. 'Here's where the William Holdens live,' yells the driver, and some tourist yells, 'Who's that there?' She looks underpaid."

Come late afternoon, Brenda tracks the kids down, corrals them, bathes them, polishes their shoes for school next day. By the time Bill gets in, they've eaten and are busy with the television set. And a smartly-groomed wife, smelling of Chanel Number Five, is ready to enjoy a cocktail with her husband.

Except on Thursday, the help's day off. Give Brenda a house to clean, and she's in her glory. But give her an egg to boil, and she's through. Certain situations have to be faced. Some people are color-blind, and Mrs. Holden can't cook. She's tried her honest best, and she still can't cook. If the cook's left a Pyrex dish of stew that needs only to be heated, she eyes it balefully. "I know I'm going to burn it," she mutters—and she does.

For lunch, she feeds the kids canned soup and raw carrots. "Health food, that's what they need." Thursday's the only day she believes in health food. Thursday night

they have hamburgers, cooked by Bill. His reaction to this arrangement is mixed.

"In a way, it fractures me. There I am at the studio, knowing our poor little children won't eat till Daddy gets home. In another way, it builds up my male ego."

One Thursday night he dashed home to find their radio man—come to do a job on the sound machine—bending over the broiler.

"This is terrific," said Bill. "How did you get roped in?"

"Mrs. Holden asked, did I know a good formula for hamburgers?"

"A formula! What's it supposed to be—pablum?"

"So I said I'd fix 'em. Got kids of my own. They're crazy for hamburgers too. . . . These are well seared now. Only take another five minutes."

Brenda's voice floated down from above. "Surprise, darling! Mr. Kepler's cooking the hamburgers."

"I know! He gave me his formula."

no more hassle . . .

So she can't cook. But she sails through the dishes like a breeze. Bill settles for that.

You feel a serenity in Brenda, a sureness in Bill, a sense of love and stability between them. You feel that all problems (including hamburgers) have been settled and will continue to be.

On one essential point they're firmly agreed. Never again will Brenda be tied to a contract, which might separate them as it did before the war. "A contract," she says, "is Ulcer Alley. I've had my fill of it. Why go through that awful hassle when life's so wonderful this way?"

Bill feels no concern over any movie job she may take. "I know her too well. Through six lean years and two good ones she's proven time and again what comes first with her."

"I love acting and always will," said Brenda. "But for what you get, you've got to give something else up. How can you weigh a career, which lasts just so long against the enduring values of marriage and children? You can't."

In their still half-furnished living room hangs a lovely Paul Clemens portrait of Brenda and the children. It's the result of a vacation Bill didn't take, and is a kind of symbol of family solidarity.

Recently Bill caught a glimpse ahead of 10 days between pictures, and suddenly felt he had to get away from it all. Ten lovely lazy days at Acapulco—just he and Brenda and the sun and the sky. . . .

They started planning. Till Bill remembered the Clemens portrait they'd always wanted sometime when they could afford it. He did some fast calculating and came up with an offer. "If we skip the vacation, honey, we can have the portrait. Take your choice."

"But it's your vacation, Bill. You need the rest."

"I can rest in the backyard. I'd rather have the portrait now—before the children grow older."

The job was commissioned and done. Bill spent his holiday in the backyard, and went in every now and then to look at the painting. Count the minutes of joy he's already drawn from it, and they add up to a lot more than 10 days.

"Not to mention the years ahead," said Bill. "Ten years from now, what would Acapulco mean? Not a thing. On the other hand, Deedee'll be a young lady, West's voice'll be changing—even Scotty'll be in his teens. But I'll still be able to look at those cuties in the picture."

"Hey," cried Brenda, "you left one of us out! What'll Momma be doing?"

His eyes crinkled. "Waiting for Poppa to come home and cook the hamburgers."

THE END

JUDY'S ALL RIGHT!

(Continued from page 37)

prescription: "Rest, rest, and more rest."

And you have my word for it that she was resting. A lot of rumors in the newspapers had her dashing down to New York for a weekend of play-going, or visiting friends at fashionable beach resorts on Cape Cod and Long Island. I can assure you that such was not the case.

"I am not rushing things," said the new Judy, who heretofore has rushed things all her life. "I remember too well what happened to me two years ago when I went to Maine for a rest, and came back too soon."

Hedda Hopper reported that tragic story in "Breakdown," in the November, 1947, MODERN SCREEN—Judy's divorce from David Rose, her marriage to director Vincente Minnelli, her gruelling work schedule that kept her going almost up to the moment of daughter Liza's birth, and her return to the grind before she had recovered her strength.

It's true that the trip to Maine did avert the dreaded breakdown—but, as events have shown, it was not enough. Soon Judy was working her legs off matching the polished perfection of Fred Astaire in *Easter Parade*. She plunged into radio, matching tunes with another perfectionist, Bing Crosby. She began work on the songs and dances of *Annie Get Your Gun*—a staggering job, as Ethel Merman of the stage version can tell you.

burning the candle . . .

That was when she began fanning the flames of her double-ended candle to make them burn brighter. Tense and high-strung, she would return from the studio unable to sleep. Sleeping pills helped at first, but after a while they took their toll on her work the next day. To counteract this, she began taking the tablets that were used by wartime air pilots who had to stay awake during long-range bombing missions. The result was that between trying to sleep and trying to stay awake, the time came when Judy could do neither at the right time.

Mr. Alsop, who was with us during the interview, added another point. Himself a veteran actor, director and producer, he could speak with authority. "The preparation for a singing, dancing and acting role such as Judy has always played," he said, "calls for three times as much work as a plain acting part. The physical energy burned in learning a dance number is unbelievable. Worse, dancing builds up a lot of muscles that interfere with singing, so these muscular tensions have to be overcome. And finally, you have the strain of sustaining the dramatic intensity of the role during the weeks it is before the cameras. . . . My wife doesn't see how she does it," he added frankly.

Since his wife is Sylvia Sidney, another widely-experienced hand at show business, the tribute to Judy's terrific vitality is of more than casual significance.

But enough analysis of water that's over the dam. Let's take a look at this new Judy.

With the full approval of Judy's doctor, the interview took place in a corner suite on the ninth floor of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Boston, overlooking the historical Common. Judy was wolfing her third meal of the day—codfish cakes, which are as much a part of the traditional Boston menu as baked beans. Her delightful three-year-old daughter, Liza, fresh up from her afternoon nap, sat on the floor immersed in the problem of opening a draw-string bag. Mr. Alsop was listening



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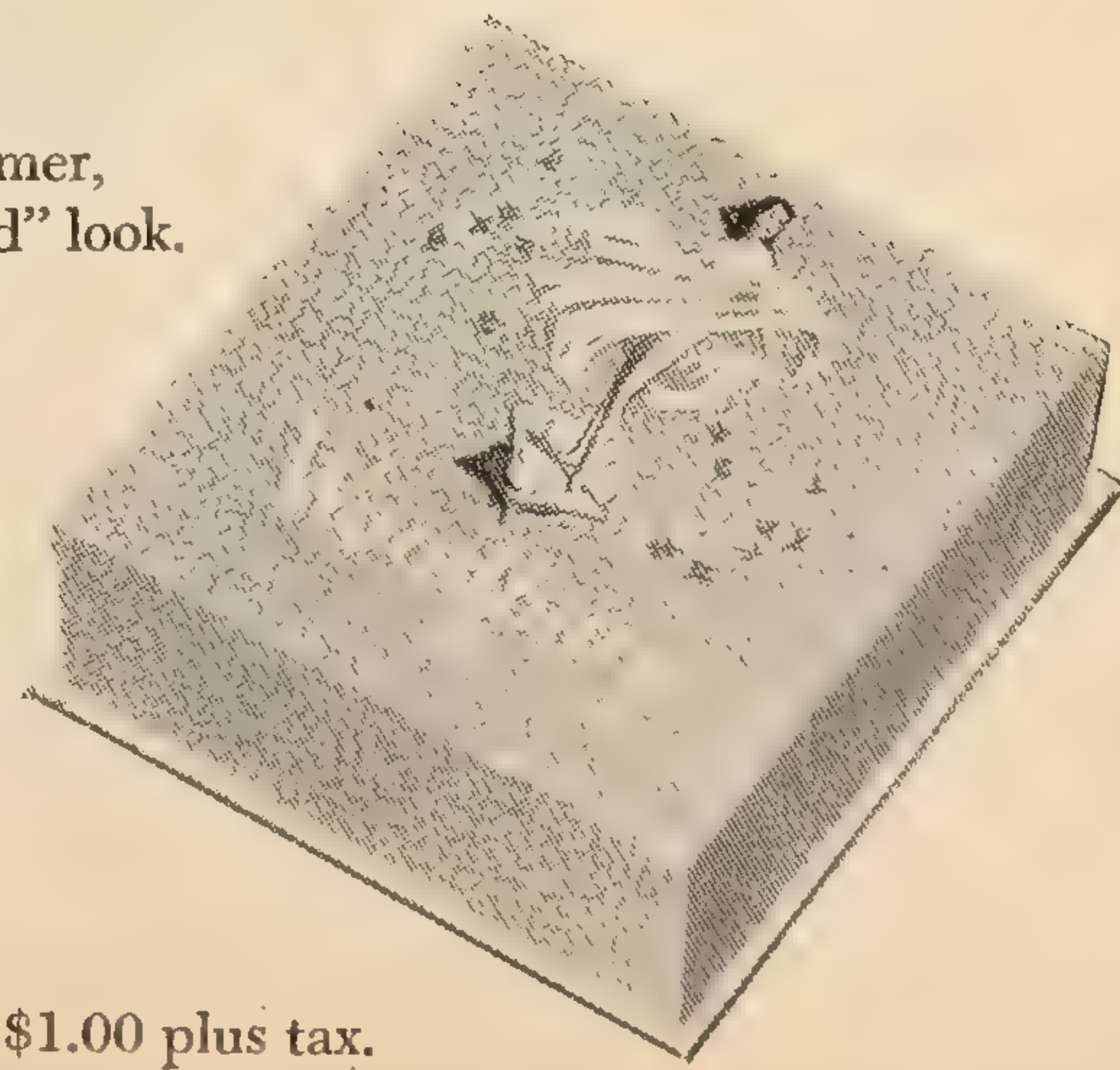
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to ticking noises in the telephone as his call to London went through.

The interview had to be quiet. Not for a long time would she be up to one of her slam-bang get-togethers with the press, with everyone firing a barrage of questions.

"They're wonderful to me out at the hospital," said Judy, tackling another cake. "I'm just another patient out there, you know. No special nurses, no special privileges. When I want my breakfast, I get it when they get to me."

I asked how she was progressing in learning how to sleep all over again.

She laughed. "They taught me, all right. They turned out the lights and told me to go to sleep. There was nothing else to do, no place to go, and so I went to sleep. It was just catnaps at first, but now I just close my eyes and I'm off for 10 and 12 hours at a stretch. No pills. It's wonderful. . . .

"This hospital really renews your faith in human nature," she went on. "I went with the nurse to the children's ward the other day. One little girl—the palest, most wistful mite you ever did see—had a chart at the foot of her bed, and upon it were the letters T.L.C. I asked what they meant, and my nurse said, 'Tender, loving care.' You see, love was as much a part of her cure as medicine, and every night the nurse cuddled the little child until she dropped off to sleep." Judy's big eyes were moist. "Imagine people caring so about others that they do all that."

part of the cure . . .

There was no doubt that Judy's time in the hospital had given her a new maturity. As a patient now instead of—as so often before—a benefit entertainer, she was seeing the hospital's whole complex function from the inside. This was no shallow stage setting, and the beds were not props filled with extras. This was life with its suffering and its healing, and Judy was absorbing it all.

"As soon as the doctors were convinced my recovery was the real thing," she continued happily, "they let me have Liza brought here from the Coast. Now I can play with her every day—and of course we have to catch her favorite shows on television. We're both great fans."

Judy's range of activity had been extended as her gratifying progress continued. Now, almost daily she was going for a drive with Mr. Alsop, often along the beach for the salt air, but more often to points of historical interest. She was coupling her pilgrimages to Plymouth Rock, Concord, and Lexington with an intensive reading program in American history, finding in this tradition-filled New England environment a feeling of strength and solidity she had missed before. Favorite spot of all was Harvard University at dusk, amongst the great elms and the ancient walls that hold a continuity of 300 years.

And what of Judy's future?

Right now she was returning to the hospital every evening, there to remain until noon the next day, sleeping, sleeping, sleeping. And some time around the first of August there would come the return to work—but never again at the old pace. Judy has been reflecting on the counsel of friends, and they've had some remarkable things to say.

"Judy Garland," says Katherine Hepburn, "has everything it takes to become a great dramatic actress. What she has done so far can't compare with what she will do in the right parts."

It was Miss Hepburn, incidentally, who so opportunely provided Judy with a house to rent when Judy separated from husband Vincente Minnelli. Strangely enough, the house was extremely close to the one she was leaving.

"They couldn't have separated at closer quarters," says Alsop enigmatically. Mr. Alsop happens to be also the manager and personal representative of husband Minnelli. Somehow, between the adjacency of Judy's and Vincente's dwellings and the coincidence of their sharing a most diplomatic manager, I gathered there was no reason to accept their separation too seriously.

Minnelli is another who has never sold Judy short, and his words of advice on the more serious phases of acting are now getting her close attention. The stage is beckoning. London wants her, either at the Palladium or in a revue. If they get her, it will not be for lack of some highly competitive bidding from the New York stage, but because Judy is anxious to see more of the world. Boston has stimulated her interest in history, and now she wants to follow through.

What kind of a role does Judy see for herself? Singing is so much a part of her, she cannot see herself working without music for a while. But how about Judy as the adult, sloe-eyed enchantress, Magnolia, in *Show Boat*? Or singing Mary Martin's role in *South Pacific*? I'm not saying Judy has her heart set on those roles. I'm pointing them out as the type of part she sees for herself in the future—parts calling for all the superb acting talent of which she is capable—and of which she shows flashes even in light roles such as she has in *In the Good Old Summer-time*.

As I looked at her, so poised and relaxed and charming, it seemed incredible that this was the Judy who, nervous and more than a little irritable, had fled Hollywood a few scant weeks before, convinced that her career was in ruins. Now she knows that if she had not left when she did, she might really have ruined her career by exhausting that last slight reserve of nervous energy that is proving her salvation. Her outbursts of temperament—call them tantrums if you will—were the poppings of Nature's safety valve, and they sounded their warnings in time.

Now, refreshed by long hours of sleep that would be continued until her reservoir of energy was at flood, she had found herself again. More mature, yes, and more thoughtful—and to have gained those attributes out of her past troubles is to have redeemed far more than was lost.

There still remains the problem of the Great Suspension and the little matter of *Annie Get Your Gun*. Judy was not up to talking business, but there were some clues as to which way the wind was blowing. For instance, Metro was showing a right fatherly concern over Judy's rest, and the telephone calls she had been receiving from her bosses could hardly be called stern and disciplinary. In fact, they added up to something mighty like "Get well, Judy, and come home. All is forgiven."

And she will be coming home again—the old Judy, clear-eyed, and vital. Judy's all right! THE END

MEET THE AUTHOR

George Scullin was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, grew up there and entered journalism in 1930. After working on a number of Middle Western newspapers and being a staff writer for several radio stations, he moved to New York in 1936. There his jobs on various well-known periodicals have included an associate editorship of *Fortune* and the editorship of *True*. His articles have appeared in an impressive list of national magazines. During the war, Scullin served as a navigator in the Air Transport Command, flying runs over the North and the South Atlantic and the Hump.

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I'M STILL WILD ABOUT HARRY

(Continued from page 47)

you at that hour of the night. But it wouldn't have seemed like a wedding at all. And I think even movie people have the right to be married quietly, if that's what they want, instead of signing autographs on the way in and out.

So the ceremony took place in one of the hotel rooms. Five minutes later I was phoning my mother, and all I could say was, "Mrs. Harry James talking, Mrs. Harry James talking, Mrs. Harry James talking"—like a stuck record.

And now we've just marked the sixth year of our wonderful marriage.

There was something very special about this anniversary: It was the first one we've spent together—every other time Harry's been on the road.

Being together was all the celebration we needed. We don't make a big production of anniversary gifts. Harry always loaded the house with red roses, but lots of times he has been playing some little town where he couldn't find any other kind of present. I'm not crazy about jewelry, which makes it hard for him. Not long ago he gave me a gold chain with a gold poodle on it, and I do love that. But aside from that, the only jewelry I usually wear is my wedding ring and my wrist watch. I do, however, really go for furs—and Harry came up with a blue mink this year!

He's worse than I am to buy presents for. He's got a bunch of watches, and doesn't use any. He's got six lighters and I don't know how many tie clips. I'll be beating my brains out for an idea, and all of a sudden he'll say, "I really need some new shirts." *Fine*, I think, the man needs some new shirts. Then, a week before his birthday, he'll go out and buy them. Or a week before Christmas, he'll stock up on Argyle socks. Makes me so mad! The ranch helps out though, as far as presents are concerned. From time to time, we'll give each other a horse.

so darn sweet . . .

Naturally, the high spots of our marriage have been Vicki and Jessica. Harry was here when Vicki was born. I was pretty uncomfortable, but I honestly think it was harder on Harry. He'd have done anything, only there was nothing he could do. Till an idea hit him. Suddenly he said: "Excuse me," and went out and came back with about 16 crossword puzzles.

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. If he'd brought me just one! But no—a whole pack of them! I remember wondering, "How long does he think I'll be here?" But I never let on, because I could see just how his mind worked. Being desperate to get me something and knowing I loved crossword puzzles, he felt they'd please me more than flowers or perfume. It was so darn sweet that, feeble though I felt, I even tried to do one or two, to show him I appreciated the thought.

When Jessica came, he wasn't here. He'd arranged his tour to be back in time, but Jessica came about five weeks early. I'd promised him this one would be a ballplayer, and I must say I was disappointed at first. I'd been dying to tell him, "It's a boy!" But it was Mother who broke the news, anyway. She talked to him right after the baby was born, because I was in the operating room for nearly three hours. Then, as soon as I got down to my room, I talked to him. If it had been a boy, I'd have come right out with it, loud and

clear and joyful. This way I said, "It's a girl, you know." Almost as if I were apologizing.

But he didn't care. "Why d'you think I had the name Jessica all picked out?" he cried.

That was Harry's choice entirely. He thought Jesse James was such a wonderful name, especially for a little girl. Well, I like Jesse with an e but not with an ie. So we call her Jess or Jessica. With no middle name. Vicki's is Elizabeth, after me and my grandmother. But Jessica James just sounded right, with nothing in the middle to break it up.

To me, loving someone makes you want to make him happy. I've always tried to fit myself into Harry's way of life, and it's been easy. Harry's a very easy person to live with. He's got a heavenly disposition. Any problems that come up, we straighten them out together. Our only problem that's ever amounted to a hill of beans is my being in the movies. Harry's never said, "Don't work"—but I know he'd be better pleased if I didn't. He's not the least bit impressed with being married to a movie star.

I can understand that. Harry's ideas about women are very old-fashioned. He doesn't care about seeing his wife in the limelight. But he's understanding, too. He knows I enjoy making pictures, so he won't ask me not to.

What really griped him at first was the Betty Grable thing. It shouldn't have, because his name is as big as mine, if not more so. But the fact remains that it made him uncomfortable. It made us both uncomfortable. I'd squirm when people would introduce me as Miss Grable in his presence. When they'd call up at home and ask for Miss Grable on the phone, I'd always tell the help to say, "Do you mean Mrs. James?"

Even at the studio, where I naturally expected to be called Grable, my chair is marked BETTY JAMES. And there's one director who always introduces me as Mrs. James. I never asked him to, he just sensed that I liked it better. Somebody'll come up and he'll say, "This is Mrs. James." It gives me a nice feeling. It's as it should be.

As Mrs. James, I've got a husband, two children and a house to look after. That's my job. The studio doesn't enter into our home life. Once that door closes behind me, my work's shut out as if it didn't exist. We not only don't discuss it, it's never mentioned. As I said before, Harry's not interested in my being a movie star, so why bore him with chit-chat about what happens on the set? It's not as if I helped to keep the wolf from the door. He pays the bills, like any business man who's married. I could retire right now and live very comfortably for the rest of my life. Which is just what I plan, when my dancing days are over. I have no ambition to be a dramatic actress.

No, we don't have any movie talk round the house. But music—that's another story. I love to have Harry bring his test records home, so I can hear them. He puts them on to see if they sound all right, or if he wants to make changes here and there. I guess I've got some old-fashioned notions myself. I feel very strongly that the man of the house has a right to bring his work home and talk it over with his wife, and expect her to sympathize and understand. If Harry were a broker and said, "I had a terrible day at the office, I sold 10 shares when I should have bought

them," I'd make it my business to find out about shares. Even if I hated music—though who could hate music?—and wanted to go lock myself in a room, I'd never let him know it. I think it's up to me to be interested in Harry's career. I don't think it's up to him to be interested in mine. Maybe that's not modern, but that's how I feel.

And maybe this sounds corny, but—well, there's *nothing* in Harry I can find to criticize. To me, he has perfect taste—in clothes, in music, in people, in behavior. I trust his judgment more than my own. Which is why I get nervous when he comes over to the set. I'm afraid he may think that what I'm doing isn't good. Nobody makes me self-conscious at work but my husband. So I'm just as glad, when he does have time off, that he'd rather play golf or take in a ball game. Maybe twice while I'm on a picture we'll have lunch together, and that's it.

he's the tops . . .

Because I respect his taste so deeply, he's naturally influenced me in lots of ways—broadened my knowledge of music, changed my mind about people. If we argue about something, Harry can always explain to me why he feels as he does. I can't. Harry makes good sense, so generally I come round to his way of thinking. Which doesn't mean that the James boy can't change his mind, too.

Like the time I got a bright red car. "That's Hollywood," said Harry, who hates anything flashy. So do I, for that matter, but I hadn't thought of it that way. I just liked the color. Well, a couple of weeks later, he said, "Come on out, I've got something to show you." And there in the drive stood my husband's car, painted red.

"It's a pretty shade, isn't it?" I said.

He grinned—and we let it go at that.

About the children, we've never had any difference of opinion. I'm the one who's responsible for their day-by-day routine. Harry's the one who takes Vicki to the circus. We don't worry about when they'll start piano lessons and so forth. Vicki's five and Jessica's two. We enjoy their being five and two, and the future can wait until it gets here.

We give them all kinds of love and attention, but we don't spoil them. When I say, "Vicki, it's time to go to bed," she says goodnight and goes—even at Christmas, when people are over and she's having such fun playing with her new toys. Sometimes I'd like to say, "Oh, well, you can stay up a little longer." But I don't. I think that's indulging yourself and harming the child. If you stick to your word, then you don't get the tears and tantrums and the business of having to drag them upstairs. At least, that's how it is with us. Vicki's always been a happy child, and so is the baby. I've never really had to discipline or spank them. Though, if it were necessary, I'd be the one to do it, not Harry. He's gone so much, I'd hate to have them feel he came home just to spank them.

When he's away, I don't care about being with a lot of people. Once in a while some friends'll take me to dinner, or have dinner at home with me. But not because they think, "Poor Betty's going to be lonesome—let's whip up an evening for her." They know me better than that. Of course I'm lonesome, but I don't get frantic over it, or wonder, "Oh, what'll I do tonight?" Maybe I'm just lazy, but I'd rather eat dinner with Vicki, watch the television set, and climb into bed with a book at 9. When I'm working, I've got to be in bed by 9. Working or not, I prefer to be lonesome by myself instead of having people trying to entertain me and get my mind off Harry's being away.

I miss him terribly I miss him every



At Duke University, they called lovely Dee Gentner the "Noxzema Queen." "I use Noxzema as a night cream to help keep my skin smooth and soft."



Charming Hazel Grading first used Noxzema for externally-caused blemishes. She adds, "It proved so effective that it's now my regular beauty cream."



American Airlines Stewardess Elizabeth Toomey has a delicate, sensitive skin. "So I never use heavy make-up" says Betty. "Just Noxzema and powder."



Lovely Rita Tennant says she's found nothing superior to Noxzema. "It's my regular night cream—helps heal those little externally-caused skin irritations we all get occasionally."

Are you having any trouble with your skin?

Read how these 4 women gained softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin

• Does your skin ever get dry and flaky? Do those ugly little blemishes from external causes sometimes embarrass you, spoil your fun?

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At 7-day intervals, their skin was examined through a magnifying lens. Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin

in two weeks. Yes, 4 out of 5 showed amazing improvement.

New 4-Step Routine

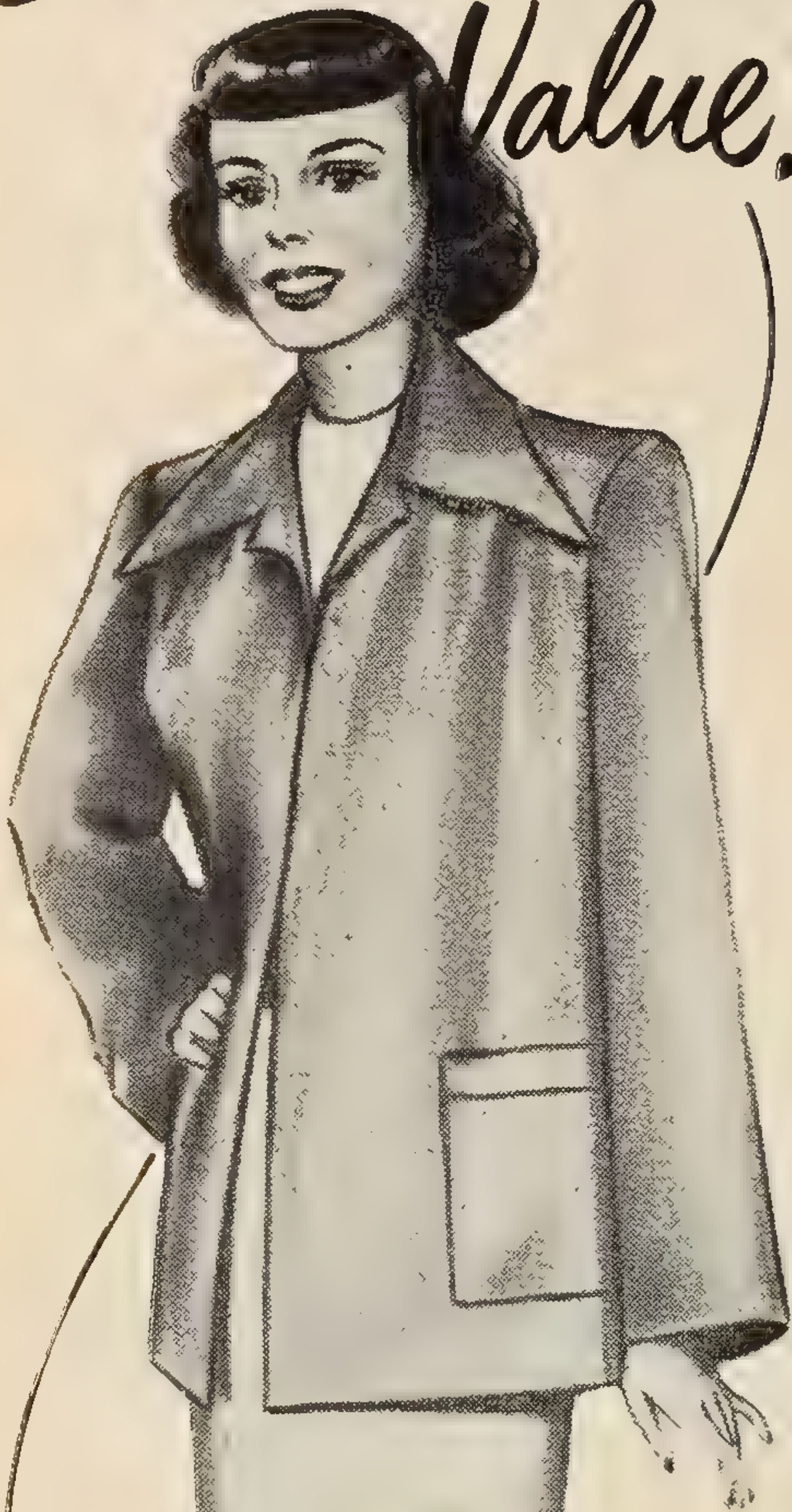
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2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
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minute. But he *has* to go on the road a certain part of each year. I have to accept it, so I accept it. Gosh, I'm *lucky*! Look at the girls whose husbands were gone for years and years during the war. What have I got to complain about? Nothing—with a capital N!

I talk to him every night he's away. He calls me the minute he finishes work. With the difference in time, it's generally 9 or 9:30. But even if it's 2 in the morning, the phone's by my bed, and I can always go right back to sleep again. I tell him what the kids have been doing, and we find enough to talk about for half an hour.

The first time he went off on the road, since we were talking on the phone every night, I didn't bother to write. Then one night, towards the end of our conversation, he said, "Betty—I wish you'd write me a letter."

"But, honey—I've told you everything. There's nothing left to *write*."

"All the other fellows get letters from their wives. When I go to the desk, there's nothing for me."

"But the other fellows don't talk to their wives every day."

"Well, you could at least get a big piece of paper and write 'I love you' on it, and send it. Just so there's something for me at the desk."

Naturally I couldn't have poor Harry standing there, and the clerk shaking his head. So ever since, when he's away, I've been writing him about three times a week. And three times a week he calls early, so he can talk to Vicki.

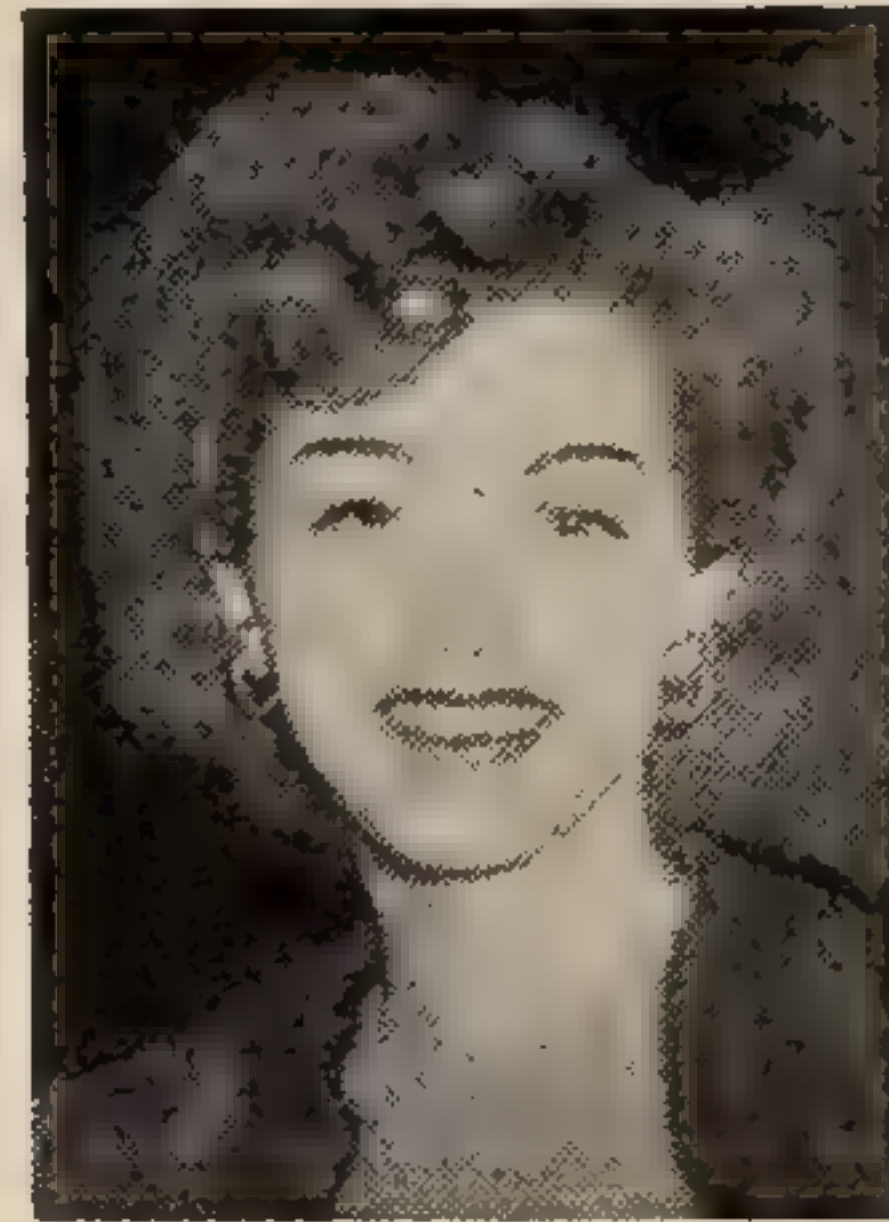
When Harry's home, we live just as quietly. If he's working, he'll be on his feet for four solid hours. Right now I'm making *Wabash Avenue*, and my day runs from 6 to 6. With a schedule like that, you just want to relax at night. But even when we're free, we don't do much running around. I've never had a lot of girl friends, and Harry's never had a lot of buddies. In his business you work with people, and then you don't see them again for months. We have our own group of friends, and we're comfortable with them, and don't feel the need for making new ones. Harry's a shy person. So am I. I have a terrible complex about going to parties and walking into a room and meeting strangers. We'd rather spend our spare time with each other and the kids.

never a bored moment . . .

Of course, Santa Anita's a ritual. When the track's open, we get up in the morning, get dressed, and we're off to the races. At night we just sit around. Maybe Harry'll watch a ball game on television, and I'll read a book. Sometimes friends'll drop in for cards. But it's never this thing of, "Let's run here, let's go there, let's call the gang up and ask them over." When that happens to people, I think it's often out of sheer boredom. I've never been bored for a minute since my marriage. There's no restlessness. We *love* our life. There's nothing else we want to do. Maybe some day we'd like to travel. But we don't feel we just can't wait to scramble on a boat and go see Europe. We can wait very nicely till the kids are old enough to enjoy it with us.

I'm not saying we never go out nights. But only if there's a ball game we really want to see, or a band we really want to hear. And if the music's good, we'll dance. I've been asked how it feels, as a professional dancer, to get up on a public floor, with people watching. The answer is, I don't look around to see if they're watching or not. If they like the way we look, fine. If they don't, fine. I enjoy watching good dancers myself, but not to the point of fascination. That's why I think nobody's that way over *me* out there on the floor. If they were, it would embarrass me.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Marsha Hunt was making a personal appearance here in Canada I went to see her. After the performance I went to the stage door and waited for her. In a few minutes, Marsha came out and as she started to sign my autograph book, a middle-aged couple came around a corner of the building. "Are you that fancy movie star who's supposed to be in town?" the woman asked. Before Marsha could answer, the man spoke up, "Of course she's not, Ma. Look how pretty she is. You know how awful those movie stars look off the screen." "Oh, yes, of course, Pa," said the woman turning away, "Sorry I bothered you, Miss." And as they both scuttled away Marsha and I dissolved into helpless laughter.

Beverly Matlin
 Winnipeg, Man.
 Canada

Apart from each other and the kids, our big interest is the ranch. At first it was just a pleasure thing—a place to ride and cavort through the hills. Then Harry thought, why not get some brood mares and start raising? So now it's developed into a breeding farm, which my father manages. We go out there weekends, and every other chance we get.

It was quite a thrill when Sociable, our two-year-old, won at the Golden Gate his third time out. You know, if you own a mare, and the mare has a baby on your ranch, you get breeder's stakes in addition to your purse. We've had five baby horses this season. Of course, they won't get to the races for two years—but we love the whole idea, and not just for thrills. I always feel that, when I'm through in pictures, the ranch'll be right up my alley. I'm not the type that likes to lunch at Romanoff's and spend the afternoon playing bridge. To me, that's kind of a waste. I'd rather sink my teeth into something that shows results. And believe me, you can find yourself plenty of bother when you've got a lot of stock to take care of. Besides, I'm just plain crazy about horses, and so is Harry.

And we're going to live where our horses are. About six months ago we sold our house, which was too small after Jessica came, and rented this one, expecting to build on the ranch right away. But we found we needed more property first—flat ground where the mares and their babies can run, and where we can set up a half-mile training track. Once that deal goes through, we'll build us a rambling stone-and-frame house in a ranchy sort of style. Harry wants one huge room with a lot of stone inside and a big stone fireplace—the kind of room that'll hold a pool table and a shuffleboard and a television set. Anything Harry wants, I want. If I didn't, I'd say so. If I said, "Look, honey, I don't think that pool table looks so well in there," we could get together on it. But what's the way a room looks, compared to its comfort?

By January the place ought to be in shape, so we can move the whole shebang over there. That'll be the James home for good. That's where we hope to spend our golden anniversary.

THE END

(Betty Grable is currently in *The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend*.)

HOW PHONY CAN YOU GET!

(Continued from page 34)

Dick grinned. "I'm not!" he called back. "A heck of a guy you are," Bill Smith muttered to him. "What do you want to do—disillusion people?"

The boys in the publicity department still laugh over their first experience with the "cold, ruthless, conceited killer." During his first interview, Dick behaved like a mobster who'd been warned that he'd be bumped off if he talked to the D. A. When the ordeal was over, his hands trembled violently as he lit a cigarette. Perspiration glistened across his forehead.

"I don't think I can ever go through that again," he said. "Whew!"

"Scared, huh?" "You can say that again," said Dick. "Thank heaven it's over."

"Over?" The publicists laughed. "Why, this is only the beginning. You're in Hollywood now."

But Dick Widmark has still not taken, to put it mildly, to being interviewed. Writers who've tried to manage vivid explorations into his private life have come away saying they'd rather tangle with such notoriously mum characters as Gary Cooper or John Wayne. And so, in trying to "get to him," writers have given up the effort of attempting to find something about his real life appropriate to the "killer" light in which the publicists first presented him. Instead, the writers have gone to the other extreme: They've portrayed Dick as a shy, mousey type who's content to sit back, take what comes along

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF MUD

When Dick Widmark was in high school, he played drums for a time in a pick-up band at small local dances. He and his pals would take turns borrowing family cars for transportation. One night, Dick wheedled his dad's brand new sedan for a dance 20 miles away. It had been raining hard, which turned the road into a sea of mud in places—particularly in that place where an enterprising farmer had dug a special mudhole from which he pulled bogged victims out at \$15 a head.

When Dick and his orchestra colleagues hit the hole, the new car promptly sank in up to its fenders. When the farmer "just happened by" with his team of horses, they couldn't raise the \$15 among them, so they simply hooked a ride and left the car stranded.

By unusual coincidence, Carl Widmark chose that time to say to a friend of his, "Dick borrowed the car tonight to play a dance date. Why don't you get your car out, and we'll take our wives over and watch awhile."

The "old folks" too came to the mud hole.

"Whaddya know!" the elder Widmark declared. "There's a car just like mine. Brand, spankin' new and sunk up to its ears. Hate to be the guy who owns that." They got out to look. Widmark found out that he owned it.

"I'll never forget that night," Dick remembers. "We were playing our idea of a hot version of 'Penthouse Serenade' when I looked up and saw Dad crossing the floor. I never did finish the number. Father and son had a nice long talk—with no emphasis on the nice . . . From there on in, I haven't ever had to figure long when deciding whether my career or personal obligations came first."



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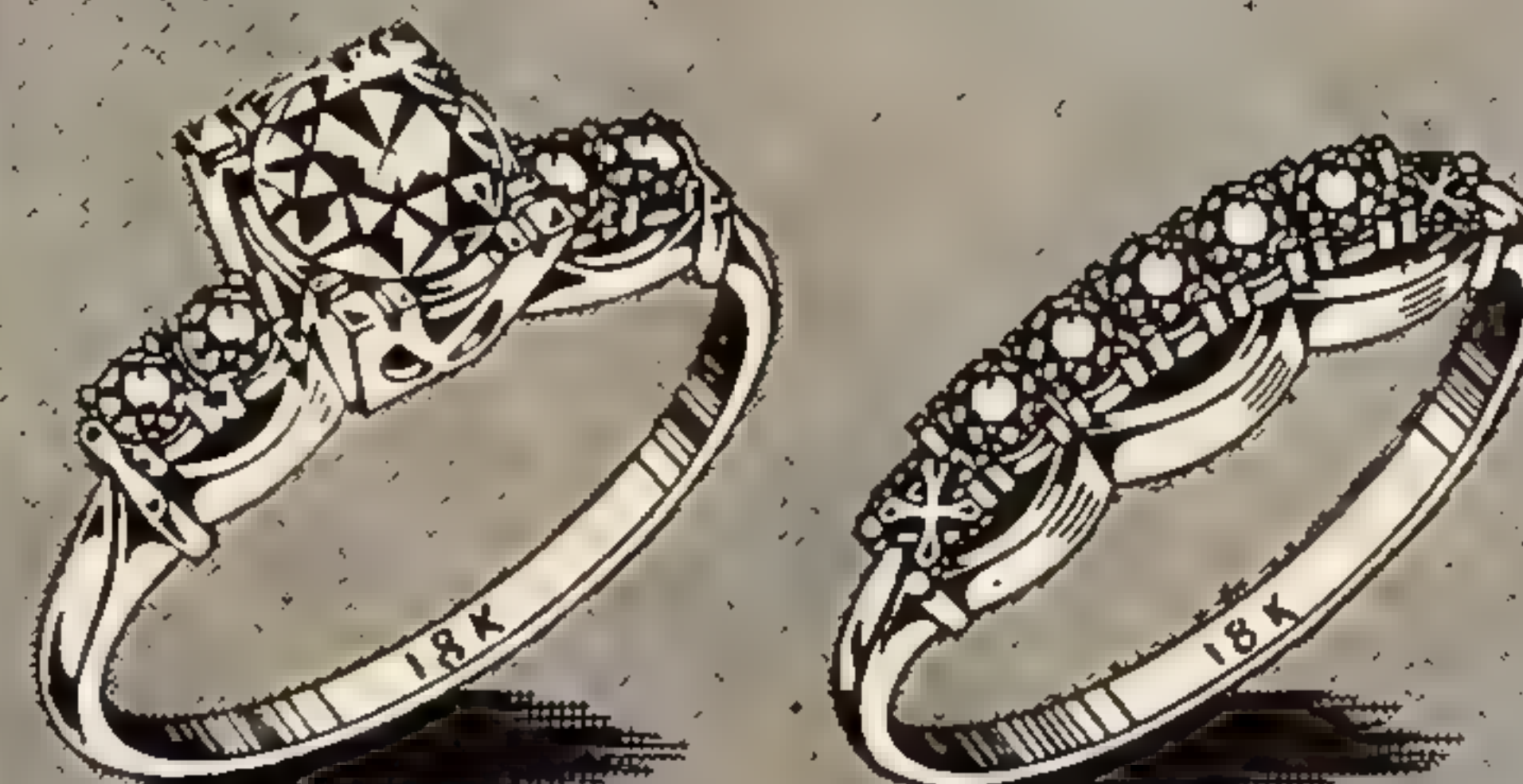
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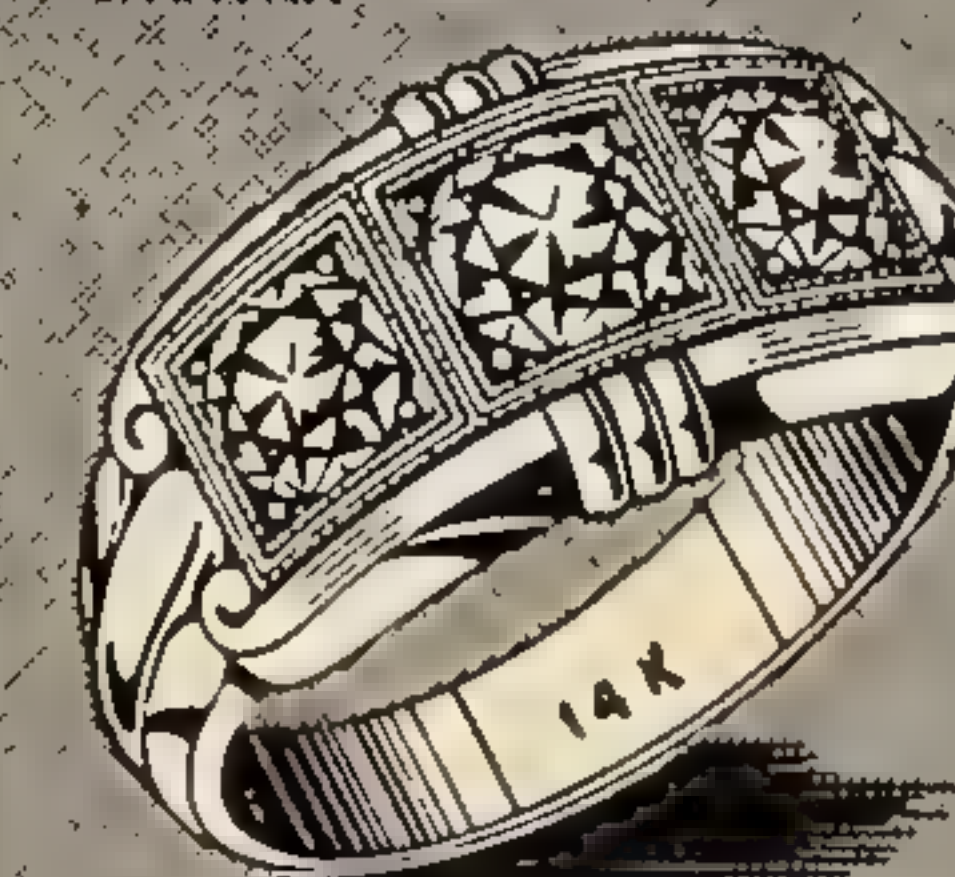
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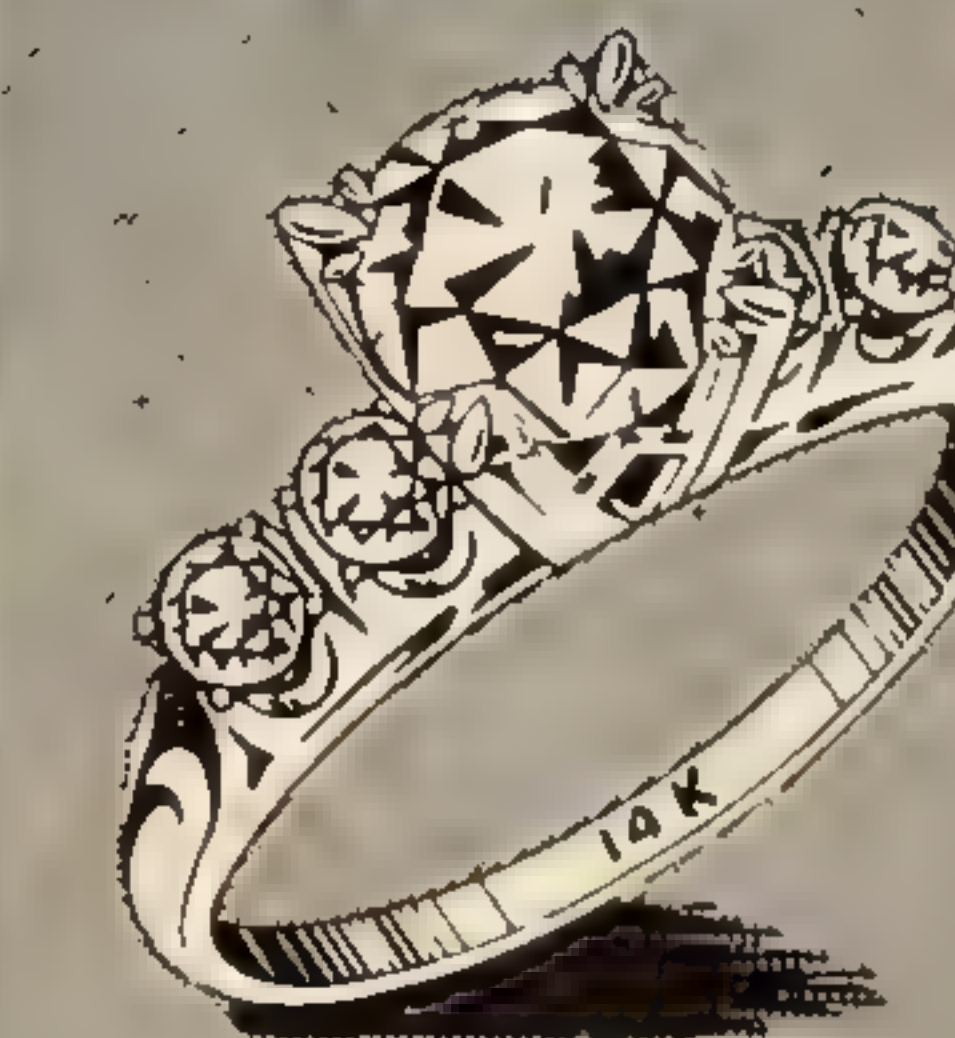
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Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

Have you met an angel with a slippery halo lately? Or come face to face with the fact that there is such a thing in love's pattern as hate at first sight? I have, but not through crashing keyholes. I heard "My True Story" the other day and had my eyes opened. For here in the midst of radio's contrived fiction and blushing examples of emotion-mad script writers is an intimate and revealing program based on the confessions of real people. (The program I happened to catch dealt with an unscrupulous woman in angel's disguise who thoroughly wrecked another woman's life because of a thwarted love). Another thing that impressed me was that "My True Story" is no cliff hanger that leaves you suspended in mid-marriage but a complete and often brutally frank dramatization of a life which might be yours or mine but for a quirk of fate. A whole galaxy of leading actors and actresses make these unreserved confessions of jealousy, remorse and warped lives as real as they really are, and it's a credit to Libby, McNeil and Libby and to Sterling Drug that they present such powerful and adult entertainment every day at 10:00 AM EDT over the ABC network.

★ ★ ★

There is a man I know who could sell a furnace to a Fiji Islander. His anecdotes, sage and salty, would fascinate even the most retiring spinster and you can make a date with him any day at 11:45 AM EDT over the American Broadcasting Company network. His name is Galen Drake and he can talk about anything . . . people or penguins, truths or trivia . . . all in a friendly, low-falutin' style that has endeared him to me for years. Stories are his forte, sometimes tall . . . sometimes short . . . but always entertaining. I often think that if Scheherazade were alive, she'd have to look to her laurels for Pillsbury's Galen Drake has entertained me for more than 1001 days.

★ ★ ★

Other Tips on ABC Daytime Dialing

"Bride and Groom" 2:30 PM edt
A wedding a day keeps the blues away.

"Breakfast Club" 9:00 AM edt
Morning merrymaking with Don McNeill.

Kay Kyser 4:00 PM edt
Dean of the Original College of Fun and Knowledge.

Joan Lansing

and, for real contentment, repair the family lawn mower.

And this is just as phony as the first notion.

A glimpse of the real Widmark came while a scene for *Kiss of Death* was being shot in New York's St. Nicholas Arena. His performance as the sadistic Tommy Udo had been so realistic that his fellow workers were beginning to feel slightly jittery in his presence. Even Director Hathaway must have felt this way, for at one point, when Hathaway thought Dick was doing some action too fast, he shouted:

NICE WHISKERS

Not long ago, Dick Widmark went East for a personal appearance tour. Coming into New York on the Century, he overslept, and jumped out of his berth only when Grand Central Station was announced. In his haste to get a fast shave, he dropped and broke his electric razor in his compartment.

As he hit the Pullman corridor, feeling tough and looking like a gangster on the lam, his path was blocked by a studio publicity man.

"Hold it, Dick!" he said. "Wait until the people get off. You'll be mobbed."

"Look," said Dick. "I've got to get somewhere and get shaved."

"What for?" the man cried indignantly. "This way, you look right in character. This way, you look just like Richard Widmark!"

"No, no, no! Good Lord, man, slow down that yackety-yak—you're driving me crazy!"

A hush fell over the arena, its lower seats jammed with 400 extras. Killer Udo would have giggled and proceeded to destroy Hathaway on the spot. Mouse Widmark would have curled up and begged everybody's pardon. But Richard Widmark—well, he said calmly; "Mr. Hathaway, you don't have to yell at me. If you've something to say about my performance, take me to one side and discuss it with me. But please don't shove me around. I don't need a job in pictures that bad."

Hathaway, the hard taskmaker but also an understanding veteran of many fine pictures, smiled. Then he apologized.

Dick Widmark, neither a conceited killer nor a mouse, has been that way since he was a little shaver. "When I was a kid," he recalls, "my family moved frequently from town to town because of Dad's business. Every time we hit a new place, my brother and I were a couple of pint-sized strangers. We practically had to fight our way in. You know how it is with kids, and how clannish they are."

So wherever the Widmark brothers went, it was "two against the mob." Finally Dick's father, Carl Widmark, grew weary of the battles his sons were constantly getting into. He bought a pit bulldog named Scrappy. Every morning the bulldog walked the kids to school. Every afternoon he was waiting at the schoolhouse to bring them home. Scrappy, with his fanatic loyalty, had them frequently in hot water with his eagerness to take the seat out of the pants of any kids who tried to muscle the young Widmarks around.

"It's a wonder," says Dick, "that somebody didn't slip Scrappy a poisoned dog biscuit. But he lived to a ripe old age. I've still got his collar around somewhere. I saved it because Scrappy never cared who was right or wrong. He was for us."

Let's take a closer look at the "conceited" part of the killer tag. Conceited? Of course Dick Widmark isn't—any more than he's got an inferiority complex.

His head is today the same size it was when he landed in Hollywood. For those who may think that as time has gone by, he's been edging toward association with the top upper crust of Hollywood, it may be pointed out that Dick has more excuses for dodging social events than a woman has for buying a new hat. And as for money, Dick is not impressed. Even before he came to Hollywood, he was earning fat chunks of the stuff. Nowadays, what with the increasing bite taxes have taken out of his increasing paycheck, he figures he's doing only about as well as the day Hollywood beckoned.

People are forever being cynical about the effects of fame on their old acquaintances. Sometimes, though, it's not the actor but the old acquaintance who comes up with a stuffy attitude when they meet again—as Dick found out when he recently made a trip back to his old stamping grounds.

"I ran into a guy I used to know," Dick tells you, "who now is doing very well as the proprietor of a store. We'd never been very pally, but here I was, all ready to be nice and friendly. He wasn't."

"Well, Dick," he said, wearing his animosity in his voice. "I guess you're too much of a big, tough, ruthless movie character to think much of Main Street now."

"I told him it looked just as good to me as it ever did. Only maybe I didn't smile when I answered his remark—as he hadn't when he made it. So I'm positive he's been going around saying, 'Ba-ruther, did that Widmark get a swelled head in Hollywood. He says this town is terrible!'"

It's probably going to take some time for people to get focused on the real Widmark. Right now, they've got firmly in

BE NONCHALANT

*They were shooting a scene for Dick Widmark's *Kiss of Death in the Tombs*, that big, gloomy prison in New York. The cameras were trained for action when a huge, real-life murderer was led by. Without warning, the man wheeled around, a razor in his hand, slashing wildly.*

Guards leaped to one side, reaching for their automatics. The movie crew ducked wildly. For a moment, pandemonium broke loose. One guard was seriously wounded, another slashed across the face, before the prisoner was finally subdued.

As the movie-makers came out from cover, an assistant director called, "Widmark—are you all right?"

"Certainly!" said Dick—who, while the melee raged, had remained calmly leaning against a nearby corner. "I guess I was the safest guy in the place."

Obviously he had been. Throughout the little riot, Dick had been locked behind bars in a cell.

their sights one or the other of the two phonies.

The other day, Dick received a letter from an earnest lady who wrote: "I think it's a shame the way they make you play those rough, brutal characters when everybody knows that really you're just a sweet, shy, retiring, polite man."

On the other hand, the same mail brought him a letter from an inmate of a famous prison. "I been thinking," the inmate wrote, "that after being a dirty crook all my life and thinking I was a right guy, I am really as big a stinker as you are. Maybe I'd better go straight when I get out of here."

THE END

(Read the screen story of Richard Widmark's new film, *Slattery's Hurricane*, in the September SCREEN STORIES.)

PRIDE OF THE IRISH

(Continued from page 39)

But I have to go to work some mornings at five-thirty, and I do need my sleep. Wouldn't they be just as pretty if you had them stuffed?" Or: "Now that we're neighbors, Mr. Crosby, I wonder if you'd mind putting muzzles on those blankety-blank birds' beaks? After 11 o'clock, that is?"

But when she met Everett that morning the conversation, somehow, was a bit less eloquent. "Hello," said Mr. Crosby, waving cheerfully, as he headed his car into the road. "Hello," said Maureen. "Ah . . . hello." And she watched him disappear in the direction of Stone Canyon.

Well, nothing ever was said to Bing's brother about his peacocks. Now, two years later, they don't bother Maureen a bit. She just sleeps peacefully on through their squawks and screams.

Today all is fine with the family that lives in the house on the hill. Bronwyn's croup is a thing of the past, and she's shooting up faster than Will's prize camellia bushes. She's four-and-a-half now, and is as big as the average child of eight. But since her mother was five-feet-seven before she was 12, the Price family doesn't think Bronwyn's height is worthy of comment. Visitors do comment on her good looks, her bronzy hair and her violet-blue eyes. A bright kid, she can name every state in the Union and the products and industries of each one. Maureen taught her with the aid of a cut-out map, Bronwyn learning her geography by fitting the pieces together. She goes to pre-primary school at Marymount, and she utterly refuses to wear slacks, jeans or other male attire. "I'm a girl and I want to dress like one," she says firmly.

international house . . .

Will is a Southerner. Maureen (surprise!) is Irish. So it's to be expected that touches of Mississippi and Eire mingle in their home. They both like the slower tempo of living for which their birthplaces are renowned, and they've brought their heritages right into their house and garden in little, unexpected ways.

For instance, their wrought-iron stairway and balcony and their formal patio are strongly flavored with the South. Ireland is represented in the dining-room by an exquisite Georgian table which came from Slane Castle—Maureen got it at an auction on her recent trip to Eire. . . . Two additional pieces are still missing—small tables that will fit into the big one, or can be used as buffets. Every time she goes back to the old country, Maureen is determined to stalk through antique shops until she finds those missing parts. Then she'll start looking for matching chairs. . . . Over the dining-room fireplace is a huge gilt American eagle, silent symbol of the blending of their ways of life.

Maureen's spacious living room has twin coral-red couches drawn up on either side of the massive fireplace. A startling, effective painting hangs over the mantel, depicting a Negro legend. The black-and-gold of the picture becomes the focal point of interest in the room. Low tables hold vases of flowers grown by Will. Red camellias glow in sunny nooks. Large windows open onto the terrace, and beyond is the secluded patio with its high white wall.

Their terrace is their favorite spot in the whole scheme of house and garden. Here are low coffee-tables and polished bamboo furniture loaded with bright cushions. The place is just made for those special informal gatherings that occur most

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BEHR-MANNING, TROY, N. Y.

Sunday evenings when friends come over for supper.

Early in the evening on such occasions, Will puts on his chef's apron and gets to work turning out a super-special delicacy. Sometimes it will be baked fish with blue cheese, accompanied by baked bananas. Sometimes it will be barbecued chicken, or French, Italian, or "Gumbo" food. Maureen will tell you that her Will is the best cook on both sides of the family—and that she's proud and happy to wash up the dishes and pots and pans which he stacks up after a cooking spree.

Guests who are particularly partial to neighbor Price's cooking are the John Hodiaks, the Bob Crosbys, the Stephen Ames, and Dr. Kalmus from next door. They all vote for Will's barbecued chicken as the most succulent they ever tasted. Served on a candle-lit table in a California garden, it has a way of recalling Far South memories to people who've never even been there!

just ask maureen . . .

Favorite after-dinner pastime of the Prices is playing charades, indications, 20 Questions or other acting games. They get into wonderful arguments about acting out slogans, the names of books, poems and movies. Will is considered tops in this activity, but he got good and stumped the other night when called upon to enact the single word "If"—the title of Rudyard Kipling's famous poem. Maureen doubled up with laughter as her husband grimaced and postured through a variety of acts until his time limit was up. Then she jumped to her feet and showed him how it could have been done by merely running through the alphabet in pantomime, and stopping at the right letters. Will bowed to her on that one. (But he had no trouble at all with *Father Was a Fullback*—the name of Maureen's new movie.)

When the nights are balmy, the Prices and their guests often use the patio for dancing. Candles and hurricane lamps cast shadows on the patterned bricks, and the olive trees sway their dark arms above them. The lady of the house looks like a Castilian princess in her gown of sea-green lace.

Maureen is a romantic at heart. She says she has no time for any sort of modernism. She wishes cars and airplanes had never been invented. She likes horses and sailing ships and long walks in the hills. Her bedroom, with its canopied four-poster, is done in soft shades of beige and rose. Her hand-crocheted spreads and pillow slips are cherished old-world symbols. Sentimental trophies fill Maureen's cabinets. The top of her wedding cake and a sprig from her wedding bouquet are side by side. Then there's a tiny carved elephant from a Woolworth store in Ireland. It was given to Maureen when she was 11 by her best girl friend.

Bronwyn is at an age when she copies everything that Maureen does. Sometimes her imitations have dire results. Using her mother's make-up, for instance. She knows she's not allowed to touch the things on Maureen's shelves, but she goes ahead anyway. Just the other day Maureen caught her lavishly decorating her mouth with a deep red lipstick.

"Bronwyn! Didn't I tell you that if you touched my make-up again, I'd give you a good spanking?" Maureen said sternly, laughing inside at the sight of the little clown-face.

"Yes. You told me." Bronwyn admitted. "But I thought it was worth it."

She got her spanking, for Maureen believes in discipline, but as she administered the smacks, her mind went back to her own childhood. Almost 20 years ago, Maureen swiped some Madeira cake from her mother's kitchen. She knew she'd be

spanked for it, and she stole it anyway. She thought the whole thing out and decided the cake was worth a few bats with the back of a hairbrush. That's the way Bronwyn feels, too.

The enterprising nature of the Prices' little daughter is the talk of the neighborhood. When her woolly camel lost an eye, Bronwyn was all for hot-footing it next door for a consultation with Dr. Kalmus. "He's a doctor, isn't he?" demanded Bronwyn. "He can put back my camel's eye." Maureen explained that Dr. Kalmus' specialty was Technicolor film, not camels' eyes. In an emergency like this, Daddy would have to be the doctor.

Sunday is family day at the Will Price's. They get up early and take Bronwyn to church with them—they consider her too young for Sunday School. After church the Prices go picknicking or swimming in their pool. You can look over the pool and gardens from many rooms in the house, but perhaps the nicest view is from Will's study. Done in tones of yellow and brown, Will's den is his castle. Here he houses his fine collection of Southern literature, his movie scripts and gardening books, his Japanese flag from Iwo Jima—where he landed with the Marines—and his collection of rare etchings.

There's another den downstairs which Will has decorated himself from lengths of bottle-green plaid he got at an inexpensive shop. Fact is, everything about their home reflects the loving personal touches of Maureen and Will, from the curving white wall outside, which was Will's idea, to Maureen's fine antiques.

They have only one definite wish for their child's future. Says Maureen:

"We want her to grow up and marry a good man and raise a family. It's as simple as that. No career could ever make up for missing the kind of family life that we're lucky enough to have. And we're sure Bronwyn will settle for that, too. For we're a closely-knit clan, even though widely separated. Will's family's in the South, and my family's scattered over the earth. I have one sister in Texas, one in Montreal, and my father, mother, a brother and another sister in Ireland. One brother is in England. But Father and Mother keep our side of the family bound together. Mother shuttles from one home to another, spending a few weeks in each, and keeping us all posted on each other's doings. This year she's going to South Africa to catch up on back news with my father's sister.

"Mother and Father have taught me that family life is the best way of life there is. Bronwyn's going to find that out. We can promise her that."

THE END



HOW TIME FLIES!

Paulette Goddard is a new face (in *Modern Times*). She was discovered by Chaplin while playing minor parts in the Hal Roach studio. Because he believes the public prefers to make its own discoveries, Charlie has refused to have his protégée interviewed or given any publicity.—*Modern Screen*, May, 1936.

DON'T TELL MY GIRL

(Continued from page 51)

to throw out right after we were married!

Four wardrobe trunks filled with such priceless mementos as the first working script of her big Broadway success, *At Home Abroad*, the scripts and still photographs from all her movies, scrap books which tell of her success as an actress and dancer, wonderful congratulatory letters, and many other such irreplaceable evidences of her career.

She just looked them over one day and said calmly to herself, "I don't think we need these. I'm getting rid of them." With her usual efficiency, she immediately called a trucker to take them along with some other discards to the Assistance League. And off they started.

She doesn't know that when I heard about it in the nick of time, I chased the truck for blocks and arranged for the driver to stop off at Bekins Storage on his way to the Assistance League.

The day our son, Peter, starts asking about her career, he can read for himself what people thought of his mother as an entertainer. I think she's going to be darned glad, too.

I'm not too sure how she'll react to another surprise I have for her. This one is Peter's surprise, too.

to the manner born . . .

She's been going around bragging how Peter is a natural-born horseman ever since, not long ago, she took him to a pony track for the first time. She was amazed when he stepped right up and asked for the fastest pony.

"And do you know," Ellie tells everyone, "he sat the pony just as if he'd been born to the saddle. He galloped that pony around the track as though he'd ridden all his life. He certainly has inherited Glenn's riding ability."

I haven't disillusioned her, but actually it was training, not heredity, in this case. Peter has been riding ever since he first started walking. I've taken him countless times with me to the Columbia Studios Ranch where I keep my two horses. I wouldn't dare, of course, put Peter on a powerful stallion I have named Count. But one of my friends stables a small pony at the ranch. He offered to lend it to Peter—and Peter began to ride. Well, I didn't want to worry Ellie, so I told her nothing about it. And Peter made a game of building a surprise for her. In the excitement of having his mother take him to the pony track at last, I guess he just forgot to tell her what he and I had been doing.

Or maybe he's inherited my trait of not talking too much. In any event, Ellie keeps on bragging about his natural ability.

Then, one of these days, Ellie's going to be surprised to learn where my personal collection of books has come from. She reads a lot, too. But she leans more to the type recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club. She gets excited about a book like William Vogt's "Road to Survival," which deals with the dangers of over-population. She feels I, too, should read this earnest type of book. And often I do. But my idea of enjoyable reading is a good mystery or a wild rip-roaring Western. I have over 200 such books on our shelves. Ellie is under the impression they've come from studios, producers, or agents who've thought there might be roles in them for me.

Well, I have acquired a dozen or so that way. But all the rest I've bought myself.

Ellie's never been one to eat much. In my opinion, she doesn't eat enough. Until Peter began eating instead of drinking,

I'd tried in vain to talk her into eating more. My first success came when I pointed out that she couldn't expect Peter to eat well if she didn't at least put a reasonable amount of food on her own plate. With the "clean plate" policy for children, she has to finish all she has, too.

I'm pretty good at palming cards and other sleight of hand tricks. With that talent, it's really quite simple for me to slide extra pats of butter onto a piece of hot toast for her without being suspected. My record so far is nine pats of butter on one slice. That time Ellie said, "This is unusually good toast, isn't it? It must be a different brand of bread."

So far, I haven't been caught at it.

Nor does she realize that Peter's accident with a bottle of ink about three years ago gave me an inspiration. He spilled the ink all over the floor of her room. The rug was really a mess. I was just leaving for a trip East when that happened. On the train I suddenly remembered something. I wired her to check our insurance agent. Sure enough, we had protection for such accidents.

But when the company tried to remedy the damage, we discovered nothing would take the stains out. So, of course, we had to get a new rug. That led to the whole room having to be redecorated—a course of events which I thoroughly enjoyed.

If I had my way about it, our entire house would be redecorated every year. But Ellie's much more practical. She'll meet my decorating ideas with remarks like, "But Glenn, we really ought to put a new roof on the house. And we ought to get a new sink or do something about the plumbing. Agnes is getting tired of having to empty a pan of water dripped from the sink several times a day."

I remembered how Ellie hadn't made a single protest when we redecorated her room after Peter's accident. And by the strangest coincidence, I spilled a bottle of ink on her rug just as she was leaving for London for her appearance at the Palladium early this year. I did a good job of it. I even managed somehow to splash some of the ink on the ceiling! Then I discovered the fireplace had smoked up the walls of our den. After that, I spilled something on the bathroom walls of our wing.

It's quite amazing how much redecorating I had to do while she was away.

on the record . . .

Ellie thinks she's heard recordings of all the radio shows on which I've appeared. I never tell her ahead of time about any such shows I'm going to do. Sometimes they come on my regular Wednesday night out for poker. Sometimes I find some excuse such as having to attend a board meeting at the Screen Actors' Guild. I'm pretty good at figuring up logical excuses on such occasions. Then off I go and do the show and having a recording made of it. If I like my performance, I take the recording home and play it for her.

But there are quite a few that never went home with me.

Ellie has been amazed at the running account I can give her of her opening at the Palladium in London this spring. I'll explain to her how I do it one of these days. Here's how:

One night I had to cable her about something. I was astonished to discover the cable bill was over \$25.00. Out of curiosity I called the long-distance operator of the telephone company. I discovered I could have said all I said in the cable and more, too, for \$12 if I'd telephoned.



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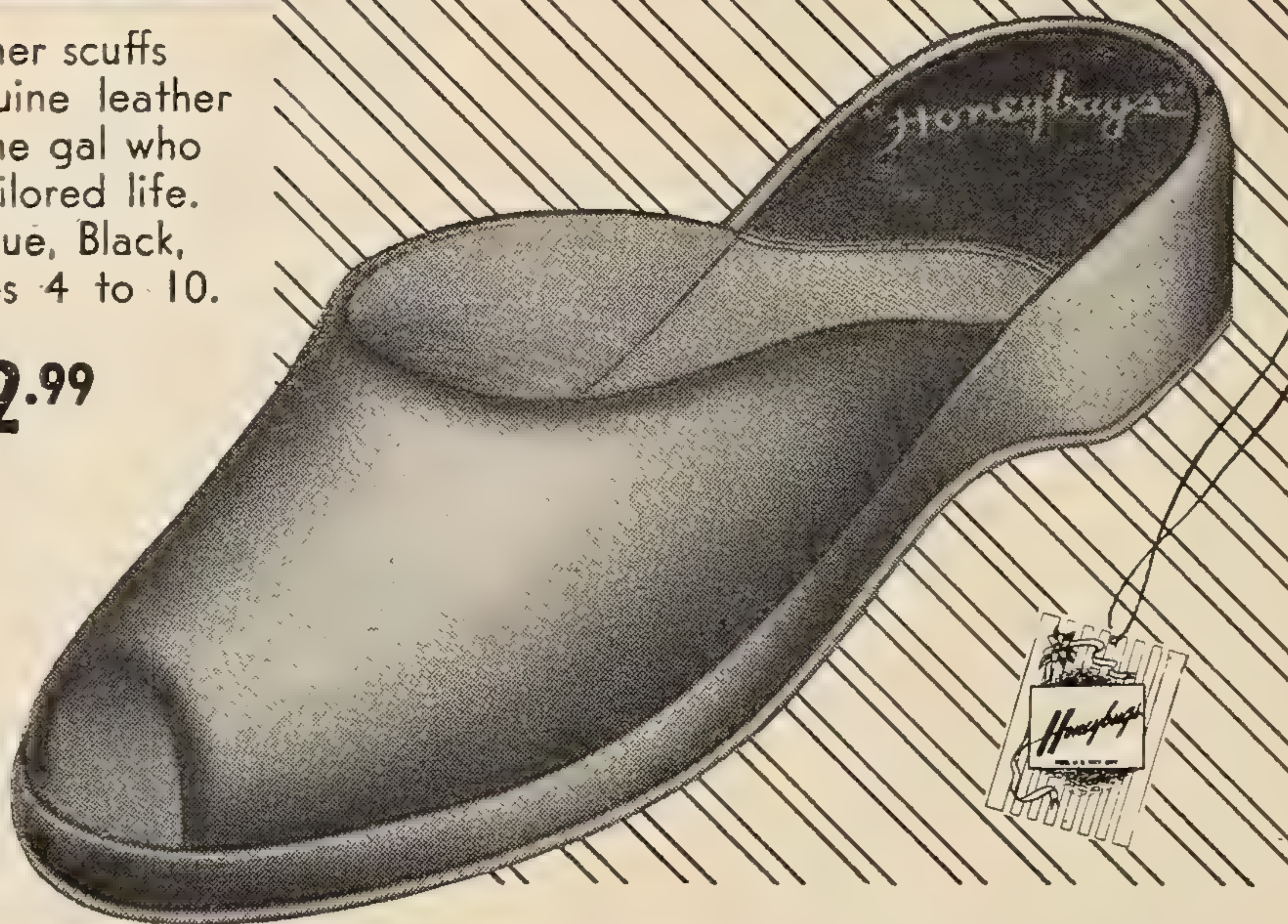


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So then I really splurged. No more so than if I'd been there and had taken her out for a big first-night celebration. But for \$80, I was able to put a telephone call through to the stage phone at the Palladium and keep the line open for 20 minutes so I could listen to the opening of her show. What a surprise it'll be to her when she learns I'm not clairvoyant!

One time I set out to surprise Ellie and succeeded in amazing even myself.

Peter had refused to have anything to do with tomatoes. Ellie worried about that because she felt they were essential to his proper diet. I told her I'd take care of it.

I'd sold him on eating fish by bringing them home from the market on a string the way a good fisherman does. "Aren't you going to eat some of this fine fish Daddy caught?" I asked. It worked like a charm.

Of course, before long he was refusing to eat anything that Daddy hadn't personally snared. Why, I even had "killed a steer with an atomic bomb" for our steaks. So what seemed more logical than to provide tomatoes I'd raised myself. I went to the nursery and returned home with some of those tiny green tomato plants. (I guess right here is an appropriate point to say my new movie is *Mr. Soft Touch*.)

Sure enough, Peter was so pleased to see my tomatoes growing that he eagerly ate them as they ripened. But it wasn't long before Ellie was searching desperately for new recipes calling for tomatoes. We had everything from fried green tomatoes to dead ripe tomatoes, canned.

So, in fact, did everyone we knew. Every morning I arrived at the studio with so many tomatoes for everyone there I became known as the Tomato Man. We were all relieved when the vines died down and the ruddy fruit disappeared from our place.

But I'm afraid Ellie has a shock coming. Looking around the place, I have a suspicion we're going to have a bumper crop again this year. You see, the whole project got out of control last year. A lot of those tomatoes fell off the vines, went to seed, and turned into more plants than ever!

Well, not being a talking man, when I'd bought the original plants, I'd just answered the nurseryman's question about the size of the place we have by giving ground dimensions. I didn't tell him about the house, the garage, the greenhouse and the other items on the place.

So he did a little figuring on an envelope and sold me 500 plants! I set them out all the way from around the greenhouse to our window boxes. And they all flourished.

Yes, I've never been one to do too much talking. Ellie knows that. She says, "You're like a telegram while I'm like a detailed diary!"

But she doesn't have a gray hair yet.
THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Danny Kaye was making a personal appearance tour through our state and was half-way through a song at our local theater, when a little girl began wailing. He stopped singing and bent over to ask her what was

wrong. "I've lost my mitten," the child howled. Danny then ordered the spotlight shone near her seat and asked the entire audience to look for the mitten. It was soon found and the child expressed her thanks by giving him a great big kiss.

Gail Wright
Grosse Point, Mich.

WIFE IN FAME ONLY

(Continued from page 65)

that stuff. Lots of curlicues, of course." I acted shocked. "You're thinking of the old-fashioned marriage certificate that hangs on the wall. Announcements should be engraved—or at least in plain type." "What do you know!" exclaimed Guy. "Even when I don't do something, I do it wrong."

But we shouldn't have laughed. Already the finger was pointing at us and an endless string of "How comes?" was being formed in the minds of our friends to be put forth the moment they saw us.

The beginning of it came hardly two hours later when I walked into my home. My father, who was sitting at the piano hitting some moody notes, shot to his feet. He did his pointing by pointing to my shorts like a district attorney pouncing on an untruthful witness.

"You didn't get married in those!" he accused.

"Of course not!" I replied. "I . . ." And then I was floundering as I tried to explain—because it *was* a kind of trick question. Before I could make sense my mother came in wanting to know why I hadn't told her I was *not* going to get married. She was mixed up too and I remember thinking that this was a scene no director would accept as representative of real life.

alone at the telephone . . .

Eventually we did a retake, and I got it straightened out with my folks. But not with the rest of the world! Things began to happen to my mail and phone calls—or rather, things which always had happened before, suddenly stopped. The usual invitations to parties and premières fell off to nil. I didn't know it at first, but I was already getting a taste of what it means to lose your old identity and status when you marry. The première invitations and party bids were still coming, but not to me; Guy, my "husband," was getting them. As for calls from men—slash! Cut off, just like that! Whew!

"Do you understand what's happened?" I demanded of Guy, after I told him about it days later.

"Yeah," he said. "That's too bad." But he didn't look it!

Then came our denials. Guy denied. I denied. We both denied. But it just didn't take with anyone, from the waiter at Lucey's who always insisted on saying, "Yes, your table is ready, Mrs. Madison," to my best friend, Diana Lynn, who put her finger right to my nose and wheedled, "Now stop kidding. Are you or aren't you married? After all, people think I know and what'll I tell them?"

It's different with men—but a girl in a spot like this finds her position almost hopeless. As you deny you feel that you're also expected to justify. If you aren't married, then, why not? But I hadn't a thing in the world to be apologetic about! Everything between Guy and myself was going according to plan, and yet I could sense a note of something like guilt creeping into my voice. A fine thing!

In self-defense, so as definitely to scotch this acceptance that we were married, Guy and I both started dating others. But it didn't work out so well—particularly for me.

In the first place, it brought on something that I didn't want from those of my friends who took this to mean Guy and I had broken up. It brought sympathy! There's a certain tone which characterizes a woman's voice when she's about to com-

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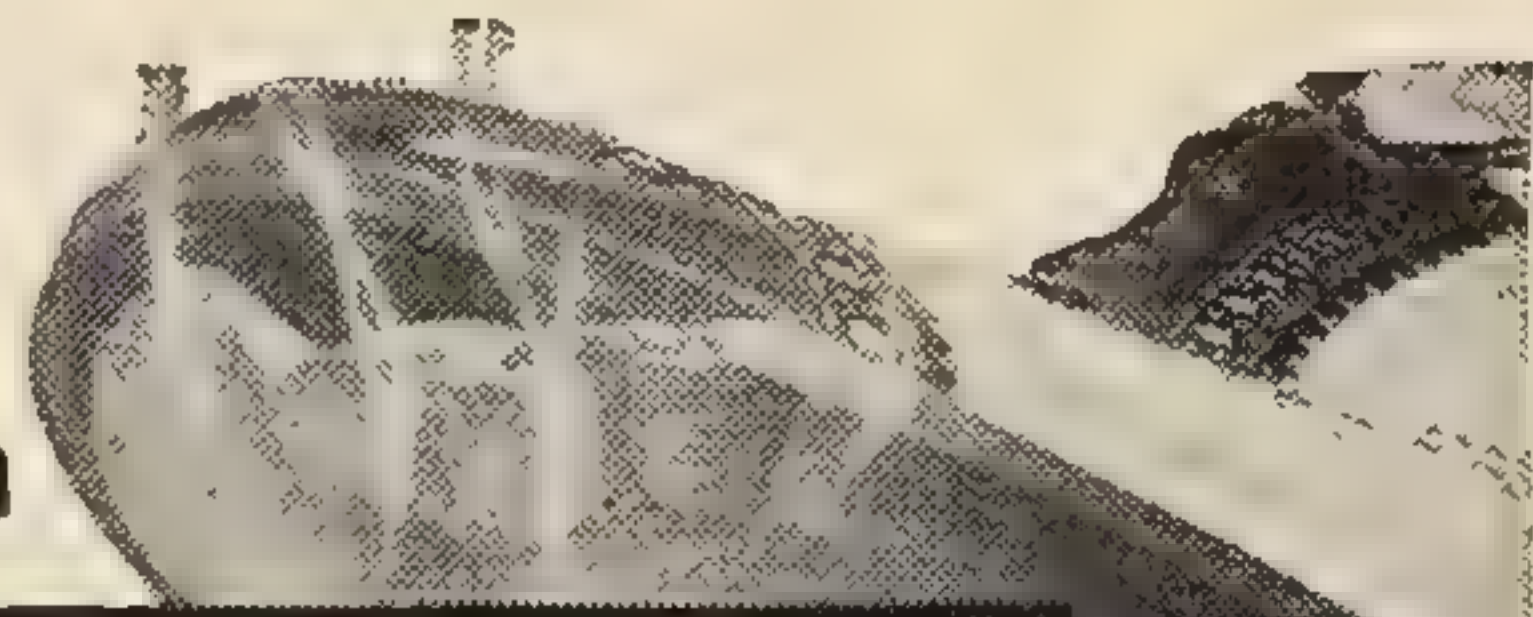
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miserate with you. All I had to do was
hear the greeting, "Oh, Gail, you—" and
I would break in sharply with, "Skip it!"

All my fan mail took up the marriage
and three-quarters of the letters ended
"... and I hope everything turns out all
right."

So it isn't surprising that I began to
wonder if I hadn't better start going
around with a sort of wistful look in order
not to disappoint people who expected it
of me. And it did seem that when I
joined a group, at either the studio or any
affair, the laughs would die out and a
hush would fall, with everyone acting like
mourners at a wake—the corpse being me!

About this time I was ready to adver-
tise my willingness to trade places with
anyone—say, a soul tired of giving Tonis
to man-eating lions, or someone about to
cross Niagara Falls on a tight-rope. Just
apply to me at Paramount Pictures, I was
going to state. Ask for the sad-faced girl.

Then there was the new attitude of the
other men I went out with.

"What's the matter?" I asked Jack Sas-
son one night when he took me dancing.
"You're not yourself."

"Well..." he stalled. "I—I guess I've
never taken out another man's bride be-
fore."

"I'm not a bride!" I retorted. "I told you
that."

"I know," he said, looking miserable.
"I heard you."

And he kept right on acting as if he felt
that I was anyway!

As for Guy—well, while it is different
with a man, he really wasn't having too
happy a time either about it all. People
weren't exactly rushing up to grab him
by the shoulder and demand, "Say! Why
don't you do right by our little Nell?"
But he was getting questioning glances,
some of them not too friendly, and every
now and then the kind of press mentions
that are sort of stabbed out on the type-
writer, if you know what I mean.

All in all, our romance, through no fault
of our own, was quite off key—something
like Guy's whistling. He loves to whistle,
but is so seldom on tune that when he
hits a note right everybody applauds, in-
cluding Guy.

with my bow and arrow...

The way things were going was one of
the reasons why Guy and I went in for
our little outdoor expeditions, instead of
being seen around town. We were getting
tired of everyone putting the same old
\$64 question to us. So Guy taught me
how to shoot a bow and arrow, and stood
bravely at my side—where my arrows
were just as likely to go as anywhere else.

During these months, contrary to popu-
lar belief that Guy does all the instruct-
ing in our outdoor trips, I taught him how
to fish. The main quality he lacked in
the art was patience. One day, at Sher-
wood Lake, I made him sit in one spot
until late in the afternoon even though
he wasn't getting a nibble. Then he
started catching fish and made me stay
there until long after dinner!

And that's the way we've been con-
ducting our lives to date—which brings us
to the question asked by those who, per-
haps, are now actually beginning to be-
lieve that we are not married. Are we
going to be married? When?

My answers must match Guy's, because
everything said so far we have both agreed
upon.

"I go out with Gail Russell," Guy said
in the March MODERN SCREEN. "The way
I am, when I go with a girl I 'go steady.'"

There you are, Guy and I are going
steady. One of the places we have gone
to is a section of West Los Angeles.
There's a piece of land there. We didn't

buy it. We just looked at it and liked it. Another place we went to is a certain house in the hills that we both admire. We wondered how much it would cost to build such a house so we went and talked to the contractor. He told us. (Gulp!) You might be interested in the style of house we'd like, so I'll give you a rough idea. It's half-way between a Cape Cod house and a farmhouse. It's usually done in red and out here it's sometimes called Red Barn style. I don't know how it sounds to you, but it's really a honey! And, of course, Early American furniture would be just the thing for it.

Where else do we go while we are going "steady?" Well, last month we went up to Bakersfield and Guy introduced me to his mother and father. Incidentally, I got a new visualization of Guy there—a cute one.

I've always thought of him as the type who is very sure of himself, rarely embarrassed or ill-at-ease about anything. But that disappeared when his mother started talking about him—as fond mothers will.

"Robert [his real name] was always shy as a little boy," she said—and went on with more of the same, getting understandably sentimental about her own son. Guy wriggled in his seat at first. Then I noticed his complexion was getting a few shades to the pink. And finally he got on his feet and turned to his father.

"C'mon, Dad!" he sort of growled. "Let's take a walk."

And so I stayed and *really* found out about Mr. Guy Madison.

the lowdown . . .

But I knew a lot before I met his mother. I knew that he was a very loyal boy. If you speak against a friend of his you have to prove it three times. And then he'll walk right up to the friend and ask point-blank if it's true. More often than not, he says, the gossip won't be true.

He has a very active conscience and lives by its dictates. He has to feel that the thing he's doing is right before he can do it. When he accidentally was the cause of his friend, Howard Hill, getting hurt in a hunting accident, he was a most miserable boy. For weeks afterward, sometimes from places as far away as Florida, he'd telephone Howard daily to find out how he was coming along.

He is stubborn. (I might as well say right here that I, too, am stubborn.) But he can be reasoned with. It isn't generally successful, but at least there's a chance that you might get him to see the light. (He says there is no chance with me, and on the chance that he may be right, I'm trying my best to change!)

He is pleasant, he is generous, he is serious about his career, and he works so hard at it that I know he's going to get places. And—I definitely think he'd make a good husband. But. . .

Maybe it won't happen—because no one of us, or no two, for that matter, can guarantee that their tomorrows will come up made to order. But if ours do . . . well, even so, we are not fooling ourselves. We've been considered married so long that when (and if) we take this important (to us) step, both of us know that it will probably be one of the finest examples of anti-climaxes in Hollywood's history. If ever an announcement is slated to receive a casual "uh-huh" reception, that one will get it. Our friends will yawn. Editors will toss the notice into their wastebaskets. Every columnist will write a short "Don't forget you read it here first" note and go on to other news . . . and we will be forgotten.

And that, I think, is something every newlywed couple is entitled to for a while!

THE END

You owe it to your daughter to tell her these *Intimate Facts of Life!*



Before she marries—make sure she has this modern, scientific information . . .

Isn't it a blessing that in this modern age of enlightenment, helpful truths can be outspoken? Today, vaginal douches 2 or 3 times weekly are so widely recommended and practiced for intimate feminine cleanliness that the all-important question has really become—WHAT to put in the douche!

So, mother, make sure your daughter realizes: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE.* (If you have the slightest doubt, send for PROOF in free booklet below.)

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would want to resort to dangerous products—overstrong solutions of which may burn, harden tissue and, in time, even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

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Point with pride

Joan Caulfield, who's starring in Paramount's *Dear Wife*.

■ Perhaps you've been leading the care-free life of a nature-girl this summer, taking a very happy-go-lucky attitude toward the finer points of your personal appearance. Now you're back in business or school-room, meeting and competing. Lots of pure genius is an asset, as no one can deny—but when you point with pride to the flawless letter you've typed, or explain at the classroom blackboard how you discovered the value of X, let your eloquent hands draw attention by their beautiful care and the flash of 10 bright, jewel-like fingernails.

You need a thorough manicure at least every 10 days; the more often you beautify your nails, the less time you need to spend per session.

When you remove chipped polish, hold a bit of remover-soaked cotton against the nail and then pull from the base toward the tip. This keeps dissolved polish from staining your cuticle. If you're just changing shades, however, to match a certain frock or lipstick, you can put coat over coat of nail enamel, building up a good, strong defense against chipping or nail injury.

File your nails before scrubbing your hands—water-softened nails are hard to file nicely and tend to have a frayed-looking edge. File from the corner of the nail toward the tip and leave enough of the nail corner to protect your surrounding skin from callouses.

Follow the natural curve of cuticle in shaping your nails. Long, pointed nails aren't being worn much now and anyway, they break easily and aren't practical. If your nails need an appearance of length, use a soft pink nail enamel and cover the entire nail from base to tip, except for a mere hairline down each side of the nail. Put an extra brushful of color down the middle of the too-square nail. If you want to give a too-fragile hand a more substantial look, leave moons and tips uncolored and use a rich red. The lucky girl with oval nails and smooth, white hands can use any shade or shape she prefers. Put the accent on beautifully-colored fingernails if you want people to remain unaware that your hands aren't completely perfect! Get into the hand-lotion habit, too, for soft-fair hands and carefully polished nails compliment each other—and you!

WHY STARS TURN TO PRAYER

(Continued from page 41)

the scene be finished—and at her insistence it was.

That night, the same doctor examined her again. This time, what he found amazed him. Barbara's injury was such that had she not gotten up and walked immediately she might have been invalided for years! What would probably have been a badly congested area in the region of her lower spine had cleared up greatly with the increased circulation of the blood brought on by her activity.

There is Doris Day. Alongside her bed is a scripture book. Not a day goes by without her reading it. The habit goes back to her 'teens when an ambition to become a dancer, not a singer, was cruelly ended by an auto accident in which both her legs were broken. She became so dispirited during convalescence that her whole will to live lessened. She suffered a mind block that made her morose. But, in time, she turned to prayer for comfort and came to the decision that "if this accident has happened, then there must be some good that will surely come out of it for me."

It was only then that she took up singing lessons. She had no thought of it as a career, had no idea of ever singing in public. Yet that was to be the means to the fame she thought had gone out of her life forever because she couldn't dance.

Father Peyton—or, as he is better known, Father Pat—tells of a Christmas Day when Bing Crosby was to sing "Adeste Fidelis" on the Father's special Rosary radio program, and awoke to find himself the victim of an attack of flu that included a throat raw with inflammation. Bing phoned immediately, but not to cancel. He wanted the chorus rehearsed so that it could break in at any point of the song if his voice should fail.

The program went on—and Bing sang through his song perfectly. When someone asked him how he'd done it, Bing was thoughtful.

"Someone must have said a prayer," he replied with simple sincerity.

Virginia Mayo is a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood, where Dr. Louis Evans is the pastor. Her husband, Michael O'Shea, has just joined. He declares he has never required a demonstration of the power of prayer to believe in it, but nevertheless, he has seen one. It is something that occurred during a

visit to Gallup, New Mexico—an incident which is engraved in his memory permanently.

He was on the Navajo reservation near Gallup when a dog belonging to an Indian boy was accidentally shot by a hunter. The dog was brought to the boy and laid at his feet. A Christian convert, the boy prayed for his pet. Then he announced that the dog was sure to get well, and set off for school, happily.

The boy's father immediately summoned a veterinarian, who reached a different verdict. There was no hope for the dog. He had best be put to death.

The father took up a rifle. He was an expert shot. Stepping up to within 10 paces of the dog, he took careful aim, fired—and missed! He was so overcome that he lowered his gun and refused to shoot again, despite the vet's repeated assertion that it was inhuman to let the animal suffer.

miraculous recovery . . .

Late that afternoon the boy came back to his dog and found him sleeping. By nightfall the dog was taking nourishment and by the next morning was well on the way to being himself again.

The only person not amazed by the miraculous recovery was the boy, whose simple faith had saved the pet he loved.

Religion is no more on the lips of those in Hollywood than it is of others anywhere else. But their lives are necessarily more in the public eye. Jane Russell doesn't particularly want it known that, when working on the set, she spends most of the time between scenes studying her Bible. But since she has to do it in the presence of some 40 or more fellow-workers, it's become known not only to them but to hundreds of others in the studio.

When John Payne's last attempt at reconciliation with Gloria de Haven failed a few months ago and he moved into the Beverly Hills Hotel, he did it quietly and without any fanfare. And perhaps only because a bellboy was curious and had to talk about it do we now know that outside of his clothes, the only other belongings John took with him from the home he had lived in with Gloria for years were two books—both Bibles.

John is not publicly identified with any special church, yet his spiritual faith is one of the strongest in Hollywood. He is quite sad about the delay in the production of *The Robe*, in which he has utterly no interest other than his feeling that the religious message in the picture is needed by the country. Something only his closest friends have known, until now, is that John volunteered to play any role in the picture offered to him, regardless whether it be a major or a minor part.

And the fact that Maureen O'Hara—like millions of other wartime wives—prayed every day for her husband, Will Price, when he was in the Fourth Marine Division during the bloody island invasions in the Pacific, was reported not by her but by a friend, a woman who had a husband in the same outfit, and who learned to overcome her own worry and gnawing fear in this manner.

When incidents of a dramatic nature happen in the lives of the stars outside their homes there is almost always someone present to take note of it. For instance, there was a reporter standing near Mrs. Beulah Williams on that day some years ago when her daughter, Esther, won the national 100-meter free-style swim-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When I was 13, I attended my first formal dance, which was given at an Army post near my home. My girl friend and I were very excited but I guess she was rather shy and didn't do much dancing.

Just as we were getting ready to leave, a tall blond officer approached and said to her, "It just doesn't seem right that such a pretty little girl as you aren't dancing"—and away they went. To my amazement, I realized that the handsome officer was Dan Dailey, then stationed at Ft. Riley, Kansas.

Frances Steinmetz
Junction City, Kansas

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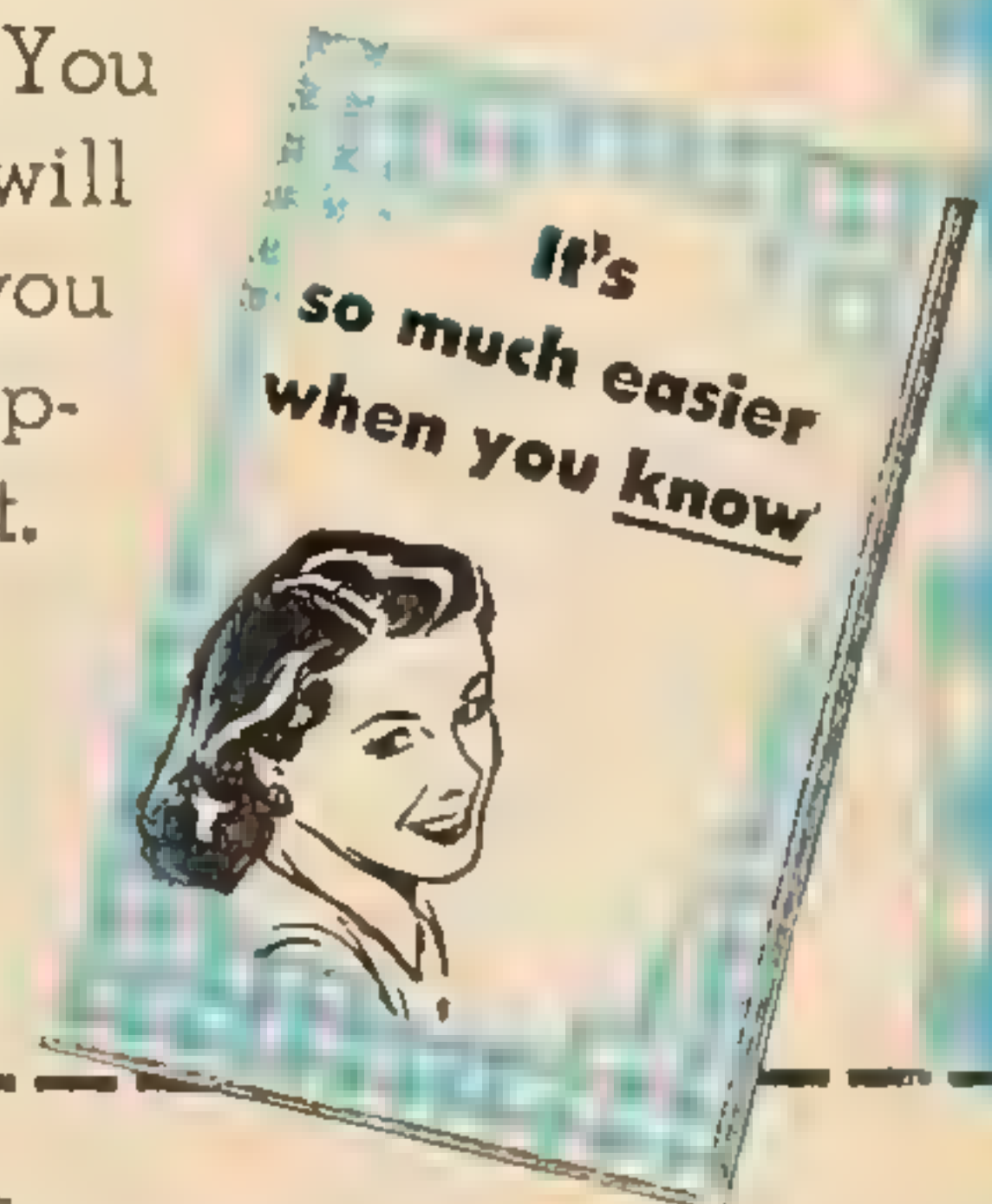
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ming title that brought her wide attention and started her on her way to MGM as a star. The moment Esther pulled herself up out of the water she ran to her mother.

"I won, Mother!" she cried delightedly. "I won!"

"I know, dear," said Mrs. Williams. "But don't forget, you didn't do it yourself."

Esther's face sobered. "You're right, Mother," she replied. "I will thank Him for answering my prayers."

One of the greatest successes in Betty Hutton's career was the sensational hit she made at the Palladium Theater in London. Reams of copy were cabled to this country about it and printed in almost every newspaper and magazine in the country. But not one story mentioned a most important fact about her triumph.

Every morning before Betty and her mother left their hotel they would get down on their knees and pray that she could give of her best in her performance.

These were not the first prayers in the Hutton family, of course. Betty, and her sister Marion, feel today that not only have they achieved their ambitions through prayer, but that prayer alone enabled them to survive the privations of their early lives when they were desperately and, yes, often hungrily poor.

and the greatest is charity . . .

Father Pat thinks Loretta Young is the most compassionate woman he knows, and tells of a demonstration of this trait which he witnessed on a trip to New York. He was staying at the French Hospital, where the nuns are of the Holy Cross Order (the father was ordained a priest of the Congregation of Holy Cross at Notre Dame) when Loretta, who was at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, invited him to lunch there.

Her husband, Tom, was with her, and after the meal Father Pat told them about a woman patient at the hospital who, the nuns had said, had survived 30 operations. He asked if Loretta could visit her and bring a bit of cheer. She was very willing and they all left for the hospital.

Loretta spent a long time with the woman, and then wanted to visit through the charity wards as well. For the rest of the afternoon she went from patient to patient, finally finding herself near two beds on which lay elderly Negro women. She talked to them but noticed that only one answered.

"She can't speak," explained this Negro. "She doesn't know what's going on here. I think she's frightened about it all."

Loretta was touched. She bent down quickly, kissed the mute woman and gently held her head close to hers, transmitting the sympathy she could not make understood in words. And she prayed for her.

Not far away stood Father Pat and Tom, and the priest could not help but note that Tom had to lower his head to hide the tears in his eyes.

There are many, many stories attesting the fact that simple faith lives in Hollywood, as it does all over the rest of the world, and that spiritually, the stars are not any different from other people.

There were 24 hours in the early Hollywood career of Pat O'Brien when the world could not reach him. He was himself reaching elsewhere. Every second of those 24 hours, Pat was on his knees in a session of supplication which he recalls as the most fervent in his life. It happened 12 years ago when his daughter, Mavourneen, who is now 15, lay seriously ill of a mastoid complication.

Pat told his beads, kept on, though there was echoing through his mind the doctor's pronouncement that Mavourneen's condition was practically without hope.

He knows, he says, that her recovery was an answer to his prayers.

It isn't any wonder that he once wrote an article for a national magazine stating that America's secret weapon is prayer—or that he received thousands of letters agreeing with him.

There was a day in the life of J. Carroll Naish when he didn't value it at a lead dime. As a youth, he was returning from the Orient on a tramp steamer when the boat was caught in a gale off the California coast, with winds up to 75 miles an hour and rain blotting out all vision.

A wave which tore away the rudder also disabled the wireless apparatus and prevented any call for aid. Unable to head into the force of the blow, the vessel shipped water steadily and soon lay helpless with decks almost awash.

There were lifeboats, but all aboard knew it would be impossible for them to stay afloat 10 seconds in the furious sea. Huddled together, crew and passenger alike, they could do nothing but pray. And they were in the midst of prayer when the Chinese cook called out that he heard something—bells, he said, church bells.

The ship was miles from shore. Not even a ship's bells could be heard, let alone church bells. They thought he had gone crazy. And then, from out of the wind-swept mist, there appeared a Coast Guard cutter! Lines were cast, the steamer taken in tow and brought into port. And not until then did the rescued men learn from the captain of the cutter that he had not come on them accidentally, but was investigating the source of an unusual sound that had come to the ears of his crew and himself—the pealing of church bells.

It is a mystery which has not been explained to this day, but it may be significant that of the 200 and more stars who have given their services for Father Pat's regular prayer program, which is heard every Wednesday over the Mutual Broadcasting System, and for his special Rosary programs broadcast every Christmas, Easter and Mother's Day—of these stars, J. Carroll Naish has been just about the most frequent performer.

And anyone desiring a summation of Hollywood's spiritual faith might be interested in some words spoken about the stars by Father Pat, who knows them all personally.

"Never since the Christian religion has begun," declares Father Pat, "has any group of individuals, of various denominations, themselves, done more to bring to the minds of the millions of people, the riches and depths and beauty that are hidden in prayer."
THE END

MODERN SCREEN



LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT LOVE

(Continued from page 55)

And so it was that Betsy, while Cary was on his way home, had undertaken the biggest, most important job she'd ever tackled. By taking the lead in *Dancing in the Dark*, a Technicolor musical, she was going to show the world she could stand on her own two feet. . . .

As the ship was eased alongside the dock, Betsy felt that Cary would be proud of her. She could hardly wait to be with him to give him a play-by-play account of her Betsy-on-her-own project. Though aside from that, naturally, she could hardly wait to be with him, period.

Well, as reunions go, Cary's and Betsy's wasn't a romantic one. Even if these two had wanted it to be, how can you be romantic with a dozen reporters and photographers breathing down your neck? Betsy and the small group of friends who came down to meet Cary were almost lost in the shuffle. When they finally did get to him, they uttered the usual welcome-home phrases—and, of course, he *did* give Betsy a few kisses. But Cary *didn't* say, as one over-zealous newsman headlined, "I've already asked her," in reply to the inevitable question about when he was going to propose. At least, no one else heard him say it.

Everybody in Hollywood has been trying to get these two married ever since Betsy came from New York a little over a year ago and Cary got her a screen test and made her his leading lady before you could say, "Every - girl - should - be - married." Everybody says they're in love. Everyone except Cary and Betsy. Her answer to investigators of the subject is invariably, "We have never discussed marriage." And when Betsy fixes you with the serious gaze of those chameleon eyes—sometimes deep blue, sometimes vivid green, but always direct and honest—you believe her. To Betsy, at this point, something more vital than marriage to anyone—even Cary Grant—is having a chance to prove that her overnight stardom in *Every Girl Should Be Married* wasn't just a lucky combination of knowing an influential screen idol and stumbling into a role tailor-made for her particular talents and personality.

fits like a glove . . .

And that chance came quickly. When June Haver became ill, Betsy was asked to take her place in *Dancing in the Dark*. Reading the script, she loved it instantly—perhaps for sentimental reasons, because the story about a struggling young actress reads almost like her own biography.

But more significantly, it would be a tougher role than even Betsy could have dreamed up to establish her right to be called a screen success. In it, she'd have to sing and dance, as well as emote. And Betsy had never sung or danced in her life.

With characteristic honesty, she emphasized her shortcomings when producer George Jessel discussed the picture with her. "I want to do the part—more than you know," Betsy told him earnestly. "But I can't sing or dance."

He said he'd take a chance.

"I'll probably ruin your picture, if I'm in it," Betsy insisted.

He said he'd still take a chance.

In Hollywood, where self-appreciation is a popular and assiduously practiced art, Betsy Drake is a phenomenon. To say that she's modest would be the understatement of the decade. She honestly thinks she can do nothing well. One day on the *Dancing in the Dark* set, director

Irving Reis tried to jolt her out of this complex. "Now Betsy," he said, "there must be times when you do *something* to your own satisfaction."

After a moment, Betsy replied thoughtfully: "Yes, once in a great while I read a line or do a scene that I really feel is right, but it's so rare that it's like a single sunny day in a long rainy spell. . . . I wish it would happen more often," she concluded wistfully.

Although Jessel hadn't been disturbed, dance director Seymour Felix was bowled over when Betsy said, "Mr. Felix, I think you ought to know something: I can't dance a step."

they all laughed . . .

"Oh, don't worry," said Felix bravely when he recovered. "You'll—you'll get along fine after we've worked on the routines. Just relax as though you were doing ordinary ballroom dancing."

"But that's just it," Betsy insisted. "I can't even dance on a dance floor. You see, I've always been a wall-flower. Even in high school, when anyone asked me to dance, I'd just—well, I'd just freeze up like a broom-handle."

By now Felix was beginning to feel faintly panicky. "Well, look. Ah . . . just walk back and forth. You'll relax."

"Mr. Felix," Betsy gulped in agitation, "I'm even awkward when I walk."

So Mr. Felix and Betsy first practiced walking—and from that they went into the simple "time" step.

"Once she got over her self-consciousness, she did beautifully," Felix reported to director Reis. "That girl works like a Trojan. She practiced seven hours a day for three weeks on one number."

"I know," said Reis. "She tackles everything like that. If there's any truth in that old saw about genius being half application and half perspiration, I suspect we have a genius on our hands." When the dance scene was shot, Director Reis congratulated his suspected girl-genius.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Reis," she blushed gratefully, "but if I'm at all graceful, you can just say that Mr. Felix hypnotized me."

Not long ago, a woman's page editor visiting the *Dancing in the Dark* set asked Betsy for her beauty secrets to include in a story. "I'm so sorry," Betsy apologized. "I'm just not a beauty and I have no beauty secrets. I just like to be clean."

With no illusions about her beauty, her importance, or her talent, Betsy has everyone who works with her unconsciously pulling for her. "She's like a high-stepping thoroughbred at race-time," one grip observed sagely, "trembling and rearing at the starting gate—but once the bell rings, you don't have to worry about her. She'll make it if she has to run her heart out."

Mark Stevens, playing her fiancé in the picture, continually teased Betsy about Cary. The first time they rehearsed a love scene, she was supposed to throw her arms around his neck and kiss him. It turned out to be a surprisingly enthusiastic buss and, in mock dignity, Mark protested, "Please, Miss Drake! Just because Cary's coming home tomorrow, you don't have to practice on me!"

Days later, commenting on the 25 pounds Grant lost while he was ill, Mark said, "Say, Betsy, you don't like Cary that thin, do you?"

"I like Cary *any* way," Betsy flashed. "I'd like him with a walrus mustache!"

If the wisecracks of Hollywood expected to fill in their speculations with facts when



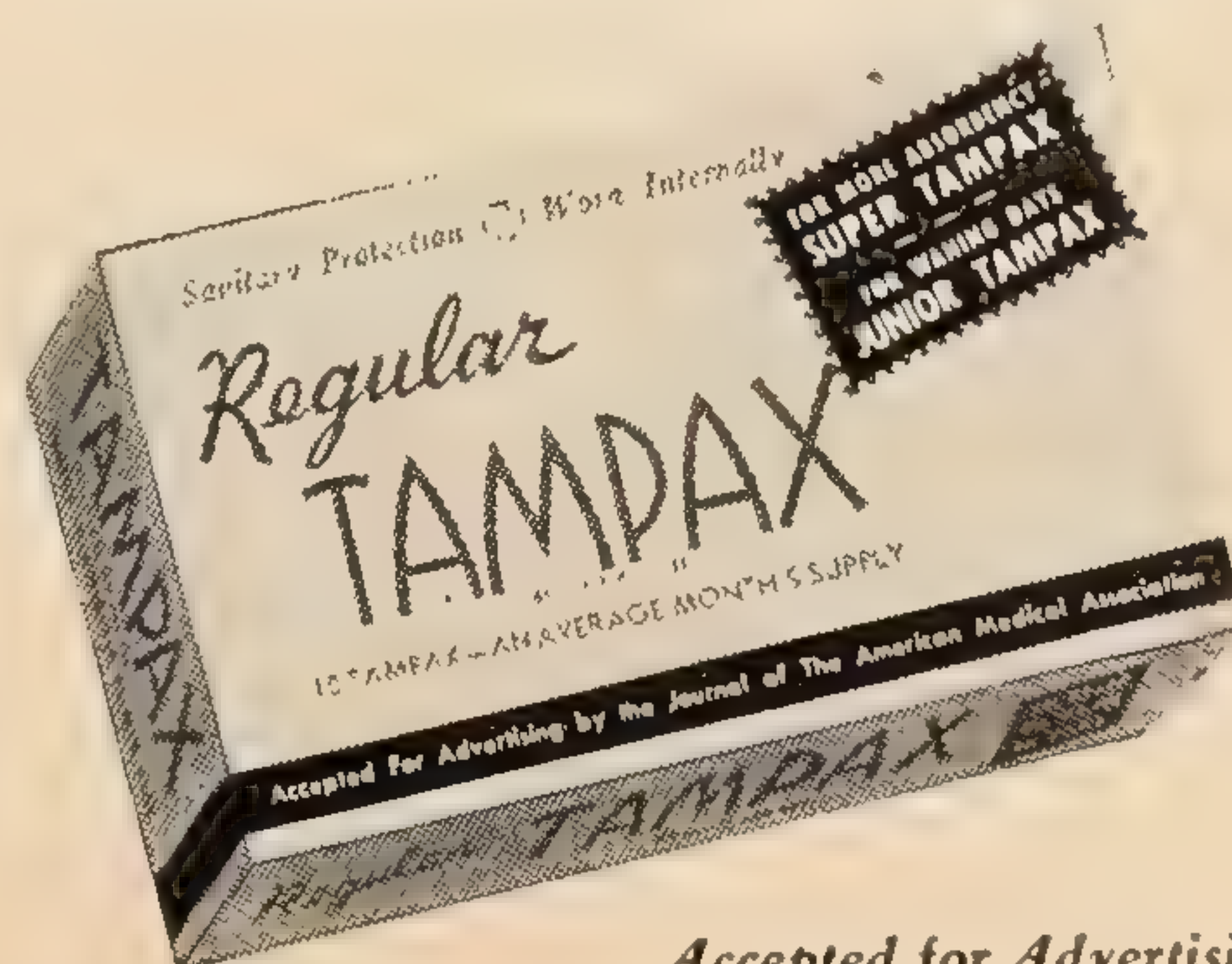
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Cary returned from Europe, they were disappointed. He and Betsy haven't been seen around in the bright spots or at parties. When they have dates, it usually means a quiet dinner together at Betsy's or at Cary's house. Afterward, they play backgammon or gin rummy and Cary always wins. Lately Betsy has been teaching him chess—and was delighted at beating him, until the last few sessions. "Now he's able to beat me even at that," she wails.

Typical of Betsy's low-pressure salesmanship where her own accomplishments are concerned, is her claim to only one social asset: "I play a fair game of ping-pong," she admits. She's an avid reader, and when she hasn't a book in hand, she's most content when she's learning something. Her current project is a self-teaching piano course, which she pursues so determinedly that she painstakingly copies two or three bars on a scrap of paper to carry in her purse for memorizing whenever she has a spare moment away from home.

"Home" to Betsy in Hollywood is a tiny white house just outside the studio gate. She rented it when she started work at 20th Century-Fox. In its four small, sunny rooms, she and Suzy live in ladylike seclusion.

Most of her waking hours since she's been in Hollywood, Betsy's been working. That's one reason why she's made few friends in the picture colony. Another is that she's so shy that meeting strangers frightens her. In a crowd she closes up like a clam.

In conversation, her voice has a soft huskiness, pitched so low that any other sound in a room can drown her out. Betsy counts this as an odd blessing. Completely self-effacing, she would much rather listen than take part in a conversation.

Celebrating the almost simultaneous completion of *Dancing in the Dark* and *I Was a Male War Bride*, Betsy and Cary, with Howard Hawks and starlet Marion Marshall, made a foursome at the recent racing meet at Santa Anita. While experts Grant and Hawks carefully studied their form sheets for the scientific selection of a winner, Betsy quietly picked, at random, a

lost cause named Bollingcall, slipped over to the betting window and cautiously placed a two-dollar wager on his hopeless nose. Bollingcall (why that name intrigued her she's never figured out) romped home first, dumping \$127.50 in the lap of a very dazed Miss Drake. "The first thing I ever won in my life!" she gasped unbelievably.

Betsy's prognostications aren't always as accurate as her horse selections. She employs a favorite childhood device for foreseeing the outcome of a problem or the possibility of obtaining a particular wish: If she wins two out of three games of solitaire, then she'll get her wish or her problem will be solved. Following her screen test, while she waited to hear Dore Schary's verdict, she almost wore the spots off the cards. Two out of three games and she'd get the role in *Every Girl Should Be Married*. Weeks went by—and never once did she make it.

Next day, when she was visiting at Cary's house, she was still running the cards while Cary studied a script. Again she'd just failed on another two-out-of-three when Dore Schary called long-distance from Chicago, where he'd just seen the test. Finishing the call, Cary returned to the living room, looking completely bereaved.

"Betsy," he began, tragically, "I've some bad news for you."

Her heart crash-dived to her toes and she said in a small, crushed voice, "I didn't get the part."

"I said, 'bad news,'" he went on. "You did get it! Now you're stuck with me for a leading man."

Whether two out of three wins at solitaire would foretell marriage with Cary, Betsy has never tried to find out. Asked if they would wed eventually, Betsy parries "Eventually is a long time to talk about. We might. Or one or the other of us might decide against it."

If this is a romance, no one else is in position to say for sure. No one except Suzy, who is their constant chaperone. And Suzy isn't talking.

Shrewd observers, but very close-mouthed, these French poodles.

THE END

MY HEART DECEIVED ME

(Continued from page 24)

see her straightening up, becoming more of a somebody every second. When I got through and asked, "Well, do you still think you're not as attractive as I am?" her reply was best of all. It showed me that what I had said had impressed her, but hadn't turned her head so far that she went the other way.

"Yes, I do," she replied. "I know I'm not as attractive. But I feel now that being attractive is something you can work at. That if I develop my good points, maybe I can get to be something like you and the other stars I admire."

We said goodbye—but just as we parted she had one more thing to tell me. "You must be awfully happy, Miss Day, to want to make others happy, as you have me," she said.

Well! Long after she had gone, all that day, I thought of this. Yes, I was happy. But why? I felt I had to put into words, into so many exact words, just why I was happy . . . so there could be no doubt of it.

There were reasons why I shouldn't have been. Twice in my life I had thought I was settled with men I loved and twice in my life I became unsettled . . . via divorce. This is enough to make a girl a little unsure of herself, and without confidence, life can be quite saddening. Oh,

yes, in my case there was a career to make up for it. Maybe that was washing out the shadows of the past that could plague me. And it's perfectly true that making good in Hollywood has its own satisfying kind of thrill to it.

Yes, a career can help and mine is helping me. But, deeply and honestly, there is something else. It's not on the picture lot, nor written on the face of the check that I pick up at the cashier's window. It's not in the radio studio standing beside talented and kind people whom I admire and who have helped me so much. It's not in the dresses I can buy now, nor at the parties I am asked to attend, nor in any of the Hollywood whirl, that surrounds a star. It's in me! It's a realization and a conviction. The realization is that one never falls into happiness (as I had always thought). One has to make it! The conviction is that this time I know how to make my happiness. And before you think I am talking just in generalities, let me explain that the happiness I want can come only when I find the right man. I'll find him.

He won't be anyone who just smites me off my feet the second I see him. I've been smitten. He'll be several things which I'll name, and in the exact order I give: 1. A



HOW TIME FLIES!

Jackie Cooper and Judy Garland are at the hand-holding-at-soda-fountain stage. Which accounts for the completely dejected look on the freckled countenance of Mickey Rooney. But Mickey pulled a fast one at the studio commissary the other day. Jackie and Judy were interrupted in their soulful gazes at each other over malted milks when Mickey passed the table and yelled "Hi, you kids." On his arm was Sophie Tucker.—*Modern Screen*, September, 1937

friend. 2. A companion. 3. A friend. 4. A friend. 5. A FRIEND. 6. A FRIEND!

You never hear the phrase "True friendship at first sight," do you? Everyone knows that real, enduring friendship is something that develops slowly. Well, that was a little mistake I made before; a natural mistake, perhaps, because I was so young. I let something else come between the natural development of friendship and companionship—something sometimes called a mad love.

A few months ago I was invited to a party. Later I was thrilled to learn that a certain star would be attending whom I had never met, but had always been crazy about when I saw him on the screen. "This is fabulous, sensational!" I told myself. My old girlish enthusiasm hit me (oh, it's still there, all right, but I've learned to keep a tight rein) and I went into a flurry of preparations for the affair.

We met. He was handsome. He had a commanding presence. He was certainly something to be seen with. And—he was nothing!

This man was exactly that. He was nothing. He could wear clothes. He could look at you. He could sit still beautifully, at any angle, and let you look at him. He could chatter—nothing about nothing, mostly—and then let you look at him again. (If I seem to be going around in aimless circles, that's the way it was when I was with him. No matter how things started, or where they might lead to ordinarily, with him you just ended up . . . looking at him.)

Well, I thought, would I want this sort of man for *all* my life? For my mornings and my noons and my evenings? For my good moments and my bad moments, for my tears and my laughter and my illnesses? Always this . . . and just this?

No, thank you. I went home early that night. I pleaded illness. He had bored me to it.

There is a wall that can come up between two people. If they cannot communicate with each other because they hold little in which they are commonly interested, if one is one kind of a person and the other just opposite, if viewpoints are so different that they cannot take in the other person's—that's a wall. I know. I've faced it.

To fall quickly in love with a man, madly in love, is to be in love on only one

level. But there are lots of levels to everyday life. And if you can't meet each other on these other levels just as interestingly and warmly, almost, as you have on the first one—well, when that great, big beautiful love moves out, the wall moves in!

Al Jorden, my first husband and the father of my son, was a nice man. It is as much a reflection on me as it is on him that we are not married today. Neither one of us, I think, used our good sense. It still wasn't being overworked when my second husband, George Weidler, and I met. We were married in 1946, separated a year later, and were divorced June 1 of this year.

Not long ago I met my second husband and we had a long talk. He surprised me by revealing a new attitude to life, a sound, spiritual relationship to it that I had never thought possible in him. It made me gasp to listen to him at first. And then his ideas captured me, I wanted to know more and more. We were by this time too far apart for a reconciliation to become possible, but just the same, I not only felt a new respect growing in me for him—I took his new-found spiritual outlook for my very own. It is very like what I am writing about now. He, who used to live on the other side of that wall from me, was now my teacher! This is what time had done for him. It might have done it for both of us if we had taken time to get to know each other before we married instead of falling right into each other's arms and hoping that we'd learn about each other later.

For some people it does work out well that way. It must, I guess—because there certainly are cases of people who have fallen in love at first sight and have stayed in love. Were they so-o-o much in love, and is that the reason—or were they lucky that they *happened* to be right for each other?

Today if I meet a man it is enough for me if he is pleasant. I don't ask that he be knocked over by me, or give me a rush, or depart from his usual, pleasant self in any way. I have met a number of men like that. With a few, the acquaintanceship has grown to real friendship. I am more than happy about it. It may be that one of these friendships will develop to something closer. That will be wonderful. But if it doesn't, I'll still value the friendship.

i'm not afraid . . .

I have a nice home. I have a fine son. I know what it needs. So does he. The other day, when I had time off, I told him I was going to spend it all with him. He was delighted, was Terry, who is just seven, and getting to know his way around the neighborhood alone. Yet, 10 minutes later (which I know is like a half a day to him) he casually announced he was going off to visit a playmate.

"But I thought we were going to be together today," I said.

He looked at me. "Why, Mom?" he asked. "Are you lonesome?"

"Yes, I'm lonesome," I replied.

"Why don't you get married?" he asked.

He went on to say that if I were married we'd have a "real gang" in the family, and, "You know, Mom. It takes a whole gang to have fun."

Okay, Terry, I thought to myself, we'll have a "real gang." And I'm not afraid, as many women are who have been divorced, that it will turn out badly again this time. There will be safeguards. The man who is to be your new father and I will have many things in common before he even becomes your father—so many things that we won't need a love to be interested in each other! And then—if such a love comes—well, that won't be the *only* bind that ties!

THE END

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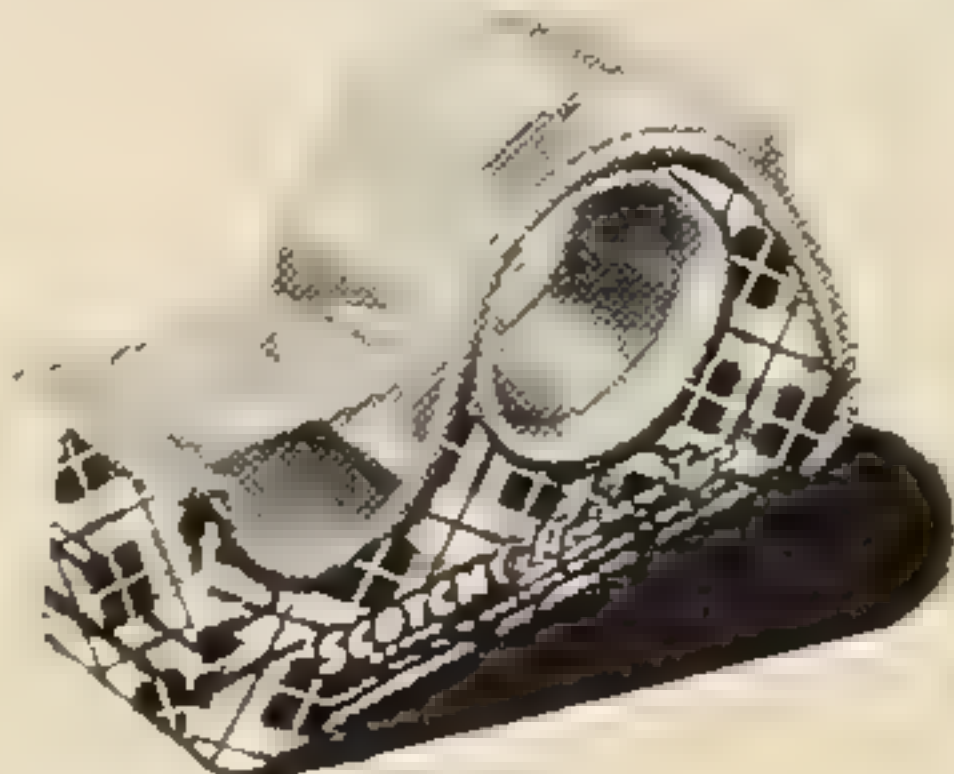


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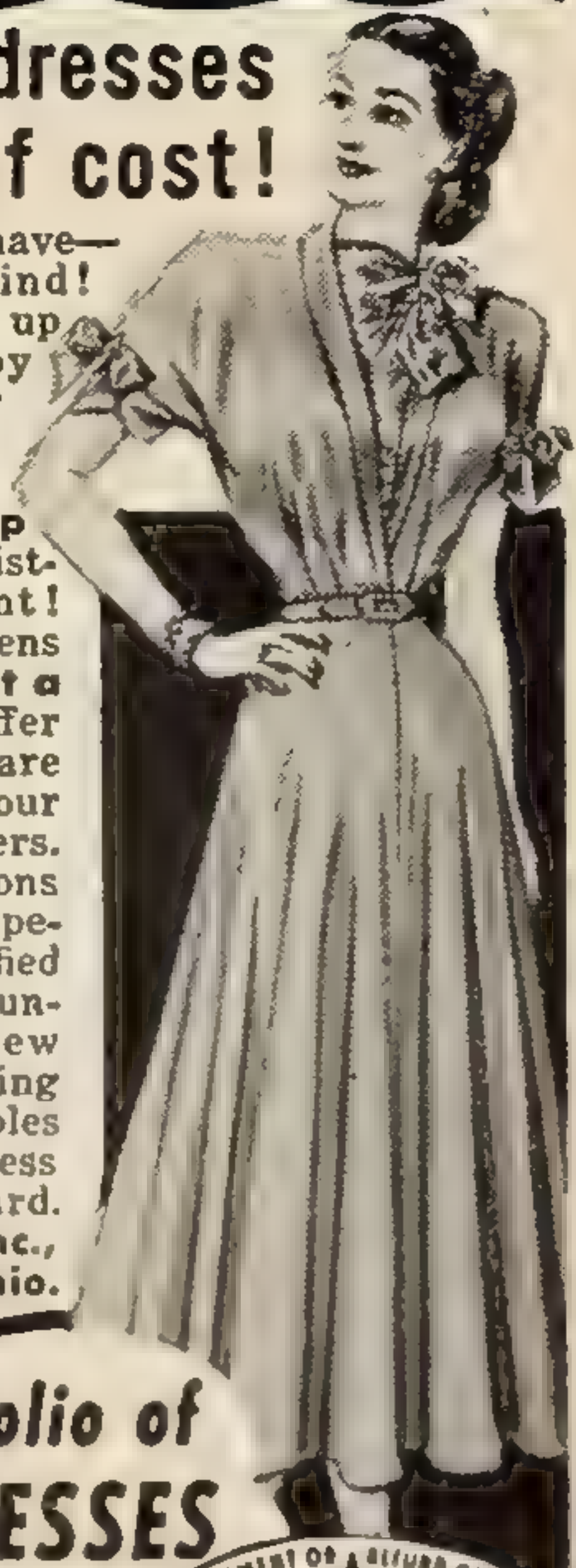
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AM I CHEATING MY CHILDREN?

(Continued from page 33)

is to marry and bear children. But it also seems to me that God wants us to live our lives fully and honestly and to His credit.

My boys and their father are the lode-stars of my life. But there's something else that's tremendously important to me as an individual: My work. Many women have outside interests in club work, in doing part-time jobs in hospitals, in any one of a hundred occupations. In my case, the outside interest is a Hollywood career, and I don't think it hurts my being a good wife and mother one tiny bit. On the contrary, I'm positive it's a big help.

Four years ago when Tim and Greg were born, I realized, of course, that I'd been presented with a brand-new set of problems. But not being a swami, I couldn't look ahead to see exactly what the problems would be.

By the time the babies were four weeks old, I was getting ready for a new picture. I had to leave them in the care of a nurse—so I didn't have a chance to get used to them. Like a lot of mothers, I was afraid to touch my babies. They were so little—four pounds each—and I was actually afraid I'd break them! I guess I'd have become easy and relaxed with them if I'd been able to take complete charge. But I spent most of my free time tip-toeing around the nurse and being terrifically impressed with the capable way she handled them.

full time mother . . .

After I'd finished the picture, I was sitting in the nursery one afternoon watching the two darlings when it suddenly occurred to me I was missing an awful lot by not taking charge of them—taking constant charge. Maybe, I thought to my day-dreaming self, I ought to give up my career and devote myself entirely to bringing up my children. . . .

As luck would have it, the next day I was informed by the studio that my three-month lay-off period would now begin. Here was a golden opportunity to see how being a full-time mother would work out. So, dispensing with any halfway measures, I told both the nurse and the housekeeper that they could start their vacations immediately.

Late that afternoon, domestically attired in a peasant dress and an apron, I met my husband at the front door.

"Greetings," I said blithely. "You see before you plain Susan Barker, housewife and mother."

"How do you do," said Jess.

"I've sent away the nurse and the housekeeper," I said triumphantly, "and for the next three months, I'm going to take care of everything."

After I'd helped him up off the floor, he said, "That's very nice, darling," and kissed me. Then he went upstairs to play with the babies.

The four Barkers made, I thought, a very appealing family circle. But after about 45 minutes, I noticed that Jess was getting a strange look on his face.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"Well," he said, "isn't— isn't dinner a little late tonight?"

"Dinner?" I said. "Oh . . . dinner. . . ."

"Yes," he said. "You know, the food that usually somehow appears on the table in this house about six-thirty? Remember?"

"Good heavens!" I said. I'd forgotten all about the necessity for fixing it!

This was the first in my series of surprises. During the next few days, I discovered that two babies need an incredible amount of diapers; that a housewife checks on the dry-cleaning, orders the groceries,

sees that the house is tidy, and doesn't answer the front door—especially if she's in pictures—with cake batter all over her face.

Now, I know that there are millions and millions of women who run domestic establishments six times as complicated as mine and manage, somehow, to wind up apparently fresh and blithe and set for a frolic when the old man gets home. They have my deep-down, all-out admiration. But—darn it—I'm just not that way.

By the end of one month, what with cooking, shopping, cleaning, and taking care of the little ones, I was definitely beginning to fray about the edges. I was a weary housewife, and I showed it. When Jess would come home at night, where once he'd found the witty observation, the tinkling laugh, the endearing wiles, he now found the vacant stare, the wan smile—everything but the blow and the curse.

Finally, my long-suffering mate said, "Now, look!"—and told me that (1) he preferred to have an attractive-looking wife to the tousled creature I was becoming, (2) he'd rather have a wife who was nice, (3) my biscuits shouldn't happen to a dog, and (4) this was not the girl he thought he'd married. What inarnation, he asked, was I trying to prove and whom, exactly, did I think I was fooling?

Then he gave me his handkerchief and fell in love with me all over again. Next morning I called back the nurse and the housekeeper. I'd faced the fact that I'd been trying to do too much and had been doing it pretty terribly. . . .

Ah, well! The experience had been a good one: I certainly had a better working knowledge of the home; I had a much closer insight into the problems of the people who worked for me; and—most important—I'd really gotten to know my children.

I still, of course, take on myself the general responsibilities of their daily lives whether I'm working or not. I direct their nurse and plan their menus. And, naturally, I supervise the running of the household. But as to that, I do not wring my hands if the cleaning woman can't come—which happens quite often. I'm afraid I'm not the kind of girl who gets upset if the house isn't spotless. Neither is MacKay, our housekeeper—who, by the way, is a grandmother. We both know that the house will be cleaned when we get around to it. And none of us is overly fussy about the children, either. We don't think they ought to be antiseptic. As long as they're fundamentally clean, a little dirt on top won't hurt 'em.

new world . . .

I know I'm a darned sight more interesting to them when I'm an active part of the outside world and can bring that world closer to them. The boys aren't shut out of our working lives—anything but! They're always asking to go to the studio, and we take them. It's a whole new enchanting world we're able to unfold before their insatiably curious eyes. They play with every gadget in the different departments. They work the camera boom, they put on the sound engineer's earphones. The prop-men always have something fascinating to show or tell them. They meet all kinds of people, talk to them without shyness—and I watch with delight, remembering my own shyness as a child. . . .

It seems obvious to me that what children require is not necessarily the constant presence of their mother, but the constant knowledge that they're loved and cher-

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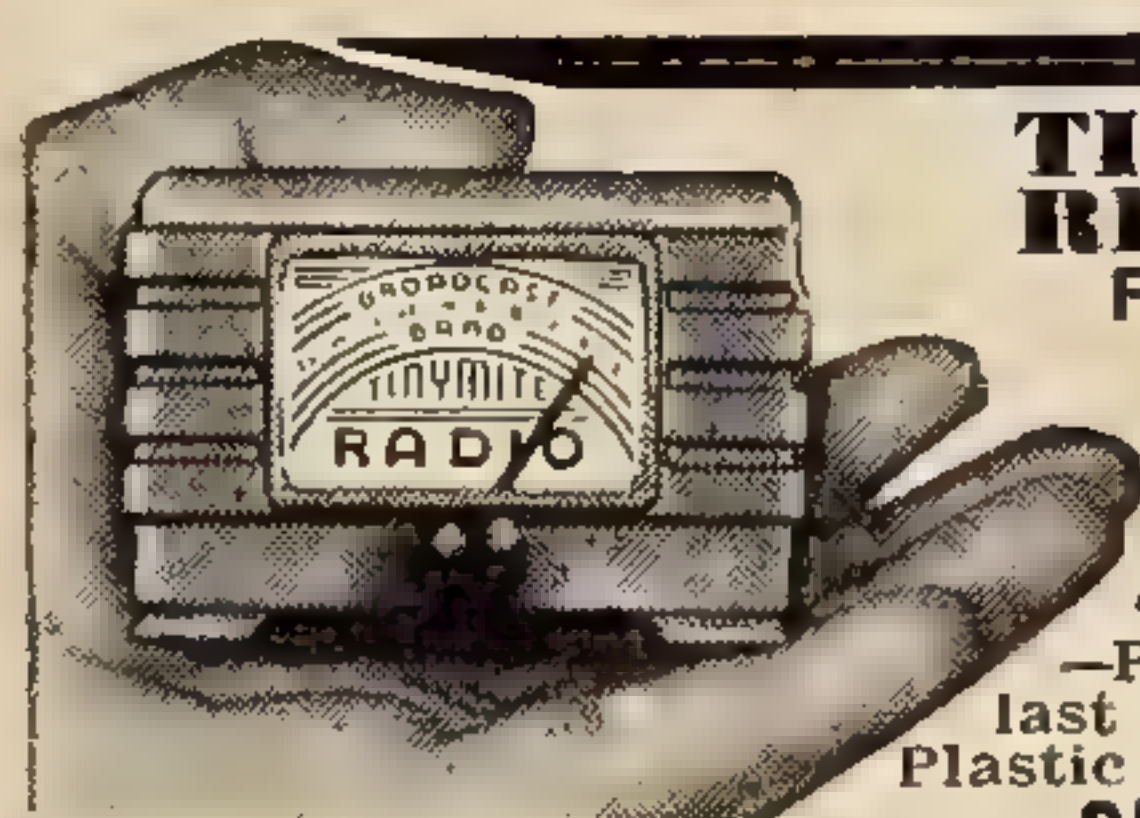


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NAME _____ Age _____

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ished. Jess and I have impressed on our boys—less by word than by actions—that we all love one another and should do things together. Their problems are our problems, and our problems—at least the little ones that they're able to tackle—are theirs.

When I get home, I slam the front door—that's our "secret signal." The boys shout and get ready for a romp with me. But if Jess has gotten in ahead of me, there's a slight delay while he and I sit down together for a minute or two. Then we run upstairs and tussle with the kids.

For the past year, the boys have usually taken their dinner with us. Jess carves. I cut up their meat for the boys. We talk about their doings and ours. (Though our major grown-up affairs can wait until after the kids are in bed.) Greg keeps us in smiles—he's the boy with the jokes. ("Mommy, why should you keep away from a dog named Ginger?" "Why, darling?" "Because gingersnaps!") Tim is the one with the questions. ("Daddy, do angels have to drink milk?" "Uh. . . . Ask Mommy.") Both have pretty good table manners for their age and, if little accidents do occur, we don't raise a fuss. So somebody tilts soup onto the floor—so somebody wipes it up! Usually the boy who spilled it, which means he'll be more careful next time. But I don't go into a tizzy. We have no Persian rugs to be ruined.

the children's hour . . .

After dinner, we generally watch Judy Splinters and a cartoon on the television set. . . . Once my picture, from a cover of Televiews Magazine, was flashed on the screen. The twins jumped up and down with excitement. "Mommy's on television! Mommy's on television! We want to be on television too!"

"Wait'll you get to be cowboys," said Jess.

"On a horse?" said Tim.

"Sure," said Jess, "on a horse."

"You gonna get us a horse, Daddy?" said Tim.

"Now, you just keep on saving your pennies," said Daddy.

Though I'm dead on my feet, I always tuck them in and hear their prayers. Jess always lets me do it by myself. I sort of like to be the last one with them at night—I somehow feel that their mother should be the last person they see before they close their eyes. It's possessive of me, if you like. But I'm aware of that, and don't carry it any further.

Sometimes, though, even after they're asleep, we play games with them. Recently a friend stayed overnight, and Jess went upstairs to get an extra pillow. While there, he went into the boys' room and leaned over Greg's bed.

"Did you shave today?" he asked softly.

Greg, the jokester, chuckled in his sleep and mumbled, "Yes, I did."

The boys think it's terrific to go to bed one place and wake up in the morning somewhere else. And every so often we'll pick them up in their sleep and put them in the guest room. Once I woke to find that Jess had put Tim in with me. We'll hear them chortling about it as they drink their morning orange juice. ". . . the time I slept with Mommy . . ." ". . . the time we were both in the front room. . ." It's the kind of thing that makes you smile when, in later life, you look back over your childhood, remembering. . . .

Well—am I cheating my children by being an actress?

I'm sure I'm not! They're having a full, happy, secure and cherished childhood. And I believe that the main reason they are is that, by being an actress, I'm being a better mother.

THE END



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we pay postage. When sent C. O. D.
customers to pay \$3.99 plus charges.
At retail in Seattle.

WESTWARD, WHOA!

(Continued from page 45)

meager punishment for a grown man. It's a piece of wood about a foot long that hangs on the den's wall. On one side there's a tiny doghouse, and on the other, five miniature leather dogs—one for each of the family—hang from five leather hooks. All you do is lift the right dog off the hook and put it in the house.

"Oh, never mind," we said ungraciously, "we can take a joke."

"Roy has a good sense of humor," Dale explained. "Why, on our last wedding anniversary he gave me a 22-gauge shotgun!"

"Some joke," we said.

"Of course," Dale added, "there was a pair of ruby earrings in the cartridge box."

We figured maybe he wasn't so bad at that and we allowed him to help Dale and us carry out the food. On the way to the corral we looked the place over. Pretty neat. Silos brimming with grain, colts frisking safely in the distance, a spinning windmill, fields of turnips. . . . What really impressed us were the chickens. They weren't much for looks, but they lived in specially heated coops of their own, and every time they'd lay an egg it would slide down a little wire trough in front of them.

"Remarkable," we said.

"Oh," laughed Dale. "Wait till they come out numbered. Roy's working on that."

For solid enjoyment,
read the screen story of Roy
Rogers' and Dale Evans' latest
movie, *Down Dakota Way*, in
the great September issue of
Dell's SCREEN STORIES magazine.

Then we reached the corral. We took one look at those beautiful Palomino horses and felt like running away.

"Want to ride?" asked Roy.

"Us?" we said, dropping the food packages. "We?"

Dale, whose heart is bigger than Texas, calmed us.

"Simmer down, girls," she said. "Relax."

Relax? We were feeling so relaxed we almost fell to the ground right there.

"You know this song?" asked Roy as he started to sing a verse. It was about a couple of young dudes who got trampled to dust when they declared they were a-feared and started raising a fuss. "Remember old Leftie, Dale?" he asked suddenly. "He was a nice fella."

Dale snickered. About four seconds later we started laughing, too. It was pure hysteria.

Then Roy led Dale's horse, Pal, toward us. "Gentlest horse I've ever seen," he said, stroking Pal's mane affectionately. "Go ahead, talk to him."

"Hello, horse," we said. "Hello Pal, old boy, old horse."

"You know," said Roy, "even you could handle him."

"Oh, we doubt that," we said. "We very much doubt that."

"Sure you can," said Roy. That man must be a hypnotist—because the next thing we knew, sister Reba was in the saddle.

"He'll do anything you say," Roy shouted up from where he stood. "Tell him what you want him to do."

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"Giddap," Reba whispered. "Giddap." It could have been worse. Reba could have told him to do the Missouri waltz.

After this exhibition, Roy put Trigger through his paces. It was wonderful to watch. Trigger's getting on in years for a horse—he's 16—but he went through 25 tricks without an error: prancing, bowing, counting, kneeling to say his prayers. Trigger, Junior, who's being trained to take his pappy's place, will have to go some to outshine him.

Feeling a little more at ease, we helped Roy pack the food in the saddle bags and then ambled out of the corral. We came to the top of a hill and held our breath. The countryside lay huge and green and still beneath us. We picked out a site for our picnic. It was underneath an old oak tree in the center of a turnip patch.

Talk about living—you should have seen that food! Roast beef and baked-ham sandwiches, potato salad and whole, juicy tomatoes, apple cobbler and ice-cold lemonade. Heaven.

After lunch, Roy stretched out on the ground and slid his cowboy hat over his face. For a few moments nothing stirred.

"I'd say," whispered Dale, "Pa looks a mite too comfy."

We were inclined to agree. We plucked a sprig of green and swished it beneath his nose. Soothing as a horsefly, it was.

Roy didn't move. We swished, and swished. Suddenly he bolted upright. We bolted, too.

"Run for the hills, girls!" Dale shouted, as Roy reached for his lariat.

We bounded for the open field and stopped almost in mid-air as the lasso curled around us. "Help, police!" we cried as he hauled us in. "Enough!" we cried as he tied us up steer fashion. "Mercy!" we shrieked as he tickled us under the nose with turnip leaves. "Uncle!"

"Ornery critters!" laughed Roy. "Disturb the peace, will ya?"

"Fat chance we'd have," we muttered. Then we all shook hands.

To convince us we'd been forgiven, Roy offered to ride us back to the ranch on Trigger. We don't know much about the West, but when a cowboy lets you ride his horse, and especially when that horse is Trigger—it's an honor. So we got on, all three of us, and we joggled along with Dale on Pal beside us.

On the way back we passed the Rogers' prize-winning bulls and Trigger Junior's training ring and the pigpen. We wanted to stop by the pigs—little pigs are harmless—but Dale wouldn't let us.

"Hate pigs," she said. "Dates back to the time I was three and wanted to run away from home. Best place I could find was the pigpen. Took Dad two hours to find me and two more to coax the old sow to let me out."

"Why did you run away?" we asked. "Had a new baby brother," Dale said. "I thought he was getting all the attention. Reckon that won't ever happen to my kids."

Before we knew it we'd reached the corral—and suddenly it dawned on us: The day was over. Time to hit the trail. Roy lifted us off Trigger and steadied us on the ground.

"Nice horse," we murmured, and even touched his mane.

We sat down gently on some bales of hay and tugged at each other's boots until they came off, one by one. Then we sat down gently again with a weak but happy smile on our lips.

"Have fun?" asked Roy and Dale.

"Podners," we said, "podners, there aren't words to describe . . ."

"Reckon you're plumb tuckered out," said Roy, smiling.

"Reckon so," we said, smiling back. "Reckon we've been ridin' a mite too hard. But shucks, podner, we'd love to do it again!"

THE END

ARE ODDS AGAINST TEEN-AGE BRIDES?

(Continued from page 57)

SHOULD HOLLYWOOD TEEN-AGERS MARRY?

(The following views on teen-age marriage are those of Mrs. Muriel E. Richter. Mrs. Richter is National Chairman of the Domestic Relations Clinic and a member of the National Association of Women Lawyers.)

Statistics show that teen-age marriages in general have a high mortality rate and in Hollywood, especially, teen-age marriages that endure are something of a wonder.

Older people often fight separation for reasons of their own security. Youngsters have less fear of the future and, hence, less incentive to fight off divorce. Then, too, Hollywood teen-agers tend to view marriage in a story-book light. Once wed, they expect to live happily ever after, but often give little thought to ways of securing happiness or to the responsibility they've undertaken.

Careers present additional problems

to Hollywood youngsters who marry at the beginning of their professional lives. Continual adjustment of ego and personality is necessary as success comes or does not, as fame throws one partner into the limelight and ignores the other, as sudden, excessive wealth distorts true values. A great love and a high degree of understanding are required to withstand these threats to marriage. Most Hollywood teen-agers do sincerely want to stay married but many, stricken with career-itis, still have the antiquated notion that to get somewhere in Hollywood you have to be free.

Except for rare instances, then, I am not in favor of teen-age marriages. General immaturity, the inability to accept responsibility, and the inability or unwillingness to accept the yoke of matrimony stand in the way of lasting happiness.

became successively but not successfully Mrs. Willis Hunt, Mrs. Thomas Wallace and Mrs. Horace Schmidlapp. Then, last year, confused in mind and sick at heart over her romance with a man she could not marry, she killed herself.

"That," says the average teen-ager so confidently in love, "could never happen

to me." Perhaps not—but there seems to be a strangely familiar pattern that is true of many girls who marry in their middle teens. Many of them become members of the "try, try again" school, marrying so many times that it would take a book to trace down all the effects of their marriages on the people involved.



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Bravely, but with little honest consol-
ation for failure, many teen-agers say,
"We'll try it, and if things don't work out,
we can always get a divorce." But Judy
Garland had no such attitude when, at 19,
she married composer David Rose. They
took their vows on July 28, 1941, at which
time Judy declared confidently, "This is
no ordinary Hollywood marriage. This is
the real thing."

When she and Dave separated on Febru-
ary 22, 1943, she looked on things with the
more considered judgment of a woman
now past 21: "We were happy in the first
few months. Then our careers began to
conflict." This seemed rather a lame ex-
cuse at the time, but now Judy had sub-
stituted honesty for wishful dreaming.
Now, too, there was a hunger inside she
could not deny. She yearned for a hus-
band, her own home life, and children.
Two years later, she tried again—this
time, she thought, more wisely—with a
husband considerably older and more ex-
perienced than she.

An understanding, brilliant man, Vin-
cente Minnelli devoted himself to Judy.
They were blessed by the arrival of a
wonderful daughter. Yet the inevitable
parting came again. Meantime, what of
Judy herself? Her friends have worried
constantly about her. She has suffered
several nervous collapses. She has been
terribly unhappy, and as much as to any
other cause, the reason can be traced to
her first mistake in marrying before she
had attained complete maturity.

At 18, Deanna Durbin was a year
younger than Judy when she married
Vaughan Paul. Theirs was a beautiful
wedding, attended by hundreds of friends
and co-workers, all of whom would have
sworn that here was a down-to-earth
young couple who could make a go of it.
They had everything—money, youth, a
mutual interest in movies. The years of
happiness seemed to stretch ahead end-
lessly—but Deanna's marriage collapsed
the same year Judy's did. One can spec-
ulate on whether or not both of these
stars, had they waited until they were 21,
might still be happy in their original
marriages.

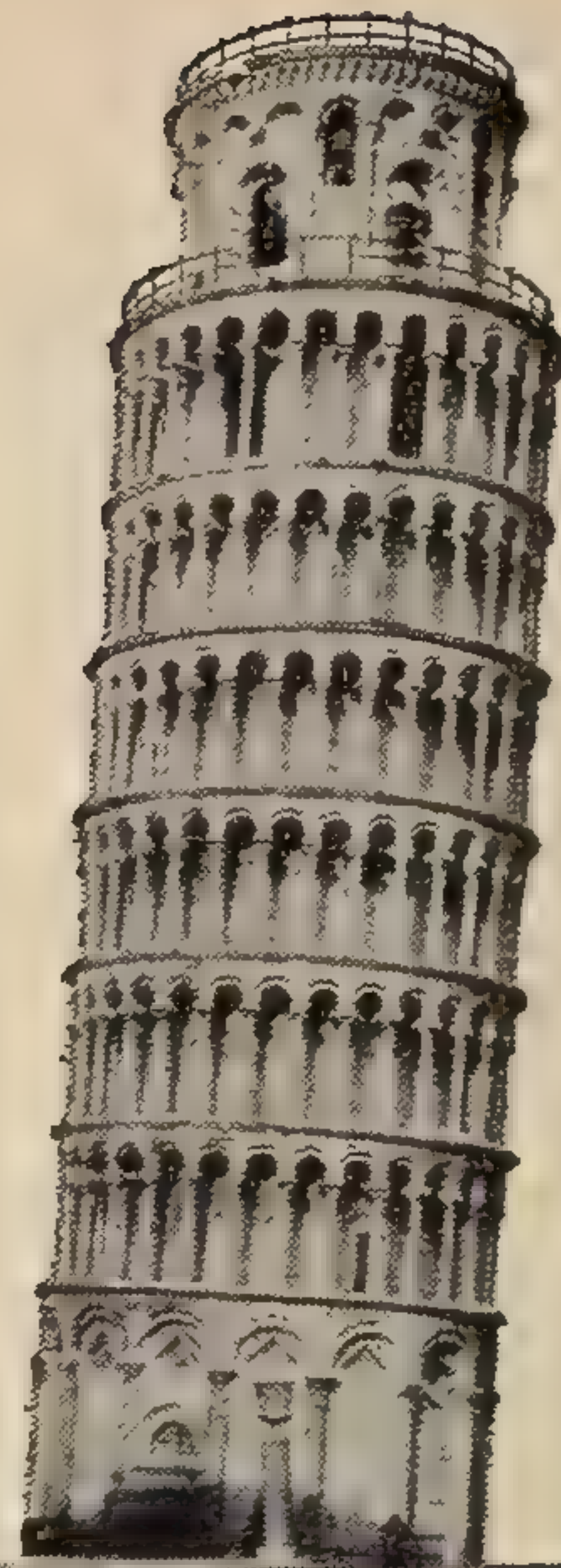
What wrecked Deanna's first marriage?
The answer came simply, a few hours later
when Deanna had a good cry and poured
out her heart to Louella Parsons. There
was no doubt about her real heart-
break when she said, "It wasn't Vaughan's
fault or mine that we failed to make a go
of our marriage. He, too, was spoiled. If
I'd known more about romance, I might



HOW TIME FLIES!

From the coast comes word that
despite all the hullabaloo about selec-
tions for *Gone With The Wind*, three
top spots have been definitely cast.
Margaret Sullavan is to play Scarlett
O'Hara, Clark Gable, Rhett Butler and
Walter Connolly has been chosen for
the important part of Scarlett's father.

—Modern Screen November 1937



IT CAN BE DONE ...but don't try it!

Sometimes it's possible to break all
the rules—and get away with it.

The famous Tower of Pisa, for in-
stance, has successfully defied both
sound engineering practice and the
law of gravity for over 800 years.

But for the most of us, most of the
time, the rules hold.

That is particularly true when it
comes to saving money.

The first rule of successful saving
is *regularity*... salting away part of
every pay check, month after month.

Once in a blue moon, of course,
you'll come across someone who can
break that rule and get away with it.
But the fact is that most of us *cannot*.

For most of us, the one and only
way to accumulate a decent-size
nest egg for the future and for emer-
gencies is through automatic saving.

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*Recommended
No Stars:
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FROM THE MOVIES

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM BASHFUL BEND—
"Every Time I Meet You" by Perry Como*
(Victor); Dick Haymes (Decca); Buddy
Clark (Columbia). Title Song by the Mod-
ernaires (Columbia); Tex Beneke (Victor).

THE CHAMPION—"Never Be It Said" by Herb
Jeffries (Columbia).

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME—Album by
Judy Garland* (MGM).

Four short but cute sides, best of which
is the novel *Play That Barber Shop
Chord*.

IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING—title song by Art
Lund* (MGM); Dick Haymes* (Decca).

MGM'S SILVER ANNIVERSARY—album of eight
sides (MGM).

A mixed bag from seven different movies,
including Lena Horne's *Can't Help Lov-
ing That Man*, the Allyson-Lawford
French lesson from *Good News*, and Jim-
my Durante looking for the lost chord.

NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER—"My Heart Beats Fast-
er" by Tony Martin* (Victor).

RED, HOT AND BLUE—"Where Are You Now
That I Need You" by Jane Harvey*
(MGM), Betty Hutton (Capitol). "I
Wake Up In The Morning Feeling Fine"
by Betty Hutton (Capitol).

Both songs are from Betty's picture, but
our vote goes to the sympathetic vocal
quality of the Harvey girl (an ex-Benny
Goodman vocalist).

YES, SIR, THAT'S MY BABY—"Look At Me" by
Buddy Clark* (Columbia); Art Lund
(MGM).

JAZZ

ERROLL GARNER—"Love Walked In"* (Savoy);
"Love For Sale"* (Dial).

BENNY GOODMAN—"Bedlam"*** (Capitol).

Everything is bop, except Benny's clarinet,
on this wonderful sextet item. The band
will be bopping it up in Europe by the
time you read this.

WOODY HERMAN—"Early Autumn"*** (Capitol).
A beautiful piece of mood music by Ralph
Burns.

ELLIOT LAWRENCE—"Elevation" * (Columbia).
Surprisingly successful stab at bop by the
polite Pennsylvania pianist and his band.

CLASSICAL AND POP

BUDDY CLARK—Songs of Romance* (Columbia).
Oscar Levant—Playing Chopin** (Co-
lumbia).

JAMES MELTON—"Yours Is My Heart Alone"*
(Victor).

JANE POWELL—A Date With Jane* (Colum-
bia).

All the above show the great advantage
of Columbia's 33-speed records over Vic-
tor's awkward 45-speed discs. The Clark,
Powell and Levant items have up to 35
minutes of music on one disc; the Melton
side is merely another three-minute opus
solving nothing but your storage problems
—which Columbia does anyway.

not have married the first man I was per-
mitted to go out alone with. . . . That would
have saved us unhappiness and a marriage
that never should have taken place."

And now came the next inevitable urge
that follows a teen-age marriage failure.
Continuing the parallel between the lives
of Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland, De-
anna waited a couple of years and also
married a much older man, Felix Jackson.
Another highly-respected Hollywood pro-
ducer, against whom there can be no
criticism for what happened, Mr. Jackson
seemed to bring to Deanna's life the sta-
bility she needed. However, like Judy,
she reluctantly admitted another failure
last year. Like Judy, she was famous and
wealthy, but nervous, distraught and ter-
ribly unhappy.

Very few teen-agers are willing to face
the facts after they have made their mis-
take. Not so with intelligent, frank and
beautiful Barbara Lawrence. Several years
younger than Judy and Deanna, she fol-
lowed in their footsteps romantically—but
she is determined not to make another
mistake.

In a statement to MODERN SCREEN she
says, "I eloped with John Fontaine with-
out the consent of my mother. She was
married in her teens and knew what in
all probability would happen: I didn't
listen—but now I can warn any girl that
she is in grave danger of making a mis-
take she will regret for a long time if she
marries before she's 21. When you reach
that age you have a better chance of know-
ing what you really want. *Before 21 you
act on your hunches, rather than knowl-
edge and experience.* Of course, there are
successful teen-age marriages, and there
will be many more. Usually, though,
you'll find them in communities in which
values are constant—where there is not,
as there is in Hollywood, so much empha-
sis on the importance of money and
glamor."

foresight and hindsight . . .

That is a really sensible analysis for a
girl of 19 to make. Isn't it too bad she
couldn't have reached that conclusion
before she married? If she had, perhaps
she wouldn't have sought divorce less than
a year later.

At this point, the average teen-ager may
ask in protest, "Won't adults ever realize
that every case is individual; that the
chances for marital mistakes are equally
as strong with adults? Look at all the
marriage flops of people who marry in
their middle twenties!"

True—but only half true. Anyone of
adult stature is more able than a teen-
ager to recover balance in case of a di-
vorce, and when statistics are quoted to
prove how many happy marriages there
are in Hollywood, nine out of 10 of them
concern couples who married only after
considerable mature thought.

Today, Elizabeth Taylor is engaged to a
fine young man, William Pawley, Jr. Will
their marriage be a success? There is
everything here to indicate a sound mar-
riage—except Elizabeth's age.

Perhaps the breathtakingly-beautiful
Liz could profitably examine the record of
Janet Leigh, who works on the same movie
lot. Janet came to Hollywood with her
young husband, Stanley Reames, a Navy
veteran who wanted to be an orchestra
leader. They pawned everything they
possessed to get started. Temporarily, his
career was stopped short by the record
ban and conditions of the times. Then
Janet was accidentally discovered by Nor-
ma Shearer and was signed for movies.

At that time, Janet gave this reporter
an inspiring story of her marriage to
Reames. Even a mind trained to a dubious
attitude toward all movie starlets who

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marry at 18, succumbed to Janet's charm and her earnest conviction that both she and her husband had their feet on the ground.

A few months later, on July 20, 1948, Janet took the stand in divorce court. She blamed their youth and made the usual pat references to his being "cruel and sullen."

What happened here?

To people in Hollywood it was an ancient tale. Janet was being catapulted into important pictures and big money. At first she wanted to have her husband with her on sets. Then it became the old story of the man feeling unimportant, relegated to the background. Arguments over late working hours and the easy, affectionate attitude that is typical of theatrical people working together, grew intolerable. Stanley was confidentially told that it would be better if he didn't visit his wife so often. His hurt and bitterness were understandable. So, too, was the attitude of his wife.

Will Elizabeth Taylor be able to survive similar experiences?

When Ava Gardner married Mickey Rooney at the age of 19, she was a starlet, but she had very little interest in her career. She was willing just to be the Mick's wife. They were together from January 10, 1942, to September 14, 1943, at which time she gave up. In place of the reconciliation statement of a few months before—"I couldn't get along without Mickey and he couldn't get along without me"—Ava said, "He just wasn't meant for marriage."

Now Ava is 26. People wonder why she doesn't marry Howard Duff, with whom she seems so obviously in love. She doesn't marry because one more attempt with Artie Shaw turned into failure, and she says that if she marries again it will be only after she has known the man a long time.

Just how iron-bound is the rule that if a girl marries in her teens and divorces she seems barred forever from finding true happiness with another man? There must be exceptions and there are. Sent to cover the divorce of Betty Grable from Jackie Coogan back in July of 1939, this reporter talked to a very confused and unhappy girl.

out of unhappiness . . .

"It's not the money," Betty said, referring to the court action which Jackie had filed against his mother and stepfather, claiming he was penniless. "I was just out of my teens when we married, and we've been fairly happy together. We've laughed over the fact that after all the millions he earned, all Jackie had left was an allowance of \$6.25 a week and had to hock his car to pay our rent. No, it's all tied up with the fact that Jackie is almost out of pictures now. I'm not doing too well at Paramount and we figure we'd be better off if we split up."

Miraculously, out of Betty's tears soon came a rainbow. She went to 20th Century-Fox, soared to stardom, married bandleader Harry James, and today she has the happiest of homes and children.

So, too, do Lana Turner and Rita Hayworth seem to have come through their teen-age mistakes unscathed. Yet, if they escape the almost certain penalty of their teen-age misjudgments and live happily after with their current husbands, it will be considered by many little short of a miracle.

One thing can be said of today's army of young people under 20: They may be impetuous, but they're no fools. Give them the cold facts, such as just recorded here, then present an honest summation by one of their number who is obviously making good with her own marriage, and

MODERN SCREEN



"Two, please!"

the rest may be left up to their common sense.

So, at this point, we turn the problem of teen-age marriage over to Wanda Hendrix, recently married to Audie Murphy. Says Wanda:

"I'm glad I waited until I was 20 before I married Audie. We first met while I was still 17. I had just turned 18 when he proposed, and of course I dreamed of eloping. We had been vacationing in the High Sierras with my parents along for chaperones when he asked me, one evening, to go for a walk. We strolled along a path through the high trees. He popped the question and I said yes. Then, many times in the following months, we seriously and frankly discussed the advisability of my marrying so young. I told him that from the experiences of others I'd feel so much more sure of myself if we waited until I was out of my teens.

"He agreed it would be sensible to wait. For there was also the matter of his career. I seemed reasonably sure of mine, but his was still quite indefinite. I think the important thing that most people forget, no matter what their business happens to be, is that a man has a great deal of pride. If he didn't, a girl wouldn't want him. If they marry before he's reasonably sure of the road he is to take, there's a great danger: If he doesn't do well enough to give the girl he loves the home he wants her to have, he'll soon encounter a sense of failure and a girl in her teens usually doesn't have the patience or understanding to buoy up his courage and lift him out of his temporary despair.

"Before long, he begins to blame her, feeling that if she had insisted that they wait until they were more secure they wouldn't be having their problems. He suspects that whether she says so or not she thinks she chose the wrong man, and becomes a little ashamed. Before long, the undercurrents of immature reasoning break into a torrent of discontent.

"On the other hand, it is true that some of us grow up sooner than others. Mona Freeman is a perfect example of a girl who could marry in her teens and be assured of happiness. She is both a wonderful actress and a perfect home girl, while her husband, Pat Nerney, is a successful business man. Their parents are friends, and the two of them survived Pat's absence in Navy service.

"Should a girl marry in her teens? My answer is—think about it a long time before you do, and if you think long enough you'll soon be 20. By that time you won't even have to ask the question." THE END

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HE'S THE BOSS

(Continued from page 63)

The constructive approach, you'll notice—and I fall for it every time. Off come the wedgies. I compromise by wearing flat heels around the house. My hats languish on their stands, because John thinks hair is prettier than the prettiest hat. As for make-up, it's become a running gag.

"You don't need it," he says.

"Just lipstick, then," I concede. But I add a little rouge

"Why?" asks my husband.

"Oh, John—a woman feels undressed without a bit of rouge." Five minutes later I'm toning it down. There'll be girls at the party, well and subtly made up, and John'll think they look fine. But that's different. They're not his wife. He didn't have to watch them putting it on. There's no law that says he's bound to watch me, either. He just does.

It's not a question of imposing his ways on me. John's much too civilized and I'm much too spirited for that. But somehow when I'm defeated in one of our little domestic contests, I don't feel as though I've lost at all. Well, it's too deep for me. Maybe psychologist could explain it.

small but nice . . .

The house Mr. Lund bosses is a small hillside job with two bedrooms and a one-car garage. One medium-sized car, that is. The doors wouldn't close on a big car.

It's not the house of all houses we'd have chosen if there'd been much choice. We just grabbed what we could.

It was our first house, which was reason enough for me to love it. John took a less emotional viewpoint. "It's adequate, and who are we to ask more?" The only more I've ever heard him ask for is elbow room. "Something with a little land around it. So I can sneeze without having the neighbors say *Gesundheit*."

I make soothing noises like, "Maybe eventually. . ."

Still, a small house does have its advantages. Here I can revel in domesticity—which may pall one of these days, but so far it hasn't. I find it no chore to cook and keep house for two, with a cleaning woman and a part-time gardener to keep the dust inside and the weeds outside at bay. Only thing about the whole set-up that bothers me is that it bothers John.

"Why don't you get more help?" he'll ask. "Then you'd have more free time."

"For what? I'd rather cut a pattern or dream up a recipe any day than play bridge. With my system, full-time servants would be in the way. Besides, the house is too small."

"Then we'll get a bigger house."

And I sing the old refrain: "Well, maybe . . . eventually."

I wasn't always so housewifely. It amounts, in fact, to a complete reversal of form. At school I failed to shine in domestic science, and at home I was discouraged from anything more ambitious than an occasional batch of chocolate walnut fudge. But I've turned into a pretty fair cook, if I do say so (and John says so!). As for sewing. . .

Well, not too long ago I was leafing through a magazine when my eye was caught by a really stunning dress. It was love at first sight. I dashed out to find one like it. If you've ever dashed out on a similar errand, you know what happens. Mostly there's no such dress. If by some miracle there is, then the color's all wrong or they've got it in every size but yours. After two days of stalking the shops, I gave up. Temporarily. Because out of a clear blue sky an idea hit me. Maybe I could



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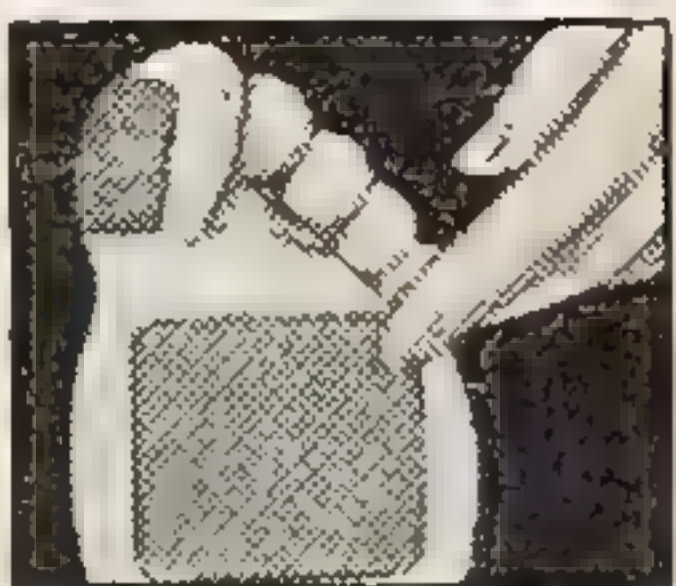
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make that dress myself. My mother had been a designer. There was just a chance I'd inherited some of her flair. . . .

So John came home to find me surrounded by patterns, material and all the paraphernalia of the seamstress. His face took on that "for heaven's sake, now what?" expression.

"Thought I'd make myself a dress," I explained.

"If you want a dress, why not buy one?" I gave my reasons. He found them inadequate. Trying to compete with experts, said John, was silly. Waste of time and effort, and when you got through, what did you have?

"This," I said, opening the magazine. "Maybe."

He smiled tolerantly. "If it amuses you, go right ahead."

"Oh, thank you, Master," I replied.

After which, the sight of me plying my needle would prompt him to mutter things about killing your own meat and weaving your own wool. Once, with what I considered pretty feeble humor, he suggested that we buy a cow. "So much simpler than going all the way to the corner store for a pound of butter!"

I sewed on, regardless. When the finished product was unveiled, he stopped muttering. Offered no comment one way or the other, but he didn't have to. The man was plainly impressed, and that was good enough for me.

happy designing . . .

A week later I sat in my little knotty pine sewing room, wrestling with a knotty little problem. Across the hall John was reading, as usual. (I ought to explain that my husband has a mania for printers' ink. If there's nothing else available, he'll read the labels on the canned goods.) As I sat there pondering, he called out: "What's your trouble?"

I answered absently. "Can't decide what to do with this green satin I bought."

He dropped his book, sauntered over and examined the stuff with a judicial air. "Er—wouldn't it make a nice evening gown? You know—kind of a strapless. . . ." He waved his hands around, then made it perfectly clear by adding brightly, "You know—no straps."

I looked at him wide-eyed. The scoffer turned collaborator! I did make "kind of a strapless" and it turned out pretty well.

As of now, I make nearly all my own dresses, with my husband cheering me on from the sidelines. He'll even discourse learnedly about gores and peplums, though he wouldn't know one from the other if they both came over and sat in his lap.

I wish John would take half as much interest in his own clothes as he does in mine. Coat-hangers he regards as some kind of crazy fad that won't last the year out. Wherever he takes his things off, that's where they lie. At first I tried to reform him.

"John, it's just as easy to hang them up." He was so pleasant about it. "Yes, dear, of course—as soon as I finish this chapter."

It's a mighty long chapter. He hasn't finished it yet. But it doesn't matter now. Because a vision revealed to me the perfect way of saving wear and tear on myself, on John and the clothes. I pick them up.

Only I don't touch his notes or his barbells. They're in the other bedroom, which he uses as a study. The notes are for an article he promised to write for a magazine three years ago. The magazine gave up hope long since. Not John. Those notes are sacred. Move them a millimeter and he knows it. The bar-bells have been around for only two years. To my certain knowledge, he's never lifted them an inch from the floor. Maybe just looking at them makes him feel strong. On me they have

the opposite effect. I trip over them about seven times a week.

"John, old boy, why not put them in the garage?"

"But I'm going to start using them any day now!"

Meantime, it's become a kind of fascinating game. Whose neck gets broken before that day arrives?

People sometimes ask me, "How does John feel, now that he's a solidly established star?"

One thing I can tell them: He doesn't feel solidly established. He feels that a film career is built on sand. As I think I mentioned earlier, he a realist. And somewhere along the way he developed an ironical sense of humor that allows him to watch from the sidelines even while he's in the midst of the game itself.

To his way of thinking, the movies are such an up-and-down business that failure and success are part of the same pattern. If you hit, it's mostly luck, and who can say how long the luck will last?

"My luck," he'll tell you, "has been that Brackett and Wilder put me in *A Foreign Affair*—why, I don't know. Maybe as a challenge, maybe to see what they could do with a guy who hadn't fared so well in other films."

Stardom doesn't impress him much—as you may have gathered! When he played on Broadway, he got a taste of what he calls notoriety—enough of it, says John, to satisfy any reasonable man. There is, he'll admit, a certain commercial value attached to star billing. But as for the fuss and feathers that go with it—well, some of it's pleasant, some unpleasant, and all of it's unimportant.

Being human, he naturally prefers good luck to bad. But it doesn't make him exactly jump for joy. He's too conscious of what's on the other side of the medal. . . .

I was casting about for some way to bring this rambling essay to a close, and finally appealed to my husband.

"You used to write gags," I said. "Can't you think of something funny as a punch-line?"

"We-ell, let's see," said John. "I know! Just repeat 'he's the boss.' That's the funniest gag I ever heard in my life."

All right. He's the boss.
(Some line, huh, John?)

THE END



critic's corner

WHICH PAPER DO YOU READ?

There was a time when Preston Sturges' name in a credit sheet meant wit and originality. There was a time when his films, written and directed and produced by one man, had a unique quality, a gay, good-humored and still a pointed sting. *The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend* must be known as a Betty Grable picture rather than a Preston Sturges comedy. The sting is gone. So is the fun. So is the wit.

Eileen Creelman
N. Y. Sun

Though this goofy photoplay will win no awards, it's loaded with chuckles. The fine, big cast helps by getting into the silly spirit of things. If you want belly laughs and don't care how the entertainers stoop for them. *The Beautiful Blonde* is your prescription.

Lee Mortimer
N. Y. Daily Mirror

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 19)

TAKE ONE FALSE STEP

Cast: William Powell, Shelley Winters, Marsha Hunt, James Gleason, Dorothy Hart, Jess Barker
Universal-International

Take One False Step is unusual. It's sort of a comedy, sort of a melodrama, sort of a mystery, and the dialogue is witty and intelligent. William Powell, a respectable college professor, comes to the big city to see some men about some plans for a new university. His wife, Dorothy Hart, stays home. William's living at a hotel when he meets Shelley Winters, a girl who had a crush on him back in the middle of the war. He explains to her gently that the war's over, but she still wants to play. She drinks too much, and she's married to Jess Barker, whom she doesn't like—"He's not a nice man," she says wistfully—and she longs for the old days. "I'm the only person in the world who's still in a state of emergency," she explains. Powell's sorry for her, but he thinks she's a little nuts, and he doesn't want to get mixed up with her. She takes his scarf when she says goodbye (she always liked the way his shaving lotion smelled) and next morning he reads that she's disappeared. The police are sure she's been murdered. Her assailant left a bloody scarf behind. What Shelley, herself, left behind is a diary in which William figures prominently, and William wants to get to it before the police do. He can see the end of his honorable career, his happy home life—his life, in fact—looming before him. There are a lot more characters in this picture; you meet a crook Shelley went around with, a couple of eccentric doctors, a barking, biting dog, several university professors, a couple of marvelously funny detectives (Jimmy Gleason's one of them), and Marsha Hunt. Marsha has an always-a-bridesmaid-never-a-bride part here. She's William's pal, and she sticks by him—and his wife—to the end.



Take One False Step: College professor Bill Powell meets up with his past, Shelley Winters. The result: Comedy, mystery, and melodrama.

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THE GREAT GATSBY

Cast: Alan Ladd, Betty Field, Barry Sullivan, Macdonald Carey, Ruth Hussey, Howard Da Silva, Shelley Winters.
Paramount

Scott Fitzgerald's Jay Gatsby is brought to life by Paramount, with Alan Ladd starring. Gatsby, he was a simple man. He'd been a poor boy, he'd fallen in love with a society girl named Daisy (Betty Field), he'd wanted to be the sort of wealthy, cultured person he felt she deserved. He went to war, came out a major, discovered Daisy'd married, did some bootlegging, piled up a fortune. He bought an estate across the lake from Daisy's exclusive home, filled it with antiques, stocked his library with Shakespeare, imported his shirts from Bond Street. All for Daisy. Then he went after her. To Gatsby, it didn't matter that Daisy's child was four years old, that her husband was both rich and blue-blooded. Gatsby thought you could begin again. Daisy wasn't as simple as Gatsby. She was soft, she was sweet, and she was a coward. She never knew quite how to cope. Her husband wasn't faithful, and she used to say she hoped her child would grow up to be a beautiful little fool, because that was the best thing that could happen to a girl. And she loved Gatsby. "Tell me what to do," she says to Gatsby, finally. "Sometimes I'm frightfully clever, but I'm not very intelligent." For a while, it looks as though Gatsby will triumph, through sheer earnestness, but there's an accident. Daisy's driving Gatsby's car, and she kills a woman, and Gatsby takes the blame. The dead wom-



The Great Gatsby: Alan Ladd and Betty Field confront Betty's husband, played by Barry Sullivan. Ladd wants her to go away with him.

an's husband shoots him. There's the ending, neat and pitiful. Gatsby's dedicated life leading to his inevitable death. Daisy's weakness leading to her inevitable life. She was a product of her time and her class. She could neither escape, nor, having escaped, be happy. The cast is good, but Betty Field turns in a great performance. She understands Daisy.

ONCE MORE, MY DARLING

Cast: Robert Montgomery, Ann Blyth, Jane Cowl, Taylor Holmes
Universal-International

Robert Montgomery's having a fling at being a movie actor, despite his lawyer-mother's objections. Mother (Jane Cowl) wants him to practice law, too. And as if he hasn't got

enough trouble, the Army (he's a reserve officer) recalls him to duty. Army wants him to track down a crook. This crook stole valuable jewels from occupied Germany, but he fell in love with debutante Ann Blyth, and made her a gift of some of them. Army knows this because Ann posed for a perfume endorsement wearing one of the pendants. Montgomery's instructions are to romance Ann, get his and her picture in the papers, thus smoking the jealous crook out of hiding. (Crook's left town, and nobody's been able to pick up his trail.) Robert sets out to fascinate Ann, which isn't hard. She cares for him passionately the minute she lays eyes on him. He has trouble protecting himself, since she takes to running after him in her pajamas. He thinks she's very pretty, but she smells vile, because the people for whom she did the perfume ad gave her gallons of their product and she practically swims in it. (Other diners hold their noses when she enters a restaurant.) Montgomery explains that he doesn't want to appear priggish, but that if he gives in to her too easily, he may find himself giving in to some other young girl the same way, and she wouldn't like that, would she? Ann, however, has the most honorable intentions. She wants to marry him. He's in a fix, and not even his commanding officer will help him. "Fine," that cold-blooded official says. "Elope—that'll bring the crook out of his hole. He's not going to let you marry his girl. And by the way, have you got a gun?" That's how this movie goes. Farce and more farce, highly enjoyable.

also showing . . .

capsule criticism of films previously reviewed

THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY (MGM)—This reunion of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire is a happy event in all respects. Their dancing is as wonderful as ever, the songs and dialogue bright, the Technicolor production handsome. With Oscar Levant and Billie Burke.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM BASHFUL BEND (20th-Fox)—Betty Grable as a straight-shooting gal of the Wild West who accidentally becomes a schoolmarm. Some of the hilarity isn't very hilarious, but a number of laughs do develop in the course of this cock-eyed Preston Sturges epic. With Rudy Vallee, Cesar Romero and Olga San Juan.

EDWARD, MY SON (MGM)—Spencer Tracy, driven by ambition for his son, becomes one of the most powerful men in England by tossing ethics out the window. A solid, absorbing drama, excellently acted. With Deborah Kerr, Ian Hunter and Leueen MacGrath.

THE FORBIDDEN STREET (20th-Fox)—Maureen O'Hara, a respectable girl of the Victorian era, goes to live in the slums with the no-account artist she's married. She has a bad time until he dies and a poor but ambitious youth finds her. Dana Andrews takes both men's roles. Slow-paced, but intelligently performed.

THE FOUNTAINHEAD (Warners)—Gary Cooper as a great architect whose insistence on rugged individuality knows no bounds and Patricia Neal as a rich girl who thinks he's dandy, anyway. With Raymond Massey, Kent Smith, Robert Douglas and Henry Hull.

THE GIRL FROM JONES BEACH (Warners)—A very light but very pleasant comedy in which artist Ronald Reagan tried to get schoolteacher Virginia Mayo to be his model. With Eddie Bracken and 110 Dona Drake.

THE GREAT DAN PATCH (U.A.)—Dan Patch, who flourished before the days of motor cars, was the greatest trotting horse who ever lived. Seems he was also involved in human romances, and that's stressed here. A right charming movie, with Gail Russell, Dennis O'Keefe, Henry Hull and John Hoyt—none of whom, incidentally, plays Dan Patch.

THE GREAT SINNER (MGM)—Another movie that shows you what happens when gambling gets in the blood. This one's a big, expensive-looking affair that takes place in a fashionable European resort in the 1860's. The big, expensive-looking cast includes Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Walter Huston, Melvyn Douglas, Ethel Barrymore and Frank Morgan. Swell entertainment.

HOME OF THE BRAVE (U.A.)—A potent study of racial discrimination, the case in point being the experiences of a young Negro soldier in a Pacific battle area of World War II. James Edwards, as the Negro, is splendid, and Douglas Dick, Steve Brodie, Frank Lovejoy, Lloyd Bridges and Jeff Corey also contribute solidly to this extraordinarily exciting and moving film.

ILLEGAL ENTRY (Univ.-Int.)—Howard Duff, an Immigration Service inspector, joins a gang of alien-smuggling mobsters to get the evidence. Lots of thrills here. With George Brent, Marta Toren, Paul Stewart and Gar Moore.

INTERFERENCE (RKO)—Victor Mature as a star pro football player and Elizabeth Scott as his interior-decorator wife whose selfishness almost ruins him. Lucille Ball is Vic's ever-loving secretary. A well-done drama, with Sonny Tufts and Lloyd Nolan.

IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING (20th-Fox)—Chemistry professor Ray Milland happens on a mixture that causes baseballs to shy away from bats, and

becomes a great baseball pitcher. Jean Peters is his girl and Paul Douglas his baseball buddy. A delightful comedy indeed.

THE LADY GAMBLES (Univ.-Int.)—Barbara Stanwyck winds up in the gutter on account of how she loves those games of chance. Barbara gives her role the dramatic works, but nonetheless the picture is never very convincing. With Robert Preston, Stephen McNally, Edith Barrett and John Hoyt.

LUST FOR GOLD (Columbia)—A fast, exciting, violent Western—something about a lost gold mine. With Glenn Ford, Ida Lupino, Gig Young and Will Geer.

NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER (MGM)—Esther Williams, Red Skelton, Betty Garrett, Ricardo Montalban and Keenan Wynn in one of those large Technicolor musicals that Metro does so satisfactorily. That wonderful song, "Baby, It's Cold Outside," is in this.

SAND (20th-Fox)—Mark Stevens as the owner of a prize horse who escapes and goes wild. Coleen Gray helps him bring him back despite numerous violent complications. With Rory Calhoun and Charlie Grapewin. Entertaining.

SORROWFUL JONES (Para.)—Bob Hope as a Broadway bookie who becomes the guardian of five-year-old Mary Jane Saunders. A very successful remake of the famous *Little Miss Marker*. Hope is wonderful, little Saunders is awfully cute, the whole thing's something you'll love. With Lucille Ball, William Demarest and Bruce Cabot.

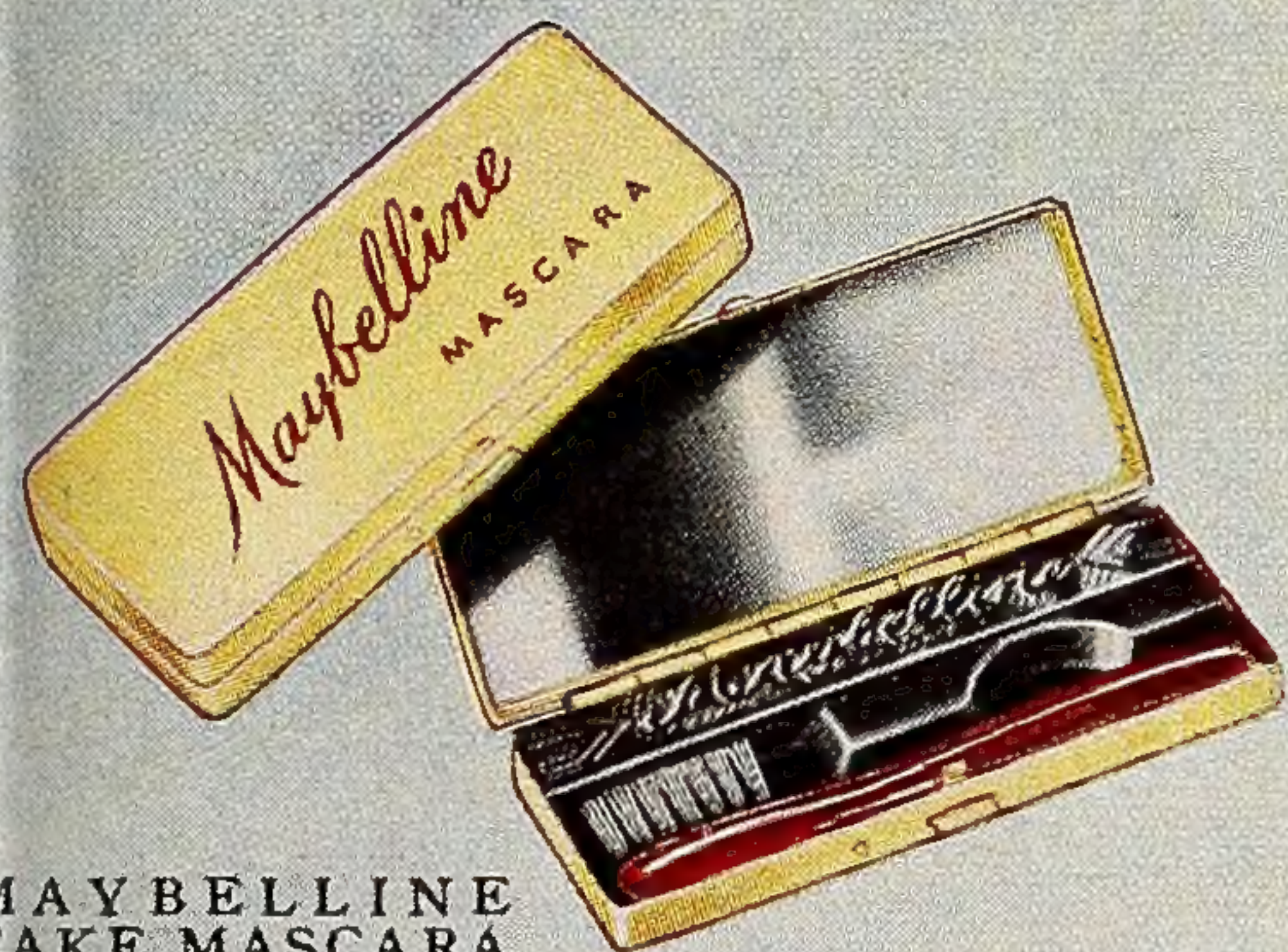
STAMPEDE (Allied Artists)—Cattlemen versus settlers in this Western. Yes, it's exciting and fast-moving and everything. With Rod Cameron, Gale Storm, Johnny Mack Brown.

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